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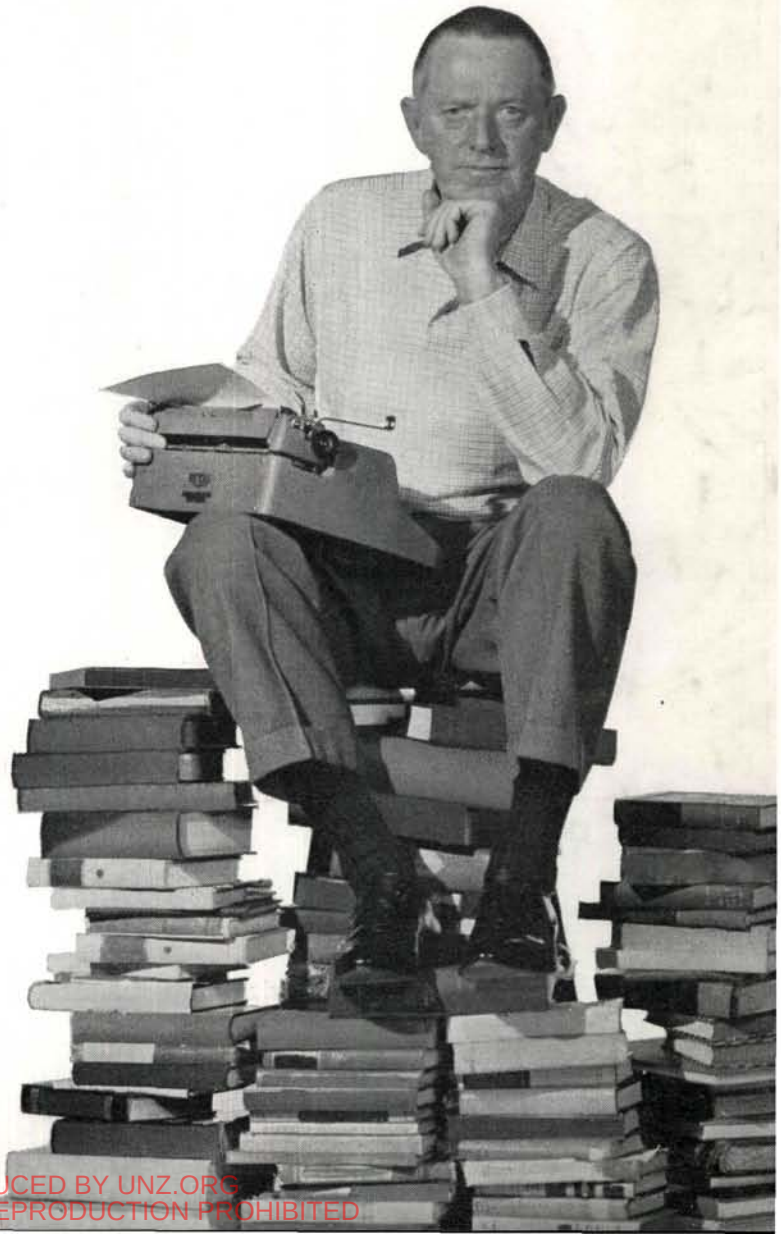

ERSKINE CALDWELL an interview by Carvel Collins

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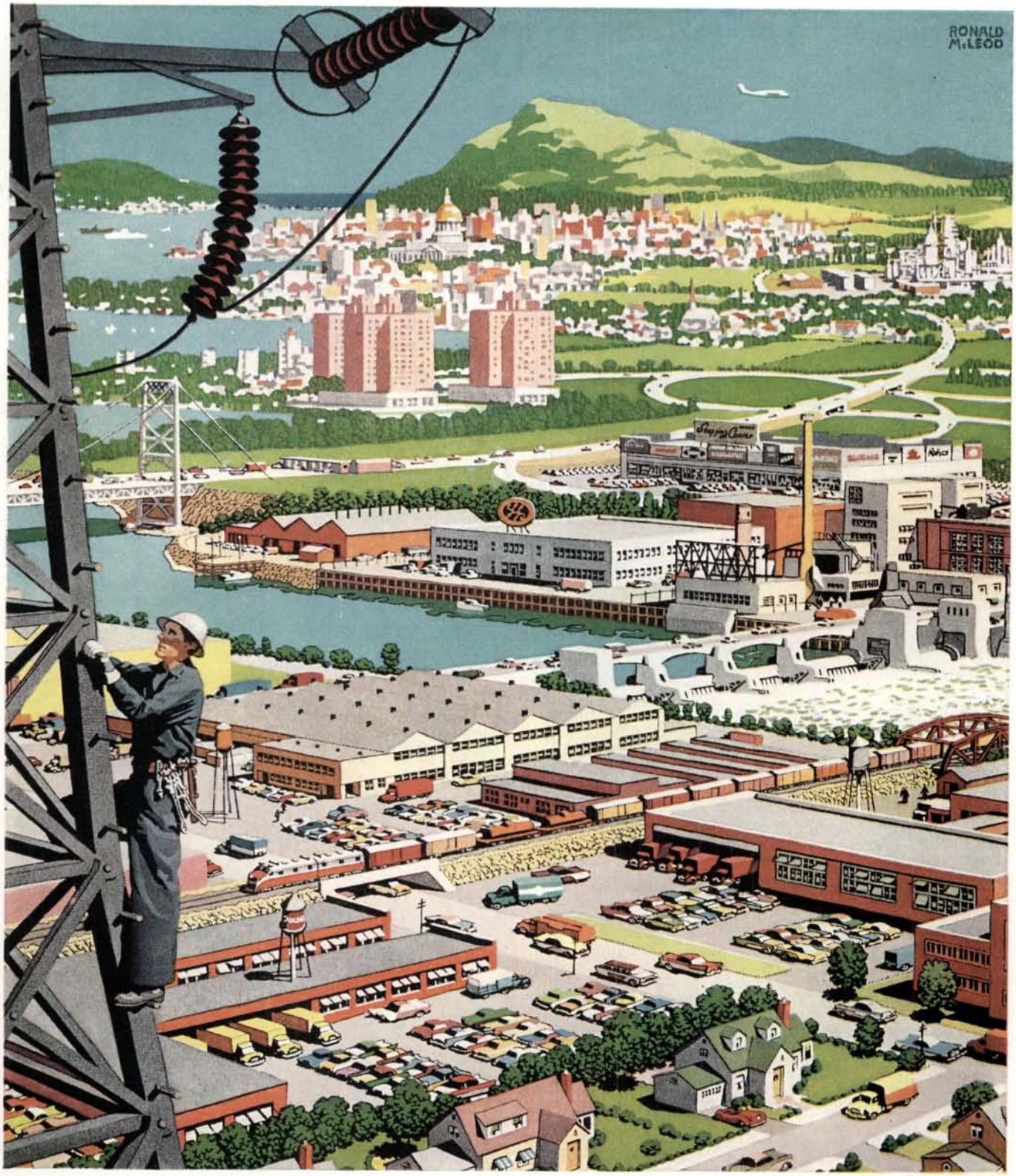

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JULY ATLANTIC

1958 VOLUME 202 NUMBER 1

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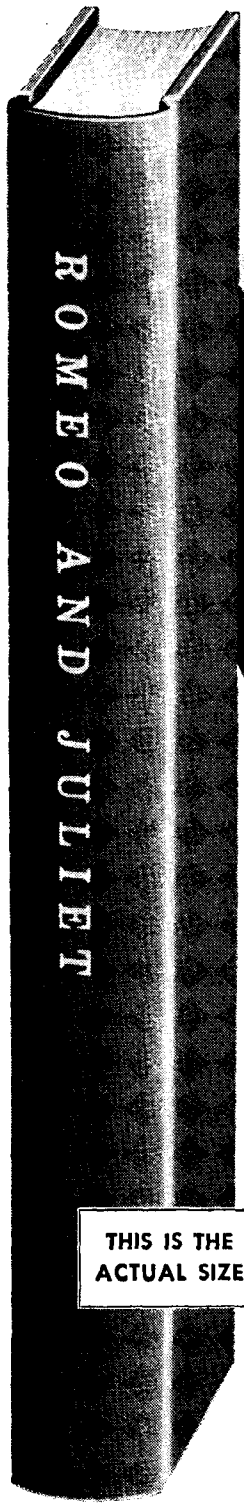

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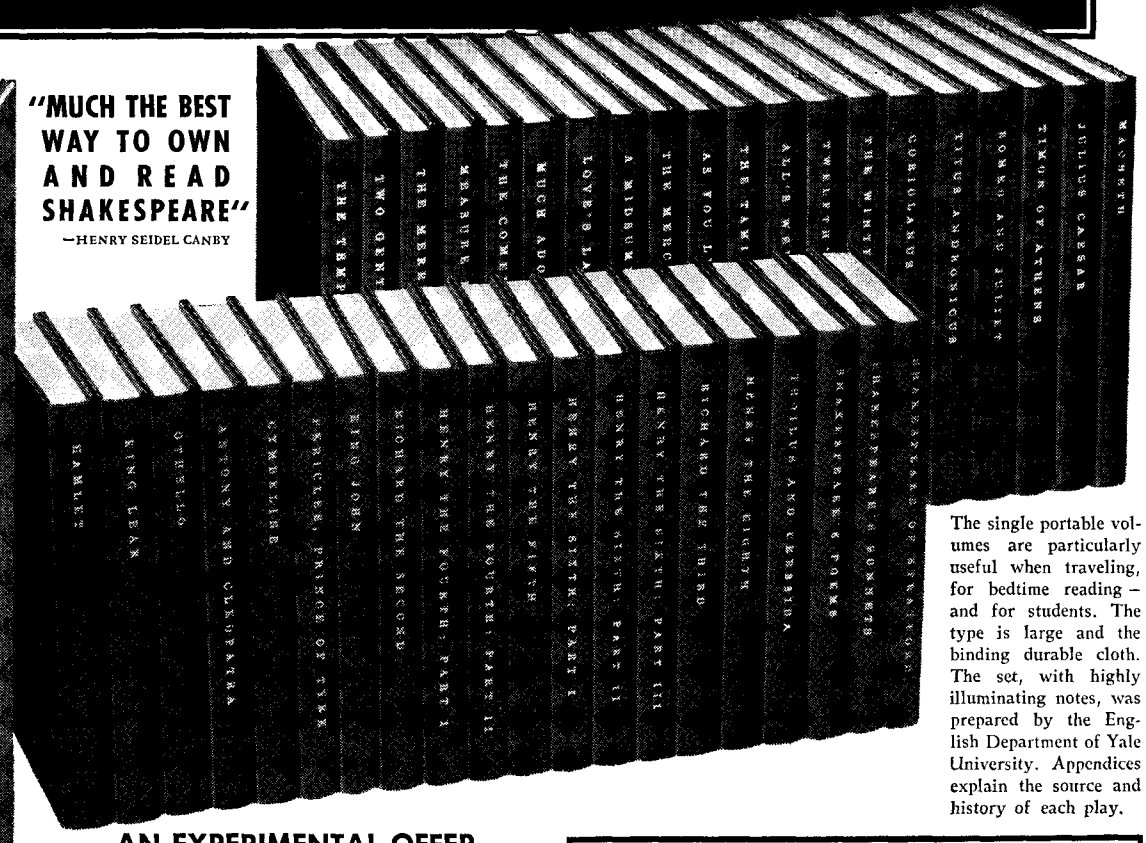

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

CALDER HALL, at Cumberland, England, is the first big atomic pile in the world to produce electrical energy on an industrial scale. It is the pioneer unit in an atomic energy program far more extensive than anything that has taken shape in the United States. The visitor finds himself dumped off the overnight train from London at dawn. The tiny station is only a few yards from the sand and rocks that rim the chilly waters of the Irish Sea, while off to eastward are the gray Cumberland hills of the Lake District.

Guided by a friendly technical expert, the visitor eventually climbs long flights of iron stairs which lead to the inner sanctuary, the charge face where the pile is loaded with uranium fuel cartridges. The face of the pile forms the steel-plate floor of an enormous open room. Every foot or so there is a two-inch hole, now carefully plugged, through which the fuel cartridges are dropped down through many feet of concrete sheathing into the pile itself — graphite blocks tightly packed into a huge metal pressure vessel.

There is no roar of energy. The pile produces energy only in the form of heat. Carbon dioxide is circulated through the pile, picks up the heat, and transports it to a heat exchanger, where it is transferred to water that becomes steam to drive the generator turbines.

The pile itself is controlled by one man at a desk in a cool green room. Facing him is a bank of instruments that supplies a second-to-second report on everything that happens in the pile. At his hand is a bright red button. Should there be a hint of trouble, a touch will send control rods sliding into the pile to absorb electrons and halt fission. So far, the British atomic energy program has been carried out without the loss of a single life.

Because Calder Hall simultaneously manufactures plutonium and produces electric power, it consumes about one third of the electricity it produces in its two piles. Nevertheless it turns 60 to 65 megawatts into the national electricity grid, and its capacity is now being doubled with two more reactor units nearing completion.

Cheap power ahead

Calder is, however, only the pioneering installation of a program that within a decade will provide 15 per cent of Britain's electrical energy needs. Already four nuclear power plants are being built. Each is larger than its predecessor, with the latest one, at Hinkley Point in Somerset, designed to have a half-million megawatt capacity.

Present plans call for the addition of 6000 megawatts of electrical generator capacity in nuclear plants by 1966. It is estimated that conventional plants of this capacity would use 10 million tons of oil or 18 million tons of coal a year. The atomic plants are expected to cost about 750 million pounds more than equivalent conventional plants, including 180 million for the original charge of uranium fuel, which will probably last fourteen years or more. The net effect of the relatively high capital costs and low fuel expense of the atomic plants is to make electricity from nuclear plants more costly at the present time than that produced by coal- or oil-burning plants.

By 1962–1963, however, increased efficiency in design is expected to give the atomic stations a slight advantage, while by 1970 nuclear power is expected to be appreciably cheaper than conventional power produced in Britain. The engineers who designed one of the atomic plants now under construction are said to have already improved their techniques so they can now design a

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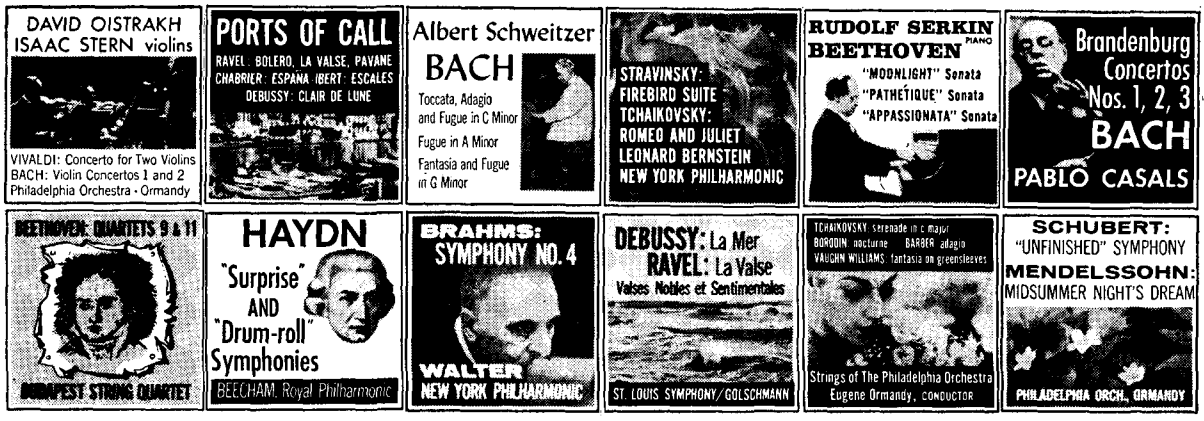

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21. Debussy: La Mer; Ravel: La Valse, etc.
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pile of the same size that would turn out more than double the electrical output, with a 20 per cent drop in cost per kilowatt.

This increased efficiency is not all gravy. British cost estimates for the future depend upon using the atomic plants for the base load, with the plant operating practically continuously so that high capital costs are spread over as many kilowatt-hours as possible. Increased atomic plant efficiency, however, means that fewer units will be needed to meet the base demand. This creates a serious economic problem for the companies that have trained expensive teams of scientists and engineers for atomic plant design.

There are other problems, notably an aesthetic one. The British are acutely aware that nineteenth century industry blighted their countryside. They are determined not to have it happen again. Among the atomic plants under discussion is one for North Wales, scenically beautiful but economically depressed. Local people are eager to have the plant for the jobs it will provide, but letters of protest are reaching the London papers from all over England. One solution proposed is to put plants underground. This would add to high construction costs, but in an underground plant earth could replace some of the expensive shielding, while less costly foundations would be needed to carry the great mass of the pile.

These problems will presumably one day face us in the United States. That they do not yet confront us, that our own atomic power program is nowhere near as advanced, is due to a striking difference in circumstances. Britain is running out of coal, while political pressures threaten its sources of oil overseas. It vitally needs new energy sources at home. The United States has large supplies of relatively inexpensive fuels. With no pressing need of costly nuclear power at the present time, we can afford to go slow, to experiment with many techniques, and to benefit by the experience of others.

Liquid gas from Texas

Some foggy morning next winter a London housewife will start her breakfast preparations by lighting a jet of natural gas from Texas. The gas will not have reached her stove by a 3000-mile suboceanic pipeline, but by a method almost as spectacular: a ship. A specially designed tanker is going into service carrying 2000 tons of frozen liquefied natural gas — methane — at 260 degrees F. below zero.

The ship-borne gas experiment is being made by the British Gas Council in collaboration with an American firm called Constock Liquid Methane Corporation, a joint venture of Continental Oil Company and Chicago Stockyards Company. It is hoped that the tanker gas will prove considerably less expensive than the gas that Britain must now manufacture from costly imported oil or its dwindling supply of carbonization coal.

Under the plan, methane from Gulf Coast oil fields in Texas will be liquefied by a water-borne plant. Refrigerating the gas not only liquefies it but condenses it to 1/600 of its former volume. The liquid methane is then pumped into a converted cargo ship with four specially designed tanks, insulated on the inside with balsa wood, which can maintain the low temperature during the voyage without additional refrigeration.

On arrival in England, the methane will be pumped ashore to an island in the Thames, where it will be changed back to a gas and piped into London mains. Although Texan gas is being used for the trial run, it is too expensive to fit into the transportation plan permanently. Supplies would probably be obtained from Venezuela or the Middle East for a large-scale operation.

Liquefying methane at extreme low temperature is not new. The world's first gas liquefaction plant was built in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1940 to store gas for peak loads. In 1944, however, a storage tank released large amounts of liquefied gas into the air, and a tremendous explosion smashed two hundred neighboring houses, killing about one hundred and forty people. The present proponents say they have overcome all the safety hazards both in their ship design and in the tanks that will store the liquid methane in Britain. If natural gas can be successfully carried overseas, liquefaction might provide new markets for wasted and shut-in gases in the world's oil fields.

Submarine tankers

An even more striking proposal for cutting the cost of imported fuel is the use as oil tankers of enormous, high-speed submarines driven by atomic power plants. The English firm of Mitchell Engineering Ltd. is studying the possibility of 100,000-ton craft to speed across the Atlantic or around the Cape of Good Hope at 50 or 60 knots.

While to the landlubber it might appear easier to slide over the top of the water than to push

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through it, tank tests carried out for Mitchell by Saunders-Roe, the seaplane manufacturers, indicate that for large hulls at high speeds the opposite is true. An 80,000-ton surface craft traveling at 60 knots would need about three times as much power as the same size hull deeply submerged. The reason for this startling difference is that the surface ship has to contend not only with the natural wind and surface waves on the sea, but with the drag of the water it pushes ahead of it. Actually it would be impossible for a submarine to proceed at any considerable depth in the shallow waters found in many coastal areas, but there is quite a large gain at depths of 200 to 300 feet.

An underwater tanker would probably remain submerged permanently, with the crew reaching surface in port through some sort of retractable conning tower. Since such a vessel would not have to undergo the varying strains of diving and surfacing, it might be relatively lightly built. With the hull almost completely filled with petroleum, the cargo itself would support the hull walls against the high pressures found at cruising depths. The tanks would have to be filled with water as they were emptied of oil in order to keep the sides from being crushed in.

Japan, another petroleum importer, is also considering submarine tankers, though on a smaller scale. A proposal under study by Mitsubishi Heavy Industries envisages a 30,000-ton craft with a speed of 22 knots.

Dual typewriters

Many branches of science as they become ever more complicated and esoteric develop a whole family of symbols of their own. As a result, the problem of transcribing a technical manuscript on an ordinary typewriter becomes a stenographer's nightmare. The Imperial Typewriter Company, a British firm, has met the challenge by linking two complete typewriters side by side, like Siamese twins, thus providing two keyboards and double the usual number of characters. One keyboard has the standard alphabet, the other supplies ninety-odd additional symbols. The two keyboards share a single carriage, which slides back and forth on a rail that runs the

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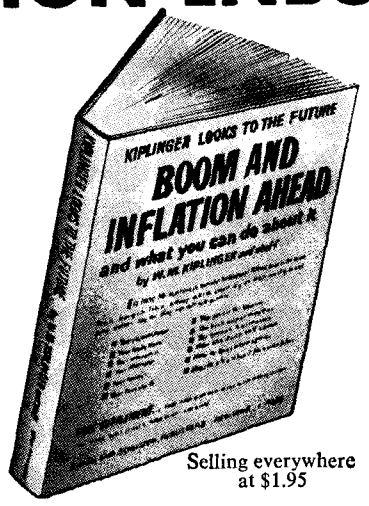

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length of the double machine. The typist zips the carriage back and forth between units as symbols are needed. Once accustomed to the machine, she can work up considerable speed. The dual-unit typewriter costs two or three times as much as an ordinary office machine.

Even the 184 symbols and letters of a dual unit are not enough for a highly technical manuscript. The manufacturer has begun work on development of three units for real eggheads.

Slow enough to land

High landing speeds have always been a problem with aircraft that must limit their landing run on the cramped deck of a carrier, and the coming of the jet has not helped matters. In an attempt to shorten the landing run of its Scimitar jet interceptor, the Royal Navy has developed an artificial air stream from the plane's own engines.

Air from the compressors is blown over the upper surfaces of the plane's flaps as it comes in for a landing. With this reinforcement, the laminar flow, instead of breaking up when the flaps are depressed, gives the plane a lift that the normal air flow at this speed could not provide. According to the British scientific magazine *New Scientist*, the plane is able to reduce landing speeds sharply — probably by as much as 15 mph. British manufacturers are reported to have an aircraft engine under development in which a greatly increased flow of air cuts landing speed even more sharply.

Cold light

Since heat and light ordinarily go hand in hand, the amount of light that can be passed through a motion picture projector is usually limited by the amount of heat that the film can stand. An optical firm in Lichtenstein has developed for the British Rank motion picture interests a cold-light "mirror" that enables the light to be stepped up without a matching increase in heat.

The mirror is made by coating the glass — which need not be of optical quality, since the light does not pass through it — with fifteen extremely thin layers of material, alternately of high and low refractive index. By carefully varying the thickness of the successive layers, it is possible to reflect 98 per cent of the visible light, while most of the heat passes on through. The sandwich surface is so hard that it is resistant to sputter damage from the projection arcs.

It has been suggested that the process might be used to produce the opposite effect: glass that transmits light but reflects heat. Such a material would have many applications in industrial processes involving high temperatures.

New uses for nylon

Nylon, delicate enough for the sheerest stocking, can also be one of the sturdiest of materials — as demonstrated by the fact that British manufacturers are using it to sheath boat bottoms. Combined with a vinyl plastic and glued to the planking, the nylon sheath not only restores seaworthiness to a leaky boat but also protects the wood from boring sea worms. Tested at a Nigerian port infested by the voracious teredo worm, a sheathed mahogany panel remained intact after twenty-two weeks in the water. If the nylon-plastic gets cut or nicked, it can easily be patched. A British boat-builder is offering elastic, abrasion-resistant nylon bottoms — called Aquasheath — for his entire line of small craft.

A "printed" textile that is really dyed has been developed by the Bradford (England) Dyers Association Ltd. Under heat a nylon fabric which has been treated to resist dye is passed between two rollers, one of which bears an engraved pattern. The pattern is not visibly transferred to the cloth, but in the areas where the raised pattern applies pressure, a change in the molecules of the fabric takes place. When the invisibly embossed fabric is subsequently dyed, the pigment penetrates only the areas disturbed by the pattern. The final effect is very much like a print but with a slightly glazed or lacquered appearance.

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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

THE 1957–1958 American recession, now almost a year old, has yet to run its course. But already it has provoked more hard thinking about the American economy than Washington has seen since pre-war years. And this thinking and analysis is taking place within the Administration as well as in Congress and among private groups in Washington and elsewhere in the nation.

The recession has split the Administration, though it takes some digging behind the surface solidarity exposed to the public to determine this. There is a group, led by Vice President Nixon and including Labor Secretary James Mitchell and Raymond J. Saulnier, the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, whose thinking in economic terms is close to the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, just as the Administration's conservative majority is close to the right wing of the Democrats, epitomized by Virginia's Harry Byrd.

The tax-cut issue served to force position-taking among cabinet and subcabinet level Administration leaders. But the result of the discussions over taxes appears to go far beyond that issue alone. It goes, in fact, to the heart of the question: What is the role of government in the economy?

Two things served to force Washington into serious thinking about the economy. One was the continuing decline, with rising unemployment heading for the six million figure this summer when the out-of-school job hunters enter the labor market.

The other was the address by Allen Dulles, head of the Central Intelligence Agency, at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce's annual meeting this spring in which he pointed out that (a) in the first quarter of 1958 Soviet industrial production was up 11 per cent over a year ago, whereas American production in the same quarter was down 11 per cent; (b) in the same quarter, for the first time in history the steel production of the Sino-Soviet bloc topped American production and Soviet output alone reached 75 per cent of the U.S. total; and (c) Soviet economic growth is at a rate roughly twice that of the American economy, and investment in further growth is taking something like half the national output in Russia compared to less than one third in the United States. These figures constituted the first frank admission from the American government of part of what had been contained in the still secret Gaither Report.

The question of what is the role of government in the economy is world-wide. It agitates the leaders of the underdeveloped, newly independent nations such as India; it affects the relationships between the Kremlin and the satellites, especially Poland and Yugoslavia; it is involved in the struggles for European economic union against the cartel-minded business interests which so long have dominated Continental thinking.

What makes the economy tick?

As the American recession has gone on, and as such men as Nixon, Mitchell, and Saulnier have seen the fruitlessness of the confidence talk from the President and others, there has been an effort to find out what makes the economy tick. Scads of university professors have descended on Washington to give their views in Congress and in private. And in the various government departments chiefly concerned, especially Labor, Commerce, and the Council of Economic Advisers in the White House, economists have been trying to educate their bosses.

Saulnier is a professional, but Nixon, Mitchell, and their adherents are likely to concede that they know little about economics. Arthur Burns, the former head of the presidential Council, has great influence on these Administration liberals. Burns's belief that a tax cut was essential played a major role in Nixon's tax-cut suggestion, a suggestion which raised such a furor inside the Administration that both the White House and Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson in effect repudiated Nixon. Mitchell, too, has argued the Burns line at the cabinet table, and at times he has had Commerce Secretary Weeks's support. But the President, while he has great admiration for Burns,

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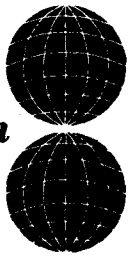
Report on Washington



has been listening more and more to Anderson on taxes and other aspects of the economy.

Mitchell's Labor Department includes some of the brightest civil servants in the economic field. As far back as June, 1957, they were telling Mitchell that trouble was ahead; in July they were telling him that holdbacks on military spending were slowing down the economy; by September former Defense Secretary Wilson's wholesale defense budget hacking had triggered a downturn, they were convinced.

The Administration's hesitant response to the recession, coupled with the Democratic efforts to make political hay, has dominated the economic scene in Washington these past months. But the questions involved are more fundamental than whether this or that anti-recession bill, bearing a GOP or a Democratic political label, will or will not help. They probe the nature of the American economy itself and the government's role in that economy.

The conservative viewpoint which has dominated the Administration and which predominates in the right wing of the Democratic Party, especially in the South, is that economic growth is more or less natural, given peace and population growth, and that it is up to private business to provide the needed new jobs. Under this thesis, government's role is to help business by tax incentives, a lack of red tape, and so on, though some government restraints, such as unionism and labor laws, are accepted because they are modern political necessities.

The conservative group, formerly led by Humphrey, now less firmly led by Anderson, worried more about further inflation if taxes were cut than about the possible worsening of the recession. Anderson was convinced that an upturn was ahead in the third quarter of this year. Nixon, Mitchell, and Saulnier conceded it might be, but they argued that it was too big a risk to take either economically or politically.

The government's role

As these men have pondered the economy and what makes it tick, they have discovered in many cases that there is a school of economics which believes that the government must play a major role. Some of those within the Administration have been emboldened to say just that, in fact, because of the recession's effects and the open-mindedness it has produced in some quarters.

The argument here is that America is entering a new era in which the long unsatisfied demands have at last been satisfied, in which the price function must operate more fully and more powerfully, and in which the government must move heavily into such projects as highways, schools, other municipal facilities, and all other public services needed to support the goods sold by private industry. An extension of this view is that taken by the northern and western Democrats who follow the Keynes-Keyserling school of economics.

In this year's context, much of the Washington argument has perforce run into the public debt ceiling, something that is more of a psychological than a practical barrier to this Administration. But only those in the liberal Left of the Administration even discuss removal of the ceiling, and none appears prepared to urge it openly.

Russia's economic growth

Officials in Washington say that the cabinet talk on the recession has been almost wholly in domestic terms. Yet there also is an awareness of the international aspects, as indicated by the Allen Dulles speech, by John Foster Dulles' statements, and by the President's press conference comments. There is, however, too often a reluctance to believe that the Soviet system can work, simply because it is the Russian type and not our type of system.

Gabriel Hauge, the President's White House economic adviser, pointed out earlier this year that Soviet plans sound better than what is known of the facts. There is underemployment in Russia, he pointed out; there is grossly inefficient agriculture; there is a growth record in the Soviet economy quite similar to our own (the United States in the 1880–1920 period grew as rapidly as has Russia these past forty years, he said); and in the 1920–1952 period Canada had a growth the size of the Soviets' and better balance between farm and factory to boot. The point is not that these facts are untrue, for they are statistically correct, but that the political inferences to be drawn from them can be highly dangerous.

When Dean Acheson, in his recent book, prophesied that Administration officials were likely to be unpleasantly surprised by the future rate of Soviet economic growth, the response was twofold: in Washington there were mutterings about Acheson's overestimating the Russians, while Moscow was saying that he was underestimating Soviet growth.

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The point is that when American steel plants are operating at only 40 or 50 per cent of their capacity, this country and the free world are losing both in terms of the things they need, such as steel, and in propaganda terms. But there is not likely to be any real change until the Eisenhower Administration, and specifically Eisenhower himself, begins to listen more to those on the inside who have broadened their view of the economy and of the role which the government should assume.

Mood of the Capital

The dragging economy has had a somber effect in Washington this spring and summer. In addition, the dramatic events of the Nixon tour in Latin America, of the Franco-Algerian crisis, and of the struggles inside Lebanon have created an air of world crisis not seen since late 1956, when Hungary was aflame and the British, French, and Israelis were attacking Egypt.

These events at home and abroad have tended to obscure the school integration problem. Little Rock will again be in the news in September, unless Governor Faubus is defeated in the primary. And across the Potomac from Washington lies Arlington County, Virginia, where the white majority seems prepared to admit a handful of Negroes to its public schools in preference to shutting down those schools, as Virginia's "massive resistance" laws decree. Legal cases elsewhere in Virginia are also likely to be in the news when schools reopen.

Yet the Administration is doing little or nothing to prepare for these days. Inside the Administration certain officials would like to see some advance work, either by the Justice Department or the Civil Rights Commission, in an effort to head off trouble. Nothing is in sight, however.

This laissez-faire attitude in economics, in civil rights, often in foreign policy, seemed to work well in the first Eisenhower Administration when luck was with the President. But his second Administration has been characterized by conflict at home and abroad. And in Washington's unhappy view there are still further troubles ahead in both of these fields.

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The Atlantic Report BONN

THE West German Republic has been described as "an economy which is struggling to become a political entity." A reminder of how sharp this struggle really is was provided by the visit to Bonn in April of Anastas Mikoyan, the Soviet deputy prime minister. As if by arrangement with the Protocol Department of the German Foreign Office, apple and cherry blossoms burst into welcoming bloom in the Rhine Valley for Mikoyan's arrival. But when he left two days later, Bonn sensed no political blossomtime, only stagnation and gloom.

With silky diplomatic finesse, Mikoyan underlined his government's intention of keeping Germany divided until Soviet policies there are fulfilled. He blocked every hopeful German conversational lead, and at the end of his visit in a written statement he declared that the only road to German reunification lay through East-West all-German talks and the formation of the German Confederation (of two equally entitled and autonomous German states) demanded by Nikita Khrushchev last summer. Reunification would, moreover, become impossible if the West German forces were given nuclear arms and if progress were not made toward creating the atom-free zone in Central Europe envisaged by the Rapacki Plan.

The four ex-occupying powers (Britain, the United States, France, and the Soviet Union), Mikoyan continued, were no longer bound under the Geneva directive of three years ago to reunify Germany. Times have changed: it was now the task of the two German states to evolve conditions under which reunification would become possible.

A few hours after the Mikoyan statement, Soviet President Voroshilov bitterly attacked the West German government in a speech made in Moscow's Lenin Stadium and evidently written well ahead of the occasion. A day or two later Walter Ulbricht told William Randolph Hearst, Jr., that a West German withdrawal from NATO would be only a first step toward making German reunification possible. And Mikoyan stopped off in East Berlin on his way home, in order to take part in an expressive demonstration of Soviet faith in its East German satellite. The friendly mouthings of the Bonn visit began to sound as hollow as they had been all the time.

Raising the ante

The plain fact is now recognized — even by the most starry-eyed German "uniters" — that Mikoyan came to Bonn to sign a trade treaty immensely favorable to the Soviet Union, which will receive 700,000 tons of steel and 40 million dollars' worth of modern machinery in exchange for raw materials which it can easily spare, and to give nothing away in return.

Adenauer, naturally, was deeply disappointed. He was careful to sound guardedly pessimistic in advance, in order to insure against having to acknowledge his disappointment afterwards. But the little group of pro-government journalists who receive private briefings from the Foreign Office produced portentous forecasts of impending Russian-West German understanding at the expense of Ulbricht. Adenauer had, after all, paid two and a half years ago for the return of 10,000 German prisoners of war by granting the diplomatic relations which the Soviet leaders wanted. He was paying this time, with valuable goods, for another 10,000 to 20,000 German civilians still in the Soviet Union. From the German side, two demonstrations of good faith; from the Soviet side, two tardy acts of common humanity. Adenauer had every right to think that he was due a dividend.

In the circumstances all that can be expected of Adenauer is a yet sturdier insistence on Western solidarity and military strength, as the only realistic basis on which to deal with such a relentless adversary. If the Soviet leaders hoped to induce him to go cap in hand to the East German government in Pankow, they were mistaken.

The Mikoyan visit was a real blow to the Social Democratic opposition. The Social Democrats have strenuously maintained that Russo-German talks would produce results. They have been

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proved wrong. They insisted that an offer to renounce nuclear weapons would relax tension and secure Soviet concessions. Wrong again. The Mikoyan thesis evidently is that such renunciation would only be part prepayment for Russian services which remain unspecified. The Russians are at their old game of raising their terms whenever their adversaries suggest making a concession on their own initiative.

Finally, the Social Democrats have always assumed that a West German withdrawal from NATO would be a big enough price to pay for German reunification. On this subject Mikoyan remained mute, but Ulbricht was more explicit. Withdrawal from NATO would have to be followed by all-German talks, the formation of the German Confederation, and "further steps" toward a closer unity when "Nazi generals and bankers" had been deprived of all power in West Germany, when industry there had been nationalized and agriculture reformed, and when the ban on the West German Communist Party had been lifted. In face of these conditions, the Germans may be the only Westerners left out of the game of drawing up paper plans for global disengagement.

One natural consequence of the Mikoyan visit should have been a drawing together of government and opposition over foreign policy issues. The reverse is happening. At 82, Adenauer resents setbacks. From his point of view, the Social Democrats helped to maneuver him into a position unfavorable to his country's interests. The Social Democrats, on the other hand, are so obsessed by their own weakness that they are afraid that a gesture of reconciliation to the government might weaken their position still further.

In general the Adenauer government has maintained its popularity, in spite of its setbacks. It seems that one conciliatory gesture a year toward the Soviet Union will be the right ration for most West Germans. Anything less, they think, would denote a lack of initiative; anything more would be bad for German prestige.

Money worries

The Federal government has begun to worry over its financial com-

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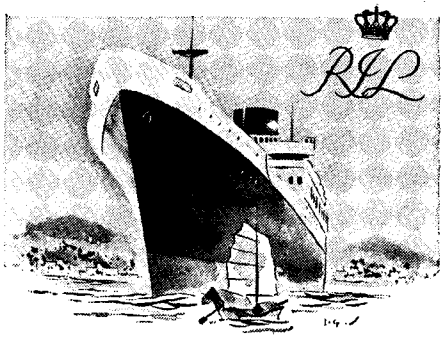

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Report on Bonn

mitments. Franz Etzel's predecessor in the finance ministry, Fritz Schaeffer, caused two scares during his eight years in office. On the first occasion he threatened a "cash crisis," with budgetary commitments outrunning revenue; on the second he insisted that his treasury would be cleaned out by rearmament expenses. The cash crisis vanished overnight, and instead of overspending on arms Schaeffer two years ago accumulated a hoard of 6 billion Deutsche marks. This proved him unfit to hold office any longer.

Etzel has rather more reason for his fears. The Federal budget has jumped from 22 billion marks in 1952 to 30 billion in 1955 and 39 billion this year. Arms expenditure is expected to total 51 billion marks in the next three and a half years, although budgetary provision was intended to be kept down to 10 billion annually. Half of the Schaeffer hoard has gone. There will be no budget gap this year, but there could be in 1959 or 1960.

West German finance ministers are bound to adopt a defensive technique. If no real causes for pessimism exist, they have, as Schaeffer did, to invent them. There are three reasons for this. The parties in the Bundestag are always anxious to give away money — to old-age pensioners, to the uneconomic farming industry, or to themselves. They have to be restrained. Budgeting for a deficit is unknown, for in the past a deficit would have been thoroughly awkward. Money rates have been high, and the government would probably have had to borrow at 7 per cent. Finally, some check in the rate of increase of revenue might occur and must, presumably, be allowed for. In actual fact, no such check has so far occurred.

The haves and the have-nots

At present West Germany is obstinately refusing to be affected, materially or mentally, by the recession in America or the inflationary spirals of its European neighbors. There was, indeed, a 15 per cent drop in steel production in the first quarter of the year, and the steel companies' order books are not as full as a year ago. There has been a glut of petrol, and over three million tons of German shipping lay idle in mid-April. Stocks of coal at the pit heads mounted dangerously, but mainly because of Ludwig Erhard's liberal import policies and the relative cheapness of coal imported from the United States. For the first time in four years, German gold and dollar reserves were reduced in several recent months.

These were almost certainly only symptoms of temporary economic unease. The motorcar industry has been establishing new production and export records. Most industrial firms have noted no serious narrowing of profit margins. Some, especially in the consumer goods field, are looking forward to better results than ever before. The stock exchange prices of industrial ordinaries rose steadily in March and April. Exports are still buoyant. In short, the boom may be flattening out, but it is very far from having ended. This, at least, is the view of Economics Minister Erhard and the president of the Federation of German Industries, Fritz Berg.

It may have been as well that German attention has been increasingly drawn to the fact that some sections of the community are not benefiting as much as they might from the continuing "German economic miracle." This may not apply to the steelworkers, whose proposed strike was called off at the last moment in return for a 5 per cent wage increase. But in Munich three thousand university students were still homeless when the summer term began. They lived in railway waiting rooms and makeshift shelters while scouring the city for rooms they could afford to rent.

The Federal government has admitted a shortage of around 40,000 classrooms in the schools, with classes of fifty to seventy students and many classrooms used on a shift system. Shortage of space is paralleled by shortage of teachers. At Munich University three professors and three assistants are supposed to teach one thousand four hundred students.

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Students are not the only have-nots. Of the refugees who have arrived in the last three years from East Germany, more than one third have not been integrated in the West German economy. Thousands of Germans and stateless foreigners are still waiting for compensations for their sufferings under the Nazis. There are still distressed areas along the interzonal frontier and in the Bohemian Forest in East Bavaria.

Yet, in general, the Federal government continues to tackle its social problems in a workmanlike and imaginative way. The best criterion is that provided by a German living abroad who found, on coming home for a short visit, that he could no longer distinguish one "class" from another. Even the lowest income groups had acquired a bourgeois prosperousness and quietness of demeanor. West Germany is on the way to producing the classless society not generally known in Europe.

The Federal government has announced its intention of placing in private hands assets which fell into its lap in 1949. Under the freest of free-enterprise systems, new owners must be found for Nazi-owned or -managed firms like Volkswagen Motors, Howaldt shipyards, and Salzgitter iron ores and steel. But their employees do not like the idea of being auctioned to the highest bidder along with plant and equipment. Local passions may run high, and the government has a difficult problem on its hands.

The shadow of Nazism

In South German Offenburg, Herr Ludwig Zind, a schoolmaster employed by the state educational service, called a bar acquaintance a "Jewish pig dog" and told him that the Nazis sent far too few Jews into the gas chambers of Auschwitz and other concentration camps. Zind was tried and sent to jail for a year, but ex-SS General Simon was luckier. He strung up four Germans in 1945 because they refused to wreck their Swabian village in a last-ditch resistance to the advancing Americans and arrested four members of the Hitler Youth in order to prevent what amounted to their suicide. Simon went out of a Nuremberg court a free man. Germany is still dogged by its past, and there are still quite a number of Zinds.

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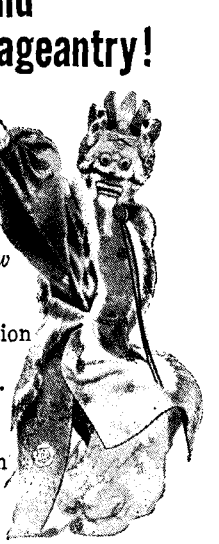

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Public relations

SIR:

Vance Packard and the *Atlantic* for May, 1958, may do some good with the iconoclastic article on "Public Relations: Good or Bad?" In places this article seems to be socialistic and an attempt to annul free enterprise. The criticism seems a bit puritanical.

Public relations practice is here to stay, in the public interest, and it should supplement and benefit American free enterprise. Writers have written and magazines have published tirades against all professional endeavors. These too will continue, even though such articles often fail to tell the whole story. They are at least sensational. Iconoclasts may be useful, but who wants to be an iconoclast?

J. WILFRED CORR
Public Relations Counsel
Pasadena, Calif.

SIR:

The title of Vance Packard's article would indicate a balanced inquiry into public relations. But the article is heavily loaded against public relations, and thereby does a disservice to the *Atlantic's* reputation for fair play. For example, Mr. Packard fails to cite any positive case for public relations success. I must presume that this omission was no coincidence.

MONROE B. SCHARFF, *President*
Monroe B. Scharff & Company
New York City

SIR:

Vance Packard's article was certainly a provocative piece. It is too bad that it was not more revelatory.

What Mr. Packard did was to engage in an old debating-society trick. He pinpointed a few "sins" in the public relations field and then generalized broadly on the basis of these isolated cases. This leaves the casual reader with the feeling that the instances he cites are somehow typical, which is certainly not the case.

There are undoubtedly some unethical public relations people, just as there are bad doctors, bad lawyers, and bad clergymen. I suggest that while Mr. Packard's cited instances are true, his conclusions are far from the facts.

STEPHEN E. FITZGERALD, *Editor*
The Public Relations Journal
New York City

SIR:

Mr. Packard's well-intended but inadequate article about public relations counselors missed completely the fundamental function of that *occupation*. (That is a term to which, I am sure, Mr. Packard cannot object.)

The main value of the public relations practitioner's work to both his client and the general public lies in his ability to discover and then to emphasize the ways in which the client performs a useful public service. Every competent public relations man knows that in this respect many businessmen are surprisingly dumb.

When I was retained for a joint campaign by the coffeegrowers of Brazil and the coffee roasters and wholesalers of the United States, a survey quickly discovered that too many cooks in this country did not know how to brew good coffee. The obvious remedy was a nationwide campaign of education. Most of the newspapers and magazines recognized the public service quality of this publicity and used it as reading matter.

When I was engaged by the soapmakers' association, the same type of research proved that the average housekeeper knew much less than she should about the proper way to wash her clothes and linen, bathe the children, and get the best value out of her soap in many other ways. The editors, most of them at least, not only welcomed such information in convenient printable forms, but asked for more.

ALLAN P. AMES
Pensacola, Fla.

Some *Atlantic* readers seem to have interpreted my article on dubious activities of certain public relations men as an attack upon public relations men in general, even though I emphasized at the outset that I was talking only of "certain operators" who forced the rest to be defensive about their occupation. I focused only on those using façades and other less than candid approaches to the public.

As for public relations in general, there is little question that it has become an important, usually constructive, and probably indispensable aspect of our economic system. With our business and government organizations becoming so enormous and complex, it is absolutely vital that someone be charged with serving as liaison between the organization and the public at large. I myself have in many hundreds of cases received deeply valued assistance from public relations men in my encounters with their organizations. Most have been matter-of-fact, hard-working, straightforward, and good-humored. —VANCE PACKARD

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Who gets paid what

SIR:

The article "Who Gets Paid What" by Seymour E. Harris in the May *Atlantic* includes pay figures in two categories that are quite misleading.

Professor Harris apparently takes hourly earnings for construction workers, multiplies them for fifty-two full weeks' work, and comes up with *average* annual earnings. Hourly wages are relatively high, but this group of workers receives no fringe benefits (no holidays, vacations, sick leave, and so forth) and seldom works a full year. Taking time out for bad weather and layoffs, the annual pay of all building workers will average closer to $4000 than the $6400 given by Professor Harris.

An equally serious misconception is contained in the figures of $18,800 as *mean* and $15,000 as *median* salaries for trade union officers. These figures must have been computed from the top three or four national officers of unions — a mere handful nationally.

Salaries of all trade union officers employed by their unions on a full-time basis will average closer to one third the above figures.

LEIF A. DAHL
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

Seymour Harris compared the salaries of craftsmen and clerical workers and stated that craftsmen have higher incomes despite less education. However, he neglected to report that craftsmen must have an average of four years of training in their chosen fields.

I have done clerical and secretarial work, and I must say it has not required nearly the ability and effort that it takes for my husband, who is a carpenter, to build houses — in both the actual labor and the legal technicalities involved. Building craftsmen earn and are entitled to every cent they receive.

Name withheld by request

Again the blue widow

SIR:

After reading the comment on Harry Mark Petrakis' "Courtship of the Blue Widow" (February *Atlantic*) in Repartee in the May issue, my wife and I wish to cast votes for more of Mr. Petrakis' stories.

As a young couple with five offspring, well behaved, polite, intelligent, and patriotic, who came through the Depression and World War II (my wife was overseas in the Red Cross), we like to see a breath of realism. I'm sure that your other young middle-aged readers do too. So don't let a few old crows discourage you. We have had courtships all through history. The one in Mr. Petrakis' story was a straightforward, single-minded campaign, bravely and cleverly waged.

The editor's gentle comment, following the letters in May Repartee, about changing generations was sweet. But the people in the story were unmarried adults; what was wrong? Of course, the big mistake in the whole campaign was the boast to the old man; but then that made the story, since the reader's sympathy switched to the old man's side, and as a result the widow went without her loving, which is pretty rough when you're still young.

Register two votes for wit, laughter, sincere writing with insight, and no subject barred. My wife and I have just a small toe hold on intellectualism; my wife teaches art to the YWCA ladies, I struggle at night with teaching prestressed concrete to engineers. Your magazine is our torch. Don't let us slip back to the slicks by burying us in dullness.

ARTHUR MONTAGUE JAMES
Portland, Ore.

SIR:

I was really surprised when I opened my May *Atlantic* to find that some people were protesting publication of Mr. Petrakis' story.

It would be a pity to waste an artistic talent like that of Mr. Petrakis on steelmaking, and all because we choose to call something degenerate which is, in reality, one of the most important facets of human behavior.

MRS. HARRY GILBERT
Bay Village, Ohio

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THE ATLANTIC

ERSKINE CALDWELL AT WORK

A Conversation with Carvel Collins

Professor of English in the expanding humanities program at M.I.T., CARVEL COLLINS *is the author of books and articles on American life and fiction. His most recent volume,* WILLIAM FAULKNER: NEW ORLEANS SKETCHES, *was published last February by the Rutgers University Press.*

ERSKINE CALDWELL had consented to be interviewed at his home on Twin Peaks in San Francisco immediately following last Christmas, when the film made from his phenomenally popular *God's Little Acre* was in the final stages of cutting and preparation for release in the spring. *God's Little Acre* has sold over eight million copies — more than any other novel written in our century. Other Caldwell novels — *Tobacco Road, Journeyman, Tragic Ground,* and *A House in the Uplands* — have sold between three and five million copies apiece in their American editions alone; and more than forty million copies of his books have been sold altogether.

A tall, ruggedly built man of quiet amiability and controlled force, Mr. Caldwell greeted me in a room where broad windows opened on a staggering view. Below was the city; to the left, the Golden Gate and the Pacific; to the right, the Bay with its bridges. Mr. Caldwell pointed out several institutions, such as the University of California on the Berkeley slopes, Alcatraz, and — far below — that famous observation post, the Top of the Mark. It was easy to understand why he kept the blinds closed on similar windows in his adjoining workroom.

A prolific writer, Erskine Caldwell has published more than twenty-six volumes, his most recent novel being *Certain Women,* issued last fall. A new novel, *Claudelle Inglish,* will appear next January. To keep up this steady production of a volume almost every year, the author works for months at a time on a nine-to-five schedule, six days a week. But having broken off gun-fire typing in his workroom to join Mrs. Caldwell and their visitor, he was cordial and unhurried and showed no irritation at the interruption of his writing.

Question: Have you any opinion why *God's Little Acre* has sold more copies than any of your other novels?

Answer: Well, for one thing, I think maybe it's not a pessimistic story, you might say, as *Tobacco Road* is. *God's Little Acre* has more humor to it, more lightness. Maybe it's not as depressing as *Tobacco Road.* And maybe it's a better book. I don't know.

Q: Are you able to have considerable control over the conversion of *God's Little Acre* into the film?

A: The script is by Philip Yordan, but he has

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talked with me about it and I have made suggestions. I've waited now about twenty-five years to find the right combination of circumstances, because I never wanted to sell *God's Little Acre* to a studio. Once you sell a book to a studio it is completely out of your hands. In the present arrangement I have one-fourth voice because I am one of the partners.

Q: From what you have seen of the film do you think it is closely related to your novel?

A: I think it will show the essence and the atmosphere of the novel. Naturally when you film any book you have to condense it. But the movie is based on the novel's central theme, which is the attempt by the leading character, Ty Ty Walden, to hold his family together under all circumstances, even though he himself is not setting a good example by digging for gold instead of farming the land. He is attempting to arrange what a family is supposed to do, I think, which is to stay together.

Q: Were there any special problems in making the film?

A: Well, we had a little trouble when we tried to shoot it in Georgia. Some people there became unhappy about it and instigated the idea that the book should not be filmed in Georgia because they were afraid some scenes might not show the cotton mills in a favorable light as to labor relations. So we abandoned the location in Georgia and shot the picture on location here in California.

Q: When *Tobacco Road* was made into a play did you have any control over it?

A: No. Until now I haven't had anything to do with dramatizations.

Q: Do any subjects appear often in your mail or in reviews which suggest misunderstandings about your writing that you would like to discuss?

A: I don't have any complaints to make about anything. But a lot of people seem to be looking for something that I don't know is there. My principal concept of writing is to be a storyteller and nothing else. And once in a while I get the feeling that people think I'm trying to reform something or trying to change something. All I'm trying to do is make the story interesting to myself. People do write letters asking, "What does that mean?" Well, it doesn't mean a thing. There is no meaning to it. The only meaning you can get out of it is what you find yourself. And if it's bad, why then you can deplore it. And if you don't like it you can go out and do something about it. But I'm not going to do anything about it.

Q: On the other hand, you were speaking about Ty Ty Walden and said that *God's Little Acre* shows a man trying to do what you personally think the head of a family ought to do, hold it together. So though the novel isn't trying to reform anything, isn't a kind of meaning there?

A: Well, there is a meaning in every story. But whether I'm trying to sell that idea is something else. I'm just trying to portray it, to tell the story of it as I see it — in terms of the characters themselves. If the reader comes along and reads the story, he may get much more out of it than I got out of it, because he may be able to see in it things that I didn't see.

That's one trouble with censorship. When you try to control writing by censorship you forbid somebody from telling not what he is trying to but what other people are going to find in it. You are hemming in a writer when you censor him, saying he can't write about this, he can't say this, he can't use these words. I'm sort of like a doctor. I'm accustomed to all this stuff. In other words, if somebody got his leg mangled, I wouldn't get a violent stomach-ache and say I can't operate on that man because it's a terrible sight to see his mangled body. I'd go right ahead if I were a doctor and do the best I could. It's the same with a writer, I think. He's not interested in trying to be obscene, he's just trying to tell a story.

Q: And if the reader finds it obscene it's because of his limitations?

A: That's true. He's conditioned to think that such and such a thing is not acceptable in good society or in good speech; he has a block of some kind, I guess you'd call it. That is understandable. But it is the professional reformer and censor I'm talking about. I don't think the reader ever really objects to what you write, because I think the reader is more understanding of these things than the professional censor is.

Q: About your writing in general — do you have a story consciously in mind a long time before you actually begin writing it?

A: Well, everybody would have a different answer to that.

Q: That's why I'm asking yours.

A [laughing]: My answer would not be very enlightening to anybody, because I don't know it myself very well. I never have any big ideas to build up with notes and things of that sort. Actually I only have one idea at a time. It may be a very small idea that you can express in ten words. I start from that, I suppose, and see what happens. The way I like to do is not to have any preconceived notions about the idea, but to see how it works out. For that reason I don't make any notes at all. This may be a very poor plan, as I say. But the idea is the important thing with me. Then I get a sheet of yellow paper and put down the first sentence. Then I see what happens in the second sentence and go on from there. That's about the only method I have.

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Q: It seems to have been enough. When working on a novel do you sometimes put the whole thing aside, turn to other work, and then come back to it later?

A: I don't like to stop in the middle of a novel, else I'd throw it away and start over again. My wastebasket always holds more than my folder does anyway.

Q: Each day?

A: Yes, as I'm writing along I throw away more than I keep. I have to do it over and over — maybe twenty times.

Q: Do you revise a novel much when you have it nearly done?

A: Well, that's hard to say. I'm never finished, it looks like. I may have written a thing ten times and then at the tenth time I decide the year's up. So that's going to be it. I give myself a year, and if I can do it in eight or nine months that means I have two or three months I can travel. Often I go at the writing seven days a week, from nine to five, for six months sometimes — you know — and make myself obnoxious to everybody by not going anywhere and not doing anything and not getting my hair cut and not getting my shoes shined. I have to be satisfied myself; I don't care what other people are going to think about it. If I get happy with it, then I don't want to quit.

Q: You don't have the reader in mind in the least?

A: No, no. I do it for myself. I don't know what a reader is, you know. He's somebody I can't visualize at all.

Q: With more than forty million, I see how you couldn't.

A: I only want to make it interesting to me. When the publisher says this line doesn't make sense or something, it does to me; so I tell the publisher, well, that's the way it is.

Q: So you never let criticism from editors lead you to make a revision?

A: Well, I never have yet. I always invite it but no one ever has made any suggestions other than about the ordinary typographical mistakes. It's not that I don't welcome criticism from a publisher or a reader or an editor, it's just that I think I know more about it than he does. If he can prove to me that I'm wrong, why I'm quite willing to acknowledge it and to try to make it more clear or to change the wording or something, but it never really comes up. I think the first novel I ever wrote set me on the track of thinking that maybe I could be my own editor. A long time ago when I wrote *Tobacco Road* I worked on it in my usual way, ten to twelve hours a day and seven days a week for eight or ten months, whatever it was, and when I got through with it I was satisfied. Of course, I didn't know anything about it — a novice writer, and I didn't know this or that about writing a novel — but it seemed to me to be all right. So I submitted it to Scribner's. Maxwell Perkins was the editor, and he had been reading some of my short stories. When he got this novel he wrote me a little note and said: "We want to publish it; we don't want to change anything." That gave me confidence, I suppose. I don't say that anything I have written since then has been perfect, by any means. I know it hasn't been. But I think he gave me confidence that I could do it and that I wouldn't have to get into the state where I would want to submit everything I wrote to someone and have him suggest and revise and rework.

Q: Do you write as much short fiction as you used to?

A: Well — no. I like to write short stories, and every once in a while I stop and write a few. I guess it was two years ago now, the last time I wrote a book of short stories. It was called *Gulf Coast Stories*, and I've written about two or three novels since then; so maybe I'll go another year or two and won't be able to hold out any longer and will go back and write a book of short stories again, because I like them. I don't think there is anything to compare with the short story. I think it's the best form of writing there is.

Q: What makes it better than the novel?

A: Well, I think you can tell as much in a story as you can in a novel, but it's more difficult to do. It's hard to accomplish a good short story because you have to concentrate it so much. So I like the discipline of it.

Q: Then I'd think you would write poetry. It's one step farther on the same path, isn't it?

A: Yes, and I tried that too.

Q: Have you written much poetry?

A: No. No. I wrote it a long time ago. I was just a young punk. I'm fifty-four years old now. I was probably about twenty-four — somewhere in there — and I'd been trying to write short stories and hadn't done much with them. Then I started to write poetry, and I got pretty well wrapped up in it for about a year. I got a batch of it together, and of course nobody would publish the stuff. I decided to get an expert opinion; so I sent a batch off to Louis Untermeyer. He wrote back a little note to the effect that this poetry is no better and no worse than thousands of other young men in America write, and if you want my sincere advice I would advise you to change to another field of writing.

Q: Was he right?

A [laughing]: Yes, very much so. Everybody has to write poetry sooner or later. I got it out of my system early in life.

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Q: How about nonfiction books? You've written a number; do you expect to do more?

A: It all depends. I like travel books. That's about the only nonfiction I like to do. I've written three or four, I guess, altogether; and I have one favorite: *You Have Seen Their Faces*. But *North of the Danube* is the kind of book I'd like to do a lot of if I had the time. I like Czechoslovakia and had been there half a dozen times off and on, I suppose; and the book is something like half fiction and half fact. That is my favorite type of nonfiction: travel sketches.

Q: I take it you really like to travel?

A: I do, yes. I'd like to travel all the time.

Q: Do you write on trips?

A: Not now. I don't even touch a typewriter. The only place I like to write now is at home; then I like to go at it all the time. I can't just get out and walk around town or sit and play bridge or do any of those things — they bore me to death and I make everybody unhappy. They say, "Go away, go home, get away from me!" — you know. So I like to work when I'm working, and when I'm not working I like to travel.

Q: You've spoken about different kinds of writing; have you ever written directly for the movies?

A: In a very minor way. My first introduction to movie life was a long time ago. I was broke; so my agent got me a job at $250 a week, which was a lot of money — and still is. But in those days, back in the 1930s, $250 a week was a million dollars. So he got me a job in Hollywood. Nothing of any importance.

Q: Did you feel about that kind of writing the way you feel about fiction?

A: No. No. I have great respect for motion picture writing, but I think you have to be attuned to it. My goal is to see the printed word and nothing else; anything beyond that is sort of superfluous to me. I like to see the form of the word, the shape of it, the way the lines come out. That's really what I'm interested in, nothing else. I suppose I like to experiment a lot, but with the printed word: the sight of it, how short it can be. I like to contract the word and make it look good to me.

Q: Was it any pleasure to see *God's Little Acre* shaping on film instead of in printed words, since you had already put it into print?

A: Yes, it was — mainly because like an illustrated edition it enhanced the book in some way, although of the two forms, if I had to make my choice between a picture and the novel of it, I would still choose the novel.

Q: Have you special favorites among your novels?

A: I'd hate to have to select one, or even half a dozen of them. But I still have a feeling for a book I wrote which took me, I suppose, four years altogether to do off and on. It was a book called *Georgia Boy*, a series of sketches about a boy in Georgia growing up in company with his mother, his father, and a Negro playmate of the same age — growing up at that particular time in America when life was a little more leisurely and there was not so much compelling action put upon people.

Q: The sketches that make up *Georgia Boy* can stand alone as short stories, can't they?

A: Yes.

Q: Did you think of them as parts of a unified book when you were writing them?

A: No. That's why it took such a length of time, I suppose, to do it. I would do one and then think of something else that would go with it. I remember writing that book all over: I wrote some of it in New York, some in Los Angeles, some in London, some in Moscow, and I wrote some of it in China.

Q: A moment ago you spoke of short story and novel and said the short story was harder to do. Maybe *Georgia Boy* is a combination of both?

A: Yes, it could be that it is the ideal form as far as I am concerned: it can be divided into parts and yet the whole put together is a novel.

Q: In *A Place Called Estherville* and some of the other novels, aren't you doing a different thing from what you did in *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre? A Place Called Estherville* shows the pleasant Negro boy and girl in trouble, victims. It seems to me that novel presents an injustice you want people to notice. Not that you say how to reform it, but you obviously don't think the situation is good. And *A House in the Uplands* is the same, isn't it?

A: Well, I don't know. Where are you going to draw the line? For example, suppose you are writing about the dope habit. Anyone who wrote a book about the dope habit, wouldn't he naturally write in a way that would be a denunciation of it?

Q: I suppose so.

A: Well, that's the way I look at it. And I suppose, after living amongst it for so long, I have an unhappy feeling about the degradation of the Negro — a feeling that it is unhealthy too. But I don't know what I set out to prove in *A Place Called Estherville*. I don't know that I set out to prove anything — just to tell a story about what actually happened between whites and blacks in a small town in the South at that particular time.

Q: I suppose many people ask you how to be a successful writer.

A: Yes, and I don't know any way for a person to get to be a writer actually. First he has to want to be; second, he has to condition himself by practice and work, just as a doctor or a lawyer has to

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study and do case work and internship before he is qualified. Just studying and wanting are not enough. You have to practice it. Once you get your grip you know how to use words. I read dictionaries all the time and every book on words I can get, such as *The American Language* by Mencken.

Q: But you always keep coming back to the simplest word?

A: Yes, I try to find out how to squeeze it. Take a long word like "entertainment," for example. I don't like a word that length. It looks too long to me. But I wouldn't like the word "fun." So there you are, now I'm having trouble. So I have to get a word between those two that has the meaning I want.

Mrs. Caldwell: Erskine has every dictionary you can think of, practically, around the house, and there's never a word you ask him about that he doesn't know the best definition for.

Q: Even the long words he won't use?

Mrs. Caldwell: He knows all the big words, but he never breaks down and uses them in his writing.

Q: About your learning to write, did you consciously learn anything from others?

A: Sometimes I wish I knew myself, because I can't explain it very well. To begin with, I didn't read anything to speak of. I am not a reader. But after I had been in college awhile I became interested in writing. The thing that interested me most during the first two years I was in college was sociology, and I took all the courses I could. After two years I went to work on a newspaper in Atlanta and then went back to college again. By that time I was interested in writing after fooling around with the newspaper; so I took all the courses in English all the way up to the graduate school. I was hardly taking anything else but English at that time, and I began finding magazines and books in the library which I had never seen before. It interested me to see that people could write short stories and have them published. So I got the idea I should try it, and began writing stories.

Q: Did it take long to get your stories accepted?

A: Oh, yes. Certainly. I think it took about seven years to get something really published: Maxwell Perkins, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, took two or three short stories. By then I probably had a hundred or more stories and I don't know how many novels and what not, which I had been writing over the seven years. As soon as I got those first stories published in *Scribner's*, a general magazine, I made a big bonfire and burned everything I had. What I had done before was preliminary and practice; so I lit the bonfire and started over again at that point.

Q: What kept you going for seven years?

A: It's hard to look back and say what motivates something that long ago, except that I knew I wanted to write and I knew I would not be satisfied unless I accomplished it. I was going to do it just as I was going to make something to eat — you know, grow potatoes, or whatever it happened to be. I remember when I was living in the state of Maine that sometimes I would start in the morning and go through the whole day and night until the next morning before I would quit. You know, trying to get something that suited me.

Q: And you weren't thinking mostly about publication?

A: Oh, that was secondary at the time, because I was provided. I was cutting wood and raising potatoes, so I was provided and it wasn't a question of trying to make money. It was not decided that this was the way I was going to make my living. That wasn't the idea; the idea was that I had to get the story written the way I wanted it.

Q: I'd like to ask about your future plans if it isn't wrong to ask a writer such a question. Have you completed the series that includes *A Place Called Estherville?*

A: Yes.

Q: Have you any such series in the offing?

A: I have no other series in mind at the present time. I finished up what I considered that series about the South; and I have been writing the past two or three novels in general terms, I suppose you'd say, setting them in the middle of America.

Q: *Gretta*, for example, is such a novel?

A: *Gretta*, yes, that is one. And there is a more recent one called *Certain Women*. I'll probably write one or two more with that idea in mind. Then it will be something else. I don't care right now what it's going to be because I don't like to think about those things ahead of time. I like for them to come when they do come.

Q: Speaking of books in series, is the American Folkways Series completed?

A: Completed up through the twenty-three volumes with which I was concerned. I gave up my editorship about three years ago. It was just taking too much time, and I had completed what I set out to do.

Q: What drew you to be the editor of that series, with all the time it would take from your writing?

A: Well, you know, when you're young you don't care about time. It really doesn't matter. You can do anything you want to do, I suppose. In that particular stage I had time on my hands: I was only writing one or two novels a year and maybe twenty-five short stories and maybe going around the world, and I had plenty of time left.

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So I got the idea for the series, and when a publisher took it on I scurried around the country finding writers I thought were suitable to their regions.

Q: What was your original intention for the series?

A: It was to present segments of the country, individual regions, which were more distinct in those days.

Q: What about regionalism in fiction? If you set a novel along a tobacco road, you don't in any way think that you are chiefly trying to show the life in that particular region, do you?

A: No. I think what a writer wants to do and ought to do is use what he knows best. If he happens to know North Dakota, say, I think he should — and if he's a good writer, he will — write about North Dakota. Of course, commercial writing is something else. I don't know anything about it, but there is nothing you can't do with commercial writing. You can take any story and put it into any environment you want to for commercial purposes, but I don't consider that true writing. That's outside of my field.

Q: Does the fact that you are the American author most widely read abroad influence your writing at all?

A: Well, I look at it this way. To me people are the same everywhere, regardless of nationality or language, and if the story seems simple and clear and interesting in America, it's going to seem the same in other parts of the world. I don't write anything now that has dialect in it. I never try to make a phonetic word in print. I have nothing against it, it's fine and all right and a writer should do it if he wants to; but I don't think you can translate dialect. That's just an idea. There may be other reasons too, but that's one feeling I have about it.

Q: One difficult aspect of censorship which isn't just the usual concern with obscenity is the growing objection that many American writers widely translated abroad don't write happy stories showing us in a good light at all times. Have you any thoughts about that?

A: Well, I don't operate with that in mind, but I can understand it. Propaganda is one thing; you have the evidence of it in Russian literature, which is propaganda. I don't think Western life is in the frame of mind to accept writing as propaganda. I think the artist, the writer, is free to have self-expression. As long as that continues, I don't think that he should be handicapped by telling him he shouldn't write about certain things because of the effect that it might have somewhere else.

But when you come to have the misuse of writing, that's something else. For example, I remember that just preceding the war my agent had an offer from Germany to publish a book. The book was *Trouble in July*, which is the story of how a colored boy got into trouble, egged on by a white girl. At that time the Nazis were using such things in Germany to build up a hatred for America. We decided we did not want the book sold to Nazi Germany at that particular time. There was no pressure on us, just a private individual thing between the agent and myself. Unfortunately it developed later that the German publisher, or the German government, in some way bought the rights to the book from another language in a contrived manner. So the book was published in Germany, which was deplorable. Half a dozen times, I suppose, in the past two or three years certain countries have wanted to publish certain books and we said no, because there was the possibility that they might be used for propaganda.

Q: Do you supervise translations of your work in any way?

A: We usually take the advice of agents, who recommend the publisher and the translator. We have one master agent and then fifteen subagents around the world. The master agent in New York, Jim Brown, works through the others. Then it all comes here and Virginia has to worry with it and we have to make decisions. In the old days I wouldn't open a letter for six days but on the seventh day, which I took off from writing, I would go through all the paper work. But in the past eight or ten years it has reached the point where we have to do it every day — one of us, Virginia or I.

Mrs. Caldwell: That was interesting to me, because it never entered my head how much of that sort of thing was involved with writing.

Q: You must be at your typewriter much of the time too.

Mrs. Caldwell: Well, it certainly makes me feel more a part of what's going on.

Mr. Caldwell: One of our main troubles in the way of paper work and business is the pirating that is spreading out anew. In the old days it was quite common, then during the war years it died down. But in the past two years we've been pirated in three countries where we have no control.

Q: What book is pirated most?

A: *God's Little Acre*, I think.

Q: Have any of your works been made into movies outside the United States?

A: Not to my knowledge.

Mrs. Caldwell: Did you show Mr. Collins *Molly Cottontail?*

Mr. Caldwell: No, I didn't.

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Mrs. Caldwell: Well, I think he should see that side of your work too.

Mr. Caldwell: It's a children's book to come out in the spring.

Q: Is it your first children's book?

A: Yes. It's actually a short story that has been revised for children.

Mrs. Caldwell: It was written originally from the point of view of the boy who can't bring himself to shoot the rabbit, but now it's in the third person.

Q: Is that the major revision?

Mrs. Caldwell: It's about the only one.

Mr. Caldwell: There might be a few words or sentences cut out here and there. [Laughing] Long words, you know.

Q: Are you going to adapt for children more of the things you've already written?

A: No, I don't think so. I just wanted to see how it went. It was Virginia's idea; so we give her credit for getting it done.

Q: Do many people not interested in becoming authors write to you for personal advice?

A: Yes. People seem to think a writer knows something about psychiatry, psychology, sociology, philosophy, and everything else. I guess it's human nature to write to somebody for help. But I don't know how to answer when someone asks, "Should I go back to my mother because I am unhappy living in Peoria, Illinois?" They come all the time, letters like that.

Q: Do you answer such letters?

A: Not if I can help it. I don't think we've answered one in a year, now. Sometimes we turn them over to a doctor or to a minister. All writers get letters like that — just a form of fan mail, I suppose.

Q: Do you reply to other kinds of letters at all?

A: If someone writes and says he likes a book, and it's a genuine letter, I usually write back and say thank you for liking my book.

I think one of my greatest troubles is not being able to help people. People are always wanting to know how to write and I don't know what to tell them. People say, "Here is a story I wrote, all you have to do is read it and tell me what's wrong so I can fix it up." Well, I don't know what's wrong with it. And I don't think a writer can rely on somebody else to help him to any extent. When you're starting — in college, for example — you can get direction toward how to do it yourself. But a writer can't really help someone who comes along with a story and says, "Please help me."

I think you must remember that a writer is a simple-minded person to start with and go on that basis. He's not a great mind, he's not a great thinker, he's not a great philosopher, he's a storyteller. I mean, that's the field I belong in; there are, of course, writers who have great minds, but I don't pretend to. I can't take the responsibility of saying that I know anything that anybody else doesn't know, because I don't. I have my own way of writing, which I don't recommend to other people. I do it my own way. I don't like other people to tell me to do it their way. I'm just completely obnoxious and hardheaded. And I can't help it. That's why I can't tell anybody how to write. I don't know how to do it; it was just a combination of trial and error and revision that finally came out as it did. It's not an exact science, as you know; you can't pin it down. All I can say is I like plenty of yellow second sheets. That's what I want in life: yellow second sheets — and typewriter ribbon and plenty of typewriters, too. I wear them out one or two every year; I dislike old typewriters, and I dislike ones that break down, and I dislike ribbons that get dim, and I dislike white paper. So you see I have my prejudices.

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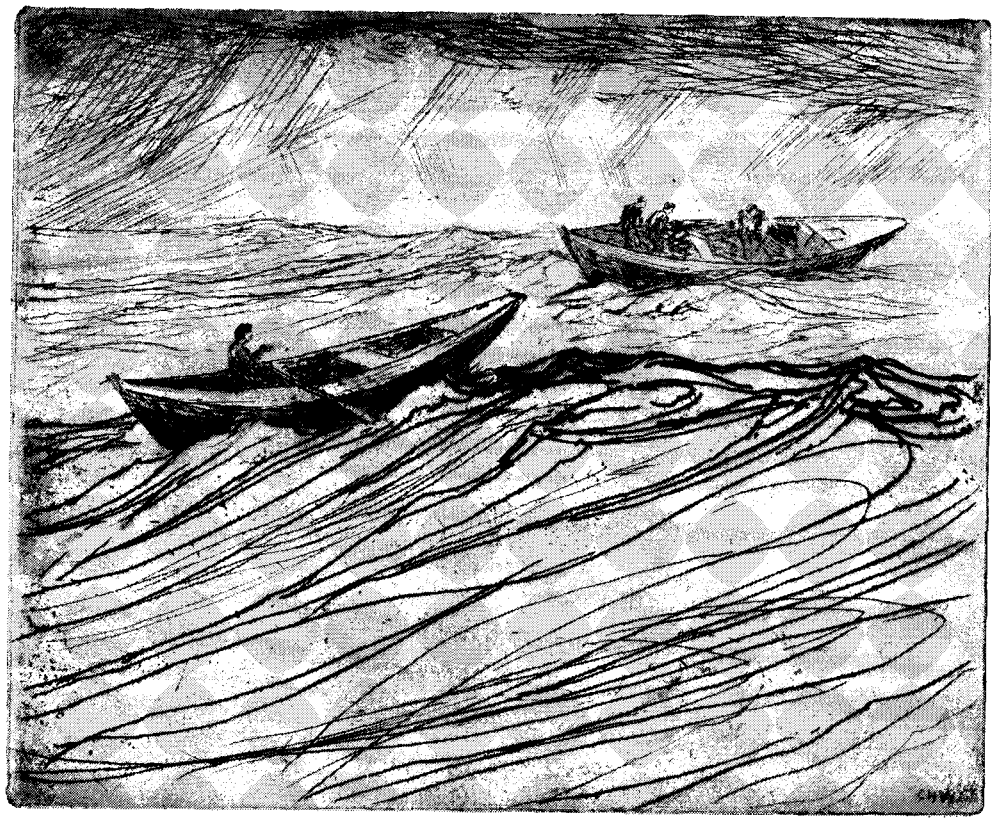

After an etching by Charles H. Woodbury. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

THE DORYMEN

BY EDMUND GILLIGAN

A native of Massachusetts, EDMUND GILLIGAN *spent a good part of his boyhood near Gloucester, where he first became aware of the power of the sea and of the strength of the men whose lives are given to it. Since 1937 he has been writing poignant and poetic novels about the schooners that once plied the Grand Banks.*

RIDING a poorly-broken wild horse of the Sable Island herds, I passed one September morning along the eastern beaches of that rift of dunes, the "graveyard of the Atlantic" — so called because of the sprawled hulls and tipping spars of wrecks new and old: iron freighters, square-rigged vessels, and schooners of the Grand Banks. A northeasterly gale had blown itself out after three days of unbroken mauling by combers that, more than once, had breached clear across the island.

A flood tide now heaved between the ruins of the lost vessels. Ancient spars had fallen in the night past. Other masts had risen into the morning sun, for the peculiar action of the gales plows the bars and shoals asunder; and the ruins of vessels, lost a century before, may then emerge. A British-built Greek freighter, wallowing in a sea grave she had come far to find, had been beaten so far over that the green tide, roaring into her shattered hatchways, came gushing out in streams blackened by the coal dust of her bunkers.

Half a mile ahead of me, two seamen of the Canadian coast guard rode at a trot, their heads constantly turning to the left and right. Now and then, one reined up to bend over a swath of seaweed or a spar rolled up by the surf. They were seeking drowned men, or men still living that may have come ashore from one of the vessels whose signals of distress had been read from the lighthouses, the West Bar Light and the East Bar Light.

It is a standing order in that efficient establishment that the beaches must be constantly patrolled during gales and after them. Since it was a task too severe for men on foot, the coast guard had long since captured the wild horses, had broken them to the saddle and to the great wagon that hauled the lifesaving gear up and down the dune tracks. It is well known that those horses, malformed now by poor forage and inbreeding, are the descendants of Arabian herds put on that island in Columbian times by Portuguese adventurers. Those men intended to kill and eat the horses if stores ran short on that uncharted coast or if a gale swept their vessels onto the frightful lee shore.

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Bursting holds, and rusted anchor chains clanging on twisted deck plates, and the screech of timbers parting: all these, added to the din of the swirling tide and the incessant clamor of terns, overhead, kept the beaches in an uproar. Bitter cold and keen against my face, the spray struck so hard that I turned the horse into a shelter between two dunes. One of them had been split by the gale. This furious alteration had uncovered a boat; that is, its bow and its port gunwale lay bare to the sun. It stirred me to see the familiar bottle green still vivid under the gunwale. The dory had been well preserved by the avalanche of sand that had overwhelmed it on a long-gone day or night when a gale had harried the Banks and the Gloucester schooners hove to.

I rode slowly around the boat, holding my horse down with difficulty, because this relic made him uneasy, although such things were well known to him. In the end, I dismounted and let him stand at ease some distance away.

I knew this dory. By its blunt prow and stern, high sides, its strong, good wood and traditional color, I made it out to be a dory of the old Yankee fleet. I knelt at the bow and struck away a crust of sand and seaweed clumped there by the pressure of the dune. There I read her vessel's name: *Adventurer* of Gloucester. I took up the blade of an oar, sea-bitten, and drew it across the drifted sand within her. The toe of an upturned boot appeared. I shoveled a bit more, and thus uncovered the other boot. The wrinkled cowhide had turned to a coppery hue. It seemed improper to dig farther, to find out whether a man really lay there. With my hands, I threw the sand back over the boots. And I asked myself: "Is his dorymate there, too? Stretched on bottom boards, where they fought it out together against the gale and cold and thirst? And lost the fight?"

If it was true that the dorymates lay in their dory tomb, who had they been and what their trade? And how did they come to lie there in the ancient graveyard of their kind?

They had been dorymen of a Gloucester schooner, perhaps the first to bear that memorable name. I myself had sailed in a topsail schooner of the same name; in fact, she was working on Sable Island Bank that very season, one of the last of our schooners to fish under sail only. The two dorymen had been driven ashore long before our time. There is no record of their loss. Indeed, if the vessel herself was killed in that gale, there would be only this record: Schooner *Adventurer*, lost with all hands, on Sable Island Bank, September, 18—. Something like that; and, nearby, a note about the memorial service, the funeral masses for the unfound dead.

They were fishermen; that was their trade. It is the most ancient in our history, because the first settlers followed the cod fishery, lived by it, and, in fact, came to the Massachusetts shore because they knew they could kill cod. And how did they acquire that knowledge? This way: long before the time of Queen Elizabeth and her Walter Raleigh, the Englishmen of the West Country ports — Bristol among them — had fished the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. They built curing establishments and cooking rooms on that shore. Before them, the Bretons had killed cod there, using the islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon for their bases. Because the cod were fat and abundant, because they were less oily than the European fish, they could be well cured. Cod thus became a prized food among the Portuguese, whose historians assert, with good reason, that the ships of Portugal fished there long before Columbus was born.

The settlers on the New England shores followed that trade. Their descendants pushed it vigorously to new banks and to the old ones. They were the first men to pitch their energy and thought into the improvement of gear. They replaced the hand lines with the trawls: long lines from which shorter lines, bearing baited hooks, were sent down to the bottom to reach the cod and haddock. While other nations patiently jigged for cod off Newfoundland, the Yankees added more and more hooks until, at last, the schooners were setting trawls a mile long, a hook every six feet, a rich harvest for every haul.

Century by century, those fishermen created the dory. By changes big and infinitely small, they altered the design until, in the end, they had created the perfect craft for their trade. Its high sides withstood the assaults of waves; its flat bottom let the dory fall off before such combers; its sideboards, strengthened cunningly in the boatyards of home, made it so sturdy that it could stand almost any weather if the right kind of men were in it.

They created the fishery and the gear, and they made history. They fed the slaves of the Spanish New World and fed the towns of the Atlantic coast. Under sail and at the oars, they fought the wars. It was the Yankee dorymen who carried Washington's army away from the Long Island disaster and set it on the desperate road to Yorktown. When, in our day, the U-boats surfaced on the banks to shell the schooners, the shells that split their conning towers were fired by dorymen.

Backed by a craftsmanship richer than all the trades of the sea, the two dorymen of the Sable Island grave had, on that fatal day, started the

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last rounds of a task that can be accurately reconstructed because it never changed.

Here it is:

The *Adventurer*, clearing out of Gloucester under a whole mainsail and topsails, too, had driven across to Nova Scotia, her rail under, her dories upside down in two nests on either side the foremast. In the shelter of the nests, and elsewhere, the dorymen set to their first work: sharpening hooks in hook sets, fastening them to the main trawl by short lines called gangins (variously spelled), and mending the trawl tubs, actually canvas baskets into which the readied trawls were coiled.

Those men, in storm hats and oil clothing, were of all the Atlantic peoples: Nova Scotians, Newfoundlanders, Irishmen of Gloucester and Boston, Italians, and, as always, the skilled Portuguese. The skipper came from the ranks. A good man in a dory, he had become competent in directing them, in hard sailing home to the lively Wednesday markets, and in selling his fare of fish. By the old fifty-fifty lay, half the gross profit went to the captain and crew, the balance to the owners.

The dorymen paid for all the food and, to a degree, for lost gear. The skipper purchased the stores and took a commission, which is why he bought the best, and established the high character of the table set in the schooners. The men ate three big meals a day: prime beef, spring lamb, bread out of the Shipmate stove, vegetables and choice fruits, pies and cakes. In the shack locker were always the cheese, crackers, and cookies for those coming off night watches. On the stove there were tea kettles always brewing. The dorymen never ate fish.

"Sit ye down, chum," was the traditional greeting to greenhorns. "Eat, and give the vessel a good name."

Eastward the *Adventurer* swept into the rose-colored evening of Nova Scotia, and by the time the lighthouses began to flash she steered up the Roseway River, dropping sail after sail, and made fast to the herring wharf of Shelburne. There, in the morning, the herring men brought aboard a few samples from their icehouse; and the skipper, a master at buying bait, ran his thumbnail down a herring belly to test its firmness, snuffed it to mark its freshness. He bought. The baskets went swinging over the rail, and down the herring flowed onto the ice of pens below decks, soon to be filled with cod.

On the first tide that serves, away she flies. Now the skipper's other skills come into play. Ancient charts are studied: "Western Bank — 69,000 mixed fish, June 7, 1892; Banquereau — 90,000 cod, Sept. 4, 1911," and so forth until, at last, the dorymen hear the word:

"On fish! He says we're on fish!"

"He" is the skipper again, straddled near the helm, watching the sails come off the schooner until she glides under headsails only. How does he know there are cod below in tens of thousands? The sea isn't full of fish — not by a long shot. They must have their forage. It isn't everywhere. His charts have guided him so far. His memory helps. Now he must learn one more fact: the character of the sea bottom right below her keel. He has seen on his charts the symbols "VFGS." He calls for the deep-sea lead, armed with tallow or butter. When it is hauled and handed to him, he rolls the caught particles between thumb and forefinger. Should his trained fingers fail to assure him, he tastes the butter and his tongue gives him the news. It repeats: "On fish!" It is, indeed, the very fine gray sand signified in the chart letters.

"Bait up! Bait up!" he says, "Bait up!"

The herring, chopped by the dorymen into chunks of a certain size, are set on the hooks, and the hooks are again coiled into the baskets.

"Number one dory!"

This is the dory of Sable Island.

Her two men are not specifically named in the records. It may be well to let them bear, for a short time, the names of men well remembered on the Grand Banks for their courage and devotion: Dick Murphy, Colin Bell. They are men in their forties: great shoulders rounded by life at the oars, dark eyes sobered by a labor that was not much more than enslavement. Dick is an inch taller than Colin; otherwise, they are alike in their oil clothing, storm hats, cowhide boots, well oiled by the oil of cod livers.

They swing out the top dory of the starboard nest. Into it they place oars and blackball buoys — small kegs with black flags marked "No. 1." Dick climbs into the dory. Colin passes up the tubs of baited trawls, the willow wand for heaving the trawl, the water bottle, the food tin. These, most likely, contain a little water, a few pilot biscuits. They are stowed in the sideboards.

"Dory away!"

The men on deck lower the dory. The skipper points to the southeast, the direction of the set. The vessel glides on, dropping dories as she goes.

Colin sits at the oars and pulls easily away. In the stern, Dick heaves over the first buoy and its anchor; and then, in a smooth, strong action, lifts the top coil with the wand and flips it over. Thus the bait sinks to the very fine gray sand, twenty fathoms down.

Continually they raise their heads to measure

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the wind, try the wintry air for snow smell, the sky for its changes. This is late in the season. If winter comes to pay a visit, there'll be no notice before a howling arrival.

The vessel is out of sight. They are alone, these two, in a lonely wilderness, heaving black to the rim of the world. They have only each other. It is enough. They are dorymates and have been so a score of seasons. Each depends thoroughly on the other. There's no need of talk or shouts or warnings. They think as one alert, crafty man, immensely strong, fighters against the Atlantic now holding them in a cold, steel-blue embrace.

The last hook goes gleaming down. The second buoy goes over. Its anchor slants bubbling away.

"Stay here?"

"Aye, chum!"

They thus agree to lay on the ends; which is to say, they will tie up to the buoy and wait for the *Adventurer* to come around and blow the fishing signal — two hours hence. It is too cold to row back to her. They might sail the dory. They choose to lie down out of the wind, gossip a bit about home, and then, perhaps, "take a kink" — a nap on the bottom boards while the cod swallow hooks far below.

"Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo!" Silence; and then again: "Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo!"

Back at the starting place, the skipper cranks the horn. The cod have had time for breakfast. They have found it a little on the steely side. But they've had it. The fishing signal bowls across the sea, and in each of the ten dories the dorymates rise to their toil.

Colin takes his place in the bow, hauls the blackball and anchor, passes them to Dick, and then lays the trawl line on a small iron wheel in a frame, set on the gunwale forward. This is the gurdy. Turning as he hauls, it lightens his labor.

He strains to it. The first hooks come up empty; then he yields to the heavy tug of fish. Up comes the first cod, a fat twenty-pounder, a "steaker." Harvest is under way. He slats the fish off by a deft whirl backward. The cod falls into the middle place. Colin coils the empty hooks into an empty basket.

Hour after hour, the task goes on. The dory fills slowly. Salt and freezing wind bite at the dorymates. In silence, they rise and bend, haul and coil; and change places, rise and bend, until the last hook is coiled, the dory loaded.

The wind being fair for the dory, they hoist the blue sail — blue, black, or whatever — and steer for the schooner. Sail after sail rises beyond; other dories answer to the great oars and the short, deep stroke. No. 1 comes alongside first. The cook hands down the pitchforks. In the last action of the fishing itself, Dick and Colin pitch the cod over the rail and into the deck pens. Up their dory goes, its plug pulled to let brine and cod-blood drain.

On deck, the toil hits a harder pace. One as gutter, the other as ripper, Dick and Colin take their places at the troughs. Colin rips down with the knife, Dick seizes the cod and tears out the gut, and the refuse flows into the sea for the waiting gulls. The dressed cod fly backward into a tub, where water runs. An "idler" — first man handy — stirs the fish in a circular, cleansing motion and sends them below to the pens of cracked ice, where other men pack the cod between layers of ice.

It is barely noon, yet the two dorymates have done a terrible day's work already. They now turn and haul up other dories, gut and split other loads, and —

"Dinner! Dinner! First table!"

They eat slowly, thoroughly, steak after steak, cleaning the deep plate with bread, eating it, swallowing mugs of tea, and thus stoke the inner fires that must burn hot far into the night. Another set is made. Night falls over the returning dories. Oil torches blaze along the decks. Knives click and slice until the cod are down below. The night watch is set: two hours. Dick and Colin stand it, ceaselessly watching, listening. They call the relief, tumble into their forecastle bunks, and tumble out at daybreak for another eighteen-hour day, give or take an hour.

What do they get for it? Two dollars? Three? At times, four or five. They cannot know. Forces working thousands of miles away — West Indies, California, Alaska, Boston — determine what the dealers will bid at Gloucester or at Boston. Four cents a pound? Five? As much as eight? Perhaps. They cannot know until it's done and the vessel sold "right through." They can take it. They can't leave it. They are masters of a high skill. They have no other. They must fish or go hungry, houseless. There are no longshore jobs for them while fish can be killed. The Yankee packers see to that.

DAY breaks, and with it comes the familiar cry: "Number one! Dory away!"

Again the heaving, again the hauling until late in the afternoon. Once more, Dick and Colin stretch out on the bottom boards, bodies strained now to the utmost. This is the last set. By midnight, if all goes well, the *Adventurer* will be under a whole mainsail again or, most likely, on a hard, dead beat to windward, until the lights of home greet them kindly.

Vapor curls from their snoring mouths. Frost creeps along their oilskins. It is uneasy sleep. A flurry of snow floats over them. The water black-

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ens and a roller passes under the dory, knocks at it. These changes pass without notice.

"Hoo-oo-oo!"

They rise and haul until the dory fills. The sun slants down, far snow squalls glittering on the long rays; then, right out of the sun, a hailstorm blows, rattles, stops. These two have no barometer, only the barometer of skilled hearts. Deep in twisting cod, they labor until a word or two must be passed.

"I don't like this."

That's all.

"No, Dick. We'd best look sharp."

Far to the north, too far to be heard in the rising racket, the *Adventurer* sounds the gale warning. Sharp and close calls of her horn blare out: "Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!" Which is to say: "Cut gear! Stand by! I am coming. Gale! Gale!"

Darting unseen in the snowy dusk, the schooner takes in the first dory, No. 10, and No. 9 and No. 8; and, fearful of the rising gale, she sails faster and begins taking them "on the fly," a dangerous, heartbreaking job.

No. 1 must be the last, having been the first. Stolidly, Dick and Colin peer into the darkness, waiting for the torches to gleam, the horn to sound. The gale does not wait. Rising in true September fashion, the Atlantic suddenly hurls wave after wave against the dory. A blinding drive of snow beats between the dory and the schooner's position. She drives past unseen. Half a mile onward, the skipper begins the traditional circle of search, closing in, point by point, to the place where the dory must be.

It is not there. Dick, at the approving nod, cuts the buoy and anchor, lets them go. They wait, listening, staring. A sea strikes against the high side and rams the dory into a whirling motion, a hurtling drive down into a trough.

Without a word, without a murmur, the dorymen open the battle. Over goes the other buoy and anchor, then the trawl baskets, and, one by one, two by two, the hard-won cod. They clear for action. They do not know what that action must be. All they know is that they must have room at the oars, room to bail. A sea leaps over the gunwale, half fills the boat. Dick bails. Colin sits to the oars to keep her head into it. He gives to the gale the only answer he can give: the short, deep stroke.

The dory joins the battle like a living thing. All she needs is men — and she has the best of them on her thwart, on the bottom boards bailing.

An hour passes in the first desperate effort to stay there, to keep the place known to the *Adventurer*. Ice from the black sky hammers on their heads, their arms, their stretching, straining hands. They know that soon the skipper must ask himself: "Can I keep her under sail in this blow? How long before I must heave her to and save what men I've got?"

In the end, Colin gives the verdict.

"Chum, we're in for it."

"Aye, Colin! Where to, would you say?"

Dick is bent over the pocket compass, striving to read it in the gloom.

Colin answers: "Sable Island?"

"We can try, chum. Due west. I'll spell you when you say so." He bails.

How far before the lights of Sable Island will flash their candle power across that sea? Neither Dick nor Colin can tell exactly. They are in for it. That is all.

Hail falls again, succeeding the snow. The hail turns to rain. It freezes on them and at their feet. The oars strike and rise. The bailer matches the action. They gain a few lengths, fall back. The gale keeps hauling until it stands in the northeast for good. The tide swings and helps the dory a little. At midnight, Dick goes to the oars. Colin takes up the bailer. Yet he is so far gone that he must lie down awhile. A boarding sea brings him up again at once.

"Think we're doing anything, Dick?"

"Aye."

By midnight, they know they're on the way. The flood tide, rolling toward the island, holds them high at times, drops them down into ever-deepening troughs. Now the stroke of the oars droops to a lower stroke. The wind is piping up in real earnest; the gale is following after the dory, hammering at it, and the rollers are higher, higher. Hunger and thirst begin to weaken hearts used to great supplies of rich food. The sips of water, bits of cracker, carefully taken, serve them poorly.

The day breaks. Colin rises, clinging to the gunwale, and looks around the compass, hoping that even now, even so late, the wily skipper may have figured out their course and be after them. He sees nothing, nothing but the whirling spray of the empty sea. He falls to bailing.

Long since, the keen knife of the wind has cut through their oil clothing and into the layers of wool beneath. They have no heat within to keep the blizzard out of their hearts.

"I'll spell you now, chum." Dick totters from the thwart, nearly losing the oars. Colin falls upon them and begins to row. The tide turns against them, snatches at the blades. The sky, not much lighter even so far into the morning, is a mass of heaving gray-black clouds, another image of the sea.

"You got any idea now, Dick?" Colin leans far down to shout his question, because his dorymate has not stirred at all.

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"By nightfall we should make out the light. East Bar."

Slewing snow and freezing spray before it, the night falls on them; and the gale, blowing harder now that the sun is out of the way, hammers the dory down into the deepening troughs, hammers her harder when the failing oars drive her to the crests. The ice begins to make. It forms on the bottom boards, thickens there. White, frosty bands glitter on the sideboards. Frost hangs from the brims of storm hats.

Dick clears the dory of water again and goes to the oars to relieve his dorymate. Once free of the whitening thwart, Colin falls dumbly and sprawls. Those first strokes of the oars, which must be hard and strong to straighten the boat out, take a toll of Dick's waning strength. He rows now with his eyes shut, his mouth gasping out the story of his emptying heart.

Unstirring and slowly whitening along his twisted back and shoulders, Colin lies unseen by his dorymate. In the next two hours, the strokes grow feebler, the dory wavers and at times falls swirling down from the crest of a battering sea. It is midnight again before, faint and far, very far, to the eastward, a light shoots out a yellow flash, drowned by the sea before it reaches them. Dick has long since given up the lifelong habit of glancing over his shoulder at every fifth stroke. He cannot see, can only try for one more stroke of the oars.

A crosswise sea, bolting in against the wind, snatches at the oar in his right hand and bears it down and away. He is so far gone, in the delirium of frost and weariness, that he fails to change his stroke. His frozen right hand still seems to hold the oar. At last, when wind and tide and gale combine to upend the dory, whirl it higher and faster, he topples and falls by his dorymate's side.

Increasing to full force, the gale sweeps over the island, drowning the wrecks, the shores, the dunes, and screening the two lights. And it draws along with it, sea after following sea, a dory made of crystal, a bright thing lightly whirling, all afire with ice and frost. In the shoaler water, among the bars, the gale breaks even higher, making such billows that the crystal dory is picked up and hurled upon the beach. There the breakers push it to the high-water mark, then beyond it, until it swirls into the hollow between the two dunes. Before daybreak, the shifting sands cover it. The earth receives it, hides it from the guardsmen on their horses.

So their story ends. So their names — whatever they may be — are added to the centuries' toll of dorymen, a toll that, in some opinions, is ten thousand.

These were the dorymen. Those were the days of their lives and deaths. Days that are gone forever — and a good thing, too. In all that enormous coast line, from Gloucester to Fortune Bay, there is not now a vessel fishing under sail. There is not one dory carried out of the ports, except for a few used in an obscure halibut fishery out of Nova Scotian ports.

The dragger has displaced the trawl. Cod are now taken in vast nets, handled by powerful winches, set on great, steel plates. The fishermen of Gloucester still toil hard. Their job is not one that ever causes envy. The best that can be said of it is this: they need never leave the deck.

MARK VAN DOREN

ONCE THE WIND

They left him hanging for the deed
His black-eyed brother did.
And still beneath that basswood tree
No wild flower goes to bed.

No daisy but is darker there
For staring all night long
At something once the wind turned round,
Careless of right, of wrong.

They came next day and cut him down,
And the false brother groaned.
But still the black-eyed Susans gaze
At what the wind turned round.

And would, if any man could read,
Tell what was done amiss.
But no man now remembers it,
So long ago it is.

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THE CERTIFICATION RACKET *FLORIDA and ELSEWHERE*

Probably no other issue concerning the public schools provokes such controversial extremes as the requirements governing the certification of teachers. Having published in April a criticism by Lydia Stout of these requirements in the Florida schools, the ATLANTIC *presents the reactions of educators in other parts of the United States in response to her article.*

THE CASE FOR CERTIFICATION

BY DANIEL TANNER

Assistant Professor of Education
San Francisco State College

Among the many attacks levied at American public education in recent months, perhaps none has been more vociferous than those which strike at teacher preparation and certification practices. Spokesmen who condemn the current practices in professional teacher education point out that programs for preparing teachers are top-heavy with how-to courses which emphasize theory or method as opposed to subject-matter content. Also deprecated by these spokesmen is the practice of granting salary increments for teachers who pursue graduate study and degree programs. It is contended that the teacher has little choice but to take his advanced work in pedagogy. It is argued, moreover, that the teacher shortage is to be blamed on the closed shop operated under the control of the colleges of education in cooperation with the teacher certification offices in the state departments of education.

While any professional group must welcome constructive criticism, these pernicious attacks can do only harm to our teachers, schools, and national welfare. In these critical times it is important that our society demand the establishment and enforcement of the highest possible standards for the governing of teacher education and certification. Our teachers must be rewarded with prestige and status commensurate with the great magnitude of their task. For many years, the individual states have recognized the need for accrediting professional programs and certifying professional personnel in veterinary medicine, chiropody, dentistry, library science, and many other fields. Can we honestly say that the man who treats our dumb animals must undergo a more careful program of preparation and certification than the man who is responsible for educating our children?

The answer is obvious. If anything, the current requirements in professional teacher preparation and certification are far too weak. Every one of our states authorizes emergency or provisional credentials for thousands of unqualified teachers each year. A good portion of our teaching force is comprised of married women who are working to supplement their family income. Teaching, to them, is not a professional career. The high school English teacher whose daily schedule consists of six classes, each with thirty-five pupils, works with more than two hundred individual pupils each day. A single daily written assignment means correcting more than a thousand papers each week. Youngsters need and crave individual attention and guidance. Indeed, these demands on the teacher are far more taxing than those made on members of other professions.

The critics of professional education programs for teachers allege that the emphasis is on theory or method as opposed to content. A critical examination of the facts does not support their view.

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At the secondary school level, the trend is for certification programs based upon five years of preparation. In California, for example, high school teachers must have a bachelor's degree before they are admitted to the professional teacher education program.

The post-baccalaureate program in teacher education is concise and functional. At San Francisco State College, for example, the so-called fifth year of professional teacher education covers the equivalent of one and a half semesters of work. The candidate, during his junior or senior year, takes a course in educational psychology and sociology, combined with active participation in various community youth groups and agencies. During the first semester of the fifth year, the candidate devotes half of his academic load to the professional sequence. The other half of his program is kept open for the purpose of enabling the candidate to develop greater depth and breadth in his subject specialties. The teacher candidate must observe and assist master teachers in the public schools. During this semester, in addition to the observation-participation program and advanced graduate study in the candidate's chosen subject areas, the student enrolls in a special methods course in each of his major and minor areas. The special methods work is under the jurisdiction of the various subject departments at the college. Concurrently, the student is given experience in the preparation and use of audio-visual aids.

The second semester is devoted to a student teaching internship in two subject specialties under the supervision of public school teachers and college instructors. Upon the satisfactory completion of the student teaching internship, the candidate is granted his certificate. Thus, with the equivalent of only one and a half semesters of professional preparation, built on a solid foundation of liberal arts courses, the candidate earns full certification as a teacher in our secondary schools. No one can accuse us of operating a teacher education program that is top-heavy in pedagogical courses. We are interested only in the development of the most effective program for creating the highest caliber teacher in the shortest possible time.

When a candidate does receive his teaching credential, his preparation does not come to an end but, rather, enters a new phase. The many school districts in our state, as in most other states, provide extra salary increments for teachers who pursue graduate courses and degrees. No pressure or inducement is applied to attract these teachers to education courses. A high school teacher can qualify for such salary raises by securing his master's degree in chemistry, physics, zoology, history, mathematics, English, or in any subject field which has a bearing on the subject areas taught in the high schools. The teacher who wants to become a school psychologist is free to take his graduate degree in psychology, rather than in his subject area.

Every reputable organization for the preparation and certification of teachers is fighting for higher standards of subject preparation and general education for teacher candidates. The literature of the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, along with that of the National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards, constantly stresses the importance of building the professional teacher education work on a solid foundation of liberal education and subject specialization.

As in the case of other professional groups, each state assumes the legal responsibility for the certification of its teachers. Since the standards for each state differ, a teacher from a state that has comparatively low licensing requirements cannot expect automatic certification for teaching in a state with stringent requirements. There is a need for more uniform accreditation and certification standards. The American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education and the National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards of the NEA are now in the process of sharing this responsibility. Where standards in teacher education and certification are uniformly high among several states, teacher certification reciprocity is functioning.

Teacher educators are the first to recognize that it would be a naïve and serious mistake to conceive of teaching methods as being opposed to teaching content. Yet, many persons who attack our programs in professional teacher preparation tend to view content and method as antithetical. Does the nuclear physicist ignore the scientific method in his research work? Of course not. Teaching is a science and an art. It must be far more than drillwork in facts and skills. The teacher must be concerned with both content and process.

It would be dangerous for society to license a medical doctor as a brain surgeon simply because he gave evidence of knowing the theory of brain surgery, without any preparation and demonstrated proficiency in actual surgery practice. Yet some people advocate that any person who manages to secure a bachelor's degree be given the privilege of walking into the classrooms of our nation and taking control of the minds of our children.

Admiral Hyman G. Rickover has attacked the teacher certification regulations of the state departments of education. Admiral Rickover main-

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tains that Albert Einstein could not have been certified for teaching in our public schools without first having completed a battery of courses in pedagogy. Obviously, Admiral Rickover has not examined carefully the teacher certification codes of the various states. The truth of the matter is that any superintendent of schools in any state could have hired Dr. Einstein immediately under the provisional certification structure of that state.

Our society must see to it that the rewards of teaching are such that the teaching profession will attract the best minds in the nation. Teachers must work together for higher salaries, more reasonable teaching loads, better facilities and equipment, improved tenure conditions, and other benefits which they rightfully deserve. Teachers must see to it that only the highest caliber young men and women be permitted to join their ranks. If we are satisfied with less, then our society will have to be satisfied with a lower caliber of performance in the education of its future generations.

OBJECTIONS FROM A DEAN

BY JOHN R. BEERY

School of Education
University of Miami

Since verifiable facts of law and regulation are misstated in Mrs. Stout's article, little confidence can be placed in the inferences and conclusions drawn. let me call attention to several glaring errors of fact:

1. The paragraph beginning at the bottom of page 59 says that life certificates are no longer honored. This is a misstatement of fact. Anyone holding a life certificate issued in the state of Florida has just what it says, a certificate valid for the life of the holder. The state stopped issuing such certificates in 1939, but anyone who has a certificate issued prior to that time has a valid certificate for teaching in the Florida public schools.

2. Later in the same paragraph, on page 60, appears the statement that holders of the graduate certificate are "required to return to college periodically to take summer courses in the latest theories." The clear inference here is that the recency credits which are required must be in education courses. This is not true, as can be easily ascertained by reading the certification regulations or inquiring from someone in a position to know. Every Florida certificate, other than the life certificate (which is valid for the life of the holder), is valid for a given number of years (five years for the graduate certificate and ten years for the post-graduate and advanced post-graduate certificates). To extend the certificate for the next period of validity, the holder must present six semester hours of college credits. The certification regulations have the following specific statements about these credits:

> Credits to be used for extension purposes may be earned in any field as long as there is no duplication of work previously taken and an average grade of at least "C" is made.

As a matter of fact, teachers are encouraged to use this work to strengthen their training in their teaching fields, to fill in gaps in their general education, as well as to study advanced work in education. There is absolutely no compulsion that this work be in a school of education.

3. The statement attributed to the dean of the college of education of the University of Florida, "If you know enough about how to teach, you can always pick up enough facts to face a high school class," is clearly preposterous and professionally defamatory. I have worked very closely with this man for over ten years in the state of Florida, and I know that this statement is completely out of line with his thinking and approach to the problems of teacher education. He tells me that he has never written such a statement nor made an oral statement that could conceivably be interpreted to mean this by any sensible person.

4. Near the end of page 60 occurs the statement, "The teacher shortage has been created by and for the colleges of education, and the certification requirements are being used to operate a closed shop." This simple and incomplete view as to the causes of the teacher shortage is so inadequate that it is a surprise to find it seriously put forth in a reputable magazine. The explanation completely ignores the fact that there are shortages in almost all areas of professional life due to the low birth rate during the depression in the 1930s. The boom in war babies, who are now demanding services in schools as well as in many other areas, is increasing the demand for professionally trained people in all areas. As a matter of fact, the certification requirements in Florida are essentially the same today as they were over a decade ago when our problem in the colleges was to find jobs for our graduates rather than, as it is now, to find graduates for the jobs.

I do not believe there is a state in the Union that has more lenient regulations for people wishing to start teaching than does Florida. In this state any person holding a bachelor's degree from an accredited institution is legally eligible to start teaching in the public schools. He does not have to have had his first course in education, and equally unfortunate, he does not have to have had full training in his teaching field. He is permitted to teach for three years without any interference

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from any certification authority as to whether or not he has completed requirements. At the end of the three years if he wishes to continue in teaching, and if he has not already done so, he must then start to take a number of required courses and has three more years in which to complete them. Because I sincerely believe that special preparation is important, I think this is an unhappy situation, but nevertheless it is true. If certification requirements were the only problem, Florida should have plenty of teachers.

LYDIA STOUT REPLIES

The certification racket is so complicated that no article could cover it completely. I attempted to show mainly the results of the shenanigans of the educationist hierarchy. However, I am glad to answer the points Dean Beery raises.

1. True, life certificates issued in Florida prior to 1939 are still honored. But among the great influx of people to Florida are thousands of experienced teachers and college graduates with life certificates from other states. Florida does not honor *their* certificates. It does not solve the teacher shortage nor console those individuals to tell them their certificates would have been honored if they had been issued in Florida prior to 1939. And why, you may ask, does Florida no longer issue life certificates? Education classrooms must be filled.

2. Dean Beery is quite correct when he says that there is no law or regulation that specifically states students must take their so-called recency of credit courses in a college of education, but circumstances force students to do precisely that. Therein lies part of the real racket, as I explained in the paragraph of my article directly following the one to which Dean Beery refers. An undergraduate student has had to submit to a program (state requirements plus courses piled on by colleges of education) so loaded with how-to-teach courses that he could take little but the most elementary subject matter courses. And so, when he returns periodically to meet his recency of credit requirements, the law which offers increased pay for advanced degrees induces him to take graduate courses. But, lacking sufficient background in any subject matter department, he is unprepared for graduate work in any college other than education. Therefore it may not be the law, per se, but the side effects — the curricula laid down by colleges of education — that have made this racket possible.

3. Dean White of the University of Florida made the remark, "If you know enough about how to teach, you can always pick up enough facts to face a high school class," to me in the presence of a mutual friend, and the dean was only defending the teacher training curricula of his college. I had no intention of defaming Dean White. I quoted him simply to expose the basic philosophy of people in charge of teacher education. He was just preaching what he practices.

4. A Gainesville *Sun* editorial called the teacher shortage "an artificial one, created by the colleges of education." One of Florida's ablest legislators said the colleges of education were trying to run a "closed shop." A county superintendent noted with disapproval that "Florida is enjoying the teacher shortage." The Florida Education Association has found the teacher shortage a very effective lever or threat to use in attaining its objectives. I traveled the state from Miami to Tallahassee. Constantly I raised the certification topic, and always there were eager listeners. Invariably someone had been kept from teaching or knew someone who had. I found the same situation in other states I visited — well-educated, experienced, potential teachers barred from classrooms. The evidence is that certification is a paramount cause not only of the teacher shortage but also of our downgraded schools.

Florida is lenient in that college graduates may *start* teaching without taking courses in education. The regulation is an implement that is frequently used to disarm critics of certification regulations. The catch is, of course, that initial leniency is only a postponement of the time when the how-to courses must be pursued or endured.

Dean Beery failed to mention that until June, 1957, only one year of grace was allowed. It was changed to three years because of pressures from our Parents Committee, and this token concession was intended to placate us. If a teacher performs successfully for three years, hasn't she demonstrated that she does not need education courses? If not a satisfactory teacher, why was she rehired for the second and third years? Thus leniency seems to be but another way to get students into colleges of education.

Dean Beery's viewpoint is typical of the hierarchy that controls the licensing of teachers.

I RESIGN FROM TEACHING

BY HILDEGARD CUMMINGS

Pullman, Washington

The insidious educationist interests that are pushing out of the profession teachers unwilling to sacrifice money, time, and conscience for "Mickey Mouse" courses in Florida are also at work in the state of Washington. I cite my own case as an-

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other example of Mrs. Stout's generalization that state teacher certification laws, effected by education schools, are disqualifying good teachers at a time when the teacher shortage is critical.

For this purpose I shall not be modest. In 1951 I was graduated *magna cum laude* from Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, with forty-two credit hours in English language and literature but none in education courses. In my senior year I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and received an English department award as "the outstanding student in English." I did graduate work in English on a fellowship for two years at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts and then for two years studied toward the Ph.D. degree at the University of Wisconsin, where I had received a fellowship as a teaching assistant in English. My teaching of college freshmen and sophomores was termed very successful by the Wisconsin department of English. In Washington after my marriage I could not hope to teach on the college level, for which I had been training, because my husband is an instructor in English, and at the State College of Washington, as at many colleges and universities, husbands and wives may not teach in the same department. I have managed to teach high school English in Washington these two years we have lived here. My superintendent and principal, my students and their parents, say I am a good teacher, qualified to teach English on the high school level. But the school year just completed will be my last in teaching.

The State Supervisor of Certification wrote to remind my superintendent that I now have "only" eight credits in secondary education courses and since I don't plan to attend summer school at a college or department of education to take "5 semester or 7 quarter hours of additional credit" before September, she does not see how my superintendent "could justify a request for an emergency certificate for Mrs. Cummings next year."

I have decided I must resign from teaching, since personally I cannot justify spending time and energy taking pretentious, busywork courses in education (Education 201: Human Development — includes twenty-four hours of actual school observation. Lesson I: Make a diagram of the room in which you are observing, noting exact dimensions, number and size of windows, number and size of lights, number and description of desks and other furniture, estimate of room temperature, and so forth).

My problem is not unique, especially in a college town. And people with training similar to mine have another problem, also noted by Mrs. Stout — that of being confronted, when we are allowed to teach for a time, by the "qualified" and loyal products of the education schools. I like teaching very much indeed, but I admit I have wondered whether I would have the courage to return to high school teaching if ever the certification laws are changed favorably. I doubt that I have the strength to work again with teachers and even administrators whose uniform is the T shirt and sneakers, who ask why students should read *Macbeth*, who brag that they graduated near the bottom of their high school and college classes, who insist publicly that students are entitled to the same rights and privileges as teachers, who tell a faculty meeting that teachers must teach adjustment rather than subject matter, who declare that home economics and physical education are as intellectually demanding and therefore as significant as science, English, math, or history, and who swear they'd horsewhip children of their own who read fifty books a year not assigned in school (this comment was actually made when some teachers were discussing the achievements of a brilliant and widely informed science student who has been awarded a scholarship at a major Eastern university).

Mrs. Stout's article and others like it are our only hope. Her clear evidence makes intelligent Americans tremble at the consequences for this nation if professional education is not released from the stranglehold of the education schools.

DUNCES OF THE UNIVERSITIES

BY SAMUEL WEINER

Associate Professor of Chemistry
University of Wisconsin

Mrs. Stout's claim that "the low level of ability required to get a degree in education is a standing joke in colleges and universities" can be checked against the findings of an impartial agency, the U.S. Selective Service Administration. In 1951, during the Korean conflict, 339,000 men college students took the draft deferment test, making this the largest mental examination given to college students. The group was remarkably uniform: all were male, U.S. citizens, 18 to 22 years old, graduates of American high schools, and in good health. All were strongly motivated; those who failed would go into wartime service.

The test was designed by psychologists and educators to measure mental ability and to pass 50 per cent of the examinees. Of the college freshmen, 53 per cent passed. H. Chauncy reported in *Science*, July 25, 1952, the following breakdown: 68 per cent of the engineering students passed, 64 per cent in physical science and mathematics, 59 per cent in biological science, 57 per

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cent in social science, and 52 per cent of those studying humanities. Only 27 per cent of the education students passed. Results were similar for sophomores, juniors, and seniors.

What was most shocking was that no one was surprised at the poor level of the education students. It has long been known that America chooses its school heads from among the dunces of its universities.

WASTING OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY PAUL CRUIKSHANK

Headmaster, The Taft School
Watertown, Connecticut

A short time ago there came to my office with his parents an attractive, cheerful, well-poised eighteen-year-old boy seeking admission to Taft. Friends had persuaded him that if he wanted to qualify for a good college he had better do something quickly about his scholastic record.

In his four years in high school his record was largely C's and D's, with a few failures. He had dropped Latin, his only foreign language, after one year. He had completed one year of algebra, and on his second try he had managed to secure a passing grade in geometry. His program in this, his senior year, consists of business mathematics, typing, mechanical drawing, zoology, health, and public speaking. It contains no English, history, foreign language, nor mathematics of a college preparatory type. Altogether, in his four years he will have completed six or seven courses which, with respectable grades, could be regarded as acceptable credits for college admission. A minimum of fifteen is required by most colleges.

Unfortunately, we could not possibly consider this boy for Taft, even though his transcript indicated that his scholastic aptitude was sufficiently strong to enable him to cope successfully with our program and to qualify for college admission. His academic training and background are such that in the twelfth or even the eleventh grade of a school of our type he would have an experience of failure and frustration.

We could only advise that he continue at high school with the hope that, equipped with a diploma, he might secure admission to some college somewhere or that he plan to spend two years at a tutoring school, of which there are still a few strong ones.

The tragedy of this boy's situation was further intensified by the fact that since he was a star on the football team he had been confidently harboring the illusion that he would secure a scholarship in, as well as admission to, college.

The regrettable situation in which this boy finds himself is far from being atypical. It is our conviction on the basis of our experience at Taft that many of our young people have had a similar experience. This waste of the abilities and brain power of our country's youth is frightening to contemplate.

The colleges of the country have generous scholarship programs. The National Merit Scholarship Program — financed by foundations and industry — the General Motors Scholarship Program, and others like it are devoting millions of dollars each year to the financing of higher education for the nation's ablest youth. The federal government is planning to spend millions in an effort to search out and educate those who have superior ability in mathematics and science. These programs are worthy, admirable, and apparently imperative in view of our nation's needs. However, in the meanwhile, thousands of our youth possessing sufficient natural ability to benefit from a sound college experience are not going to be able to qualify.

Where does the blame for all this lie? It is easy to say that the secondary schools are at fault for the condition. Indeed, the schools cannot escape a considerable measure of responsibility for this most unfortunate situation. The educationists, with their absorption in "life adjustment" courses at the expense of courses requiring mental discipline and plain hard work, have contributed to producing a generation many of whose members are nonintellectual, regarding education as an unfortunate experience to be passed through as painlessly as possible. But we cannot exonerate the students themselves. It is they who elect business arithmetic rather than algebra, the how-to-do-it courses rather than physics. It is they who select the program that will make the minimum demand and afford the maximum amount of free time.

I fear that the world they live in urges such an approach on them. Directly and by implication they hear a great deal about the values of the "good" way of life — by which is meant the easy way. Through all sorts of media, they are told that the desirable thing is to live as well and effortlessly as possible. But when we have admitted that, we cannot escape the fact that a good part of their attitude is a reflection on the upbringing they have received from us parents. The truth is that throughout the nation we parents have been soft and indulgent with our children. In their upbringing we have failed to inculcate in them industry, conscientiousness, perseverance, the will to discipline themselves. We have been too much concerned with their present happiness and not enough with their future happiness and effectiveness in life.

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JAMES THURBER

THE YEARS WITH ROSS

The hard-fought friendship between Harold Ross and Alexander Woollcott lasted a quarter century or more and ended in a draw. Each had such contempt for the other that their wordy relationship persisted long after other men would have gone their separate ways in offended dignity and silence. This is the ninth part of JAMES THURBER'S *series about the late editor of the* NEW YORKER. *His tenth and concluding article will appear in the August* ATLANTIC.

I WAS in Harold Ross's office one hot day in the middle of August, 1928, when the phone rang, and he turned to it impatiently and said, sourly, to the transmitter, "Yeah? Hi, Aleck. Just a second." He cupped the transmitter with his hand and said, "It's Woollcott. He wants to tell me about the wedding of Charlie MacArthur and Helen Hayes . . . O.K., Aleck, go ahead."

Alexander Woollcott, American phenomenon, once called by Stanley Walker "The first citizen of New York," began talking in the fluent, practiced, almost compulsive way he had of telling a story. Ross promptly put the receiver down, gently, on the top of his desk, got up, walked across the room, and began alternately staring out the window and scowling at the jabbering receiver. An unintelligible babble came out of it, a little like the sound track of a Donald Duck animated cartoon. Against this dim and distant monologue, wasted on the office air, Ross set up a counterpoint of disdainful comment. "Listen to that glib son-of-a-bitch," he said. "He thinks he's holding me spellbound. He thinks he knows more about everything that happens than anybody else. He only knows a few things, and he tells them over and over, and sells them over and over to magazines." I was embarrassed by this charade, but couldn't do anything. Finally the gibbering came to an end and Ross leaped to the phone and said into it, "I'm sorry, Aleck. I suddenly had to go to the can." Woollcott hung up sharply, like a slap, without a further word.

I had seen Woollcott at the Algonquin Round Table and at the theater, but didn't meet him until late in August, 1927, when I was working on a Talk piece about the coming theatrical season. It was shaping up into one of the biggest seasons on record, with some three hundred and fifty different comedies, dramas, and musicals slated to be brought to Broadway. "You better go up and talk to Woollcott about it," Ross told me. "He doesn't know much, but he ought to know about what's coming in. There's a damn good piece in it, from what I hear."

I had already drafted a five hundred word piece, based on what I had got from producers, playwrights, and press agents, but Ross was afraid it might not be sound. I telephoned Woollcott and asked him if I could come to see him. "I won't read your copy," he snapped, "but I'll talk to you."

He met me at his apartment door that afternoon the way he met everybody, man or woman, clad in pajama bottoms which were only partly covered by a dressing gown that he wore carelessly and whimsically. He began the audience with a long running attack on Harold Ross, a man who knew nothing, was mentally curious, like a child, without intellectual curiosity, however, and had a contempt for anything he didn't understand,

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which was practically everything. The legendary charm of Alexander Woollcott, the still talked-about spell he cast, did not come over to me. There are those, mainly women, who stare at me aghast, in a mixture of pity and horror, when I say this. They are the remaining members of the great Woollcott cult, and there was never anything quite like it.

It was evident to both of us, I think, when the two-hour session was over, that he and I could not be friends. Something chemical, which worked when most people came into contact with Woollcott, failed that day. Several years later he wrote me the only note I ever got from him, a single sentence in acknowledgment of a drawing I had done, at his request, of a line of hooded figures to illustrate one of his "Shouts and Murmurs" pieces. He wrote, "You are the only artist that should be permitted to draw hooded figures."

The originally close, occasionally warm, always ambivalent, and often sadistic friendship of Ross and Woollcott had begun years before I met either one of them. As a reporter on the New York *Times*, and later its dramatic critic, Woollcott had known and worked with Jane Grant, Ross's first wife, and it was Woollcott who introduced them to each other in Paris. As in the case of virtually every other woman in his life, Woollcott had been half in love with her himself and, as always, both approved and disapproved of the marriage. It was in Paris, during the *Stars and Stripes* era, that Ross played his first pranks on Woollcott. The one he talked about most gleefully was the time he saw General Pershing approaching and deliberately failed to remind Sergeant Aleck that he was wearing a stocking cap instead of his regulation uniform cap. A group of the Stars and Stripers had been clowning around outside the newspaper building, taking turns putting on the stocking cap. Pershing, according to Ross, reprimanded Woollcott for his unsoldierly appearance.

I suppose that the strangest edifice in Ross's life was the cooperative house, far over on West 47th Street, that he and Jane Grant shared with Woollcott and their great friends, R. Hawley Truax and his wife, from well before the *New Yorker* started until 1928, when the ménage broke up. How it lasted so long, and why it began in the first place, I leave to older friends and better psychologists than I am. The two couples and Woollcott had separate living quarters and a communal dining room. Woollcott held forth at dinner almost every night, telling the stories that enchanted many visitors. He knew and was revered or feared, liked or avoided, by almost everybody of any consequence on Broadway and in the realms of gold round about. I was there for dinner once, in 1927, but time has drawn a veil over that evening, leaving me only a sense of having been self-conscious, nervous, and apprehensive all the way.

Russel Crouse remembers how Ross, after dinner, used to drag a cushion off a "sofa," as he called all couches and davenports, put it on the floor, lie down, and go to sleep, while Woollcott talked and Rome burned. Ross resented his friend's easy command of narrative and his ability to hold most of his listeners. Ross was by no means the skillful talker, the wit, the master of repartee, that Woollcott and many another of their friends were. Ben Hecht has written that Ross was not capable of a bon mot, and it is clear that the *New Yorker* editor picked up a lot of hints and helps in the art of verbal give-and-take from such of his intimates and acquaintances as George Kaufman, Dorothy Parker, Marc Connelly, Charles MacArthur, Bob Benchley, and Herman Mankiewicz. Ross was better at parry than at thrust, and that is why he learned to use, so often, his familiar "You have me there" and "A likely story" and "*That* I'd have to see." Some of his Round Table cronies instigated and implemented the gags and waggeries and practical jokes that Ross loved to play on people. He never became easy or expert at the art of ribbing, but went about it with some of the dogged determination he brought to the task of fixing up manuscripts and proofs in the office. Perhaps he had learned, partly from Woollcott, the knack of writing single sentences of praise, or of persiflage, but it seems to me he gave his lines a bounce and sincerity of which the style-conscious and Thespian Aleck was not capable.

When the 47th Street house was given up by its five occupants, partly because Ross and Jane Grant could never count on a night's sleep uninterrupted by the late entrance into their room of Woollcott, brimming over with tales and anecdotes of his evening, the battle lines were even more sharply drawn. Woollcott claimed that, in dividing up their separate personal properties, Ross had "stolen" a set of silverware that was a Woollcott family heirloom. It was then, I think, that he called Ross a "dishonest Abraham Lincoln." I asked Ross about this one day, but he went instantly into a high diatribe against his old friend. "He has the emotions of a fish. He'll do anything for two hundred dollars — I get tired of seeing his face in testimonial ads. Goddam it, the magazine once printed a photo of him lounging in the back seat of some make of automobile. I didn't catch it in time. Nobody ever tells me any-

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thing. Have you ever been to one of his *famous* Sunday morning breakfasts?"

I said I'd never been asked to Wit's End, as Dorothy Parker had named Woollcott's best-known apartment in New York. "You're lucky," Ross said. "He sits there like a fat duchess holding out her dirty rings to be kissed."

Through the years, relentlessly, Ross badgered Woollcott, laid traps for him, built up involved practical jokes to bedevil him. It is not easy, at my distance from it all, to figure why Woollcott was the perennial victim of so many gags and booby traps, invented by Ross, MacArthur, Connelly, and others, but I do have a theory. He was not so much a mere participant in his own daily life as he was the Grand Marshal of a perpetual pageant, pompous in demeanor, riding a high horse, wearing the medals of his own peculiar punctilio and perfectionism. His men friends loved to put banana peels in his portentous path to bring him down, high horse and all, while his women friends, whom he could slay in the subject of a sentence and eulogize in the predicate, loved to catch him before he could fall, or to pick up his outraged bulk. Gibbs thinks they tolerated his insults because he also called them, or most of them, geniuses.

One of the better-known anti-Woollcott gags revolved about a full-length portrait of him that had been done by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge, the *Stars and Stripes* artist. The picture hung on a wall in the 47th Street house. Ross told the tale many times, building it up and ornamenting it as the seasons rolled. He said that when Woollcott left town one time on a lecture tour or something, he had Baldridge do an exact replica of the portrait, with one slight difference: instead of looking straight ahead, as in the original, Woollcott's gaze was turned slightly in one direction. "When Aleck got back to the house," Ross used to say, "I had a bunch of people over and seated them so they couldn't help seeing the picture. I kept staring at it, and finally Woollcott and the others did, too. 'That goddam picture's moving,' I said. Woollcott didn't say anything, but he knew something was wrong with the thing. I hoped he would think he was going nuts. It got to him, all right." When Woollcott left the house the next day, the fake portrait was withdrawn and the original looked out again directly upon the room. The tale tells that Woollcott was never let in on the joke, died without knowing about it. Cy Baldridge, in a letter to me, dismisses the prank as having been overelaborated by Ross: "I merely made a quick tracing out of focus (rather à la El Greco) and substituted it in the frame. That's all. Never knew what Aleck may have said when he probably discovered it later."

Every time Ross played one of his tricks on Woollcott he told me and everybody else about it. The year the dramatic critic won the *Variety* award of a silver-headed cane for having been the reviewer that had most accurately forecast the season's hits and flops, he brought it to a party attended by Ross and many others. The ornery conspirator from the Far West, with what confederates I do not know, swiped it and then joined in the search for it when the party was breaking up.

"I helped look for it, in closets and under sofas," Ross said, "and it wasn't easy bending over because I had the goddam thing stuck down one pants leg." The next day — I think with the help of Charlie MacArthur, who described himself about that time as "a middle-aged pixie" — Ross found out from a mutual friend that a certain gentleman he didn't know was about to sail for Europe. This fellow was persuaded to send Woollcott, from the middle of the ocean, a radiogram to this effect: "I seem to have picked up by accident a silver-headed cane belonging to you. I shall be in Egypt for three years. What do you want me to do with it?" When Woollcott read that, he sensed in it the not too fine American hand of his great pal. "He threatened to call the police and have me arrested," Ross said, "if I didn't get it back to him at once. He was always going to have me arrested." As I remember it, the cane was returned to Woollcott wrapped in such a fashion it took an hour to get it loose.

When Ross let Woollcott begin writing his weekly page for the *New Yorker* called "Shouts and Murmurs," in 1929, all of us were sure hell would break loose constantly between the two men, and it did. It helped to wear their thinning friendship even thinner, for Ross complained about almost everything Woollcott wrote, and rejected all or parts of some of the columns. He brought one of them to me once and asked me if two of the jokes in it were familiar to me. They were, and I said so.

Ross killed both stories and Woollcott resigned, but we all got used to that. He resigned the way other men went home to dinner. Some of the resignations lasted longer than others, and in a few the rancor ran deep. He even tried to get Ross's job once, sending for Katharine White, telling her it was urgent. He met her at the door clad as usual in pajama bottoms and dressing gown, and every now and then during his monologue that day his great bare belly would coyly appear and disappear, like a romping sea lion. "What would you think of me as editor of the *New*

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Yorker?" he threw at her to begin with. She indicated, just as quickly, that she wouldn't entertain the idea for a minute. Katharine does not think that Ross found out about this, but it may well have been the occasion that caused him to wire Raoul Fleischmann, "If you hire Woollcott, this telegram is my resignation. Ross."

Ross barged into my office one day, spluttering and swearing, to show me a story by Woollcott that had just appeared in the *New Yorker* and in *McCall's*. The writing was not identical, but the substance of both stories was the same. It served as the text for a long lecture on the sins of Woollcottism, which ended something like this: "Aleck only knows about nine words and phrases, and he uses them all the time. He writes about putting on his tippet, and going buckety buckety to the theater, and riding in his rickshaw, and he uses 'These old eyes' and 'At long last' in every third sentence." I had first heard this ancient denunciation early in 1927, but Ross went right on buying Woollcott Profiles, some of them only a few pages long, on Harpo Marx, Charles MacArthur, the Lunts, George Kaufman, Marc Connelly, and three different *Times* men.

Ross the Wag rarely combined his waggeries and his work, but there was the classic episode involving Woollcott and the so-called Great Chalice of Antioch. This precious first-century object, dug up in 1910, was put on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, as one stop in a nationwide tour that had begun with its display in 1933 at the Chicago World's Fair. It was the kind of thing calculated to bring out Woollcott's fluent phrases in full flower, and he gave it the works in a "Shouts and Murmurs" department. The piece ended this way:

"I know not what others feel about it, but for my own part I believe that after seeing Mr. Ripley's exhibit of freaks in the Midway and watching the plausible antics of a life-size, synthetic dinosaur on view in a papiermâché, prehistoric jungle, after drinking a beer at Pabst's and escaping from the touts who advise an inspection of the nude models in the Streets of Paris, I came along at sundown in my rickshaw to this white building, and, with my own eyes, beheld the Holy Grail."

That instantly gave Ross the inspiration for another elaborate joke. He arranged to have a man MacArthur knew in Chicago send Woollcott a telegram the Wednesday the *New Yorker* reached the stands with the chalice article in it. The wire went something like this: "If you plan to write anything about the Antioch Chalice you'll be interested to know that it is a hoax stop it was made by a man named Frank L. Schwartz in St. Louis in 1908." Woollcott got Ross on the phone at once and told him to withhold the "Shouts and Murmurs" piece and substitute something else. "Jeezus, Aleck, the magazine's practically on the stands. I can't do anything about it," Ross told him, in mock concern, and then, "Goddam it, don't you know a phony when you see one?" This episode was finally forgotten, but not until Woollcott had been made to suffer for a day or two. The next year, 1934, Ross was married again, and things ran smoothly for a while between him and Woollcott.

The baptism of Harold Ross's daughter, Patricia, so named because she was born on Saint Patrick's Day (in the year of our Lord 1935), had little of the anguish attending the memorable baptism of Clarence Day's father, but a lot more complications, and a sudden theatrical gesture supplied by that old critic of the drama, Alexander Woollcott himself. Ross's second wife and the mother of his child, the former Frances Clark, of French descent — she had a soft, unique, and charming accent — had told her husband she wanted the baby to be baptized in the Catholic faith.

"The trouble was," Ross's great friend, Frank Sullivan, has written me, "Frances did not know how to go about arranging the baptism, and of course Ross didn't. It was arranged from a rather unexpected source. One night, at the Ross's Madison Avenue apartment, the matter came under discussion when Dr. Eddie Devol and his pal, Bishop Samuel Trexler of the Lutheran Church, were present. Sam said, 'Why, I can arrange it for you, Frances. I know some of the priests at the Cathedral.' And he did, and that was how Patricia came to be baptized in the cathedral of her name saint, through the good offices of a Lutheran bishop. That, however, did not end the complications. It seemed that Woollcott had been invited to be godfather, probably by Ross, but the fathers at the Cathedral told Frances and Ross that a Catholic baptism necessitated a Catholic godmother and a Catholic godfather. Was Mr. Woollcott a Catholic? No. Then he was out, as far as being godfather was concerned.

"I never learned how Ross broke the news to Aleck, but it must have been a moving scene. Aleck wasn't used to being dismissed like that. Anyhow, I was selected as second choice because I was a Catholic. . . . Patricia was baptized one pleasant June afternoon, and among those who showed up was Aleck. If he couldn't be godfather he was at least going to look on. Father Furlong, now Bishop Furlong, was to officiate, and when he arrived at the font and saw Aleck he came over to me, drew me aside, and said, 'Look here, you are

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to be the godfather, is that understood?' I said, 'Yes, father,' and the ceremony began. At one point a two-branched candle was used, shaped like a Y. Father Furlong asked the godmother and me each to place a hand on a branch of the candle while he said some prayers. As I reached to do so, a hand followed by an arm slid past me from the rear and the hand joined my hand on the candle. Need I say that the hand was Aleck's. I glanced at Father Furlong, but he said nothing and went on with the prayers. I may be mistaken, but I thought there were signs of suppressed mirth on his face. Anyhow, Aleck got in on the baptism in spite of the Church, and I don't suppose Patricia was any the less effectively baptized because of his alien touch."

Ross had paced and paced, and thought and thought about it, before he agreed to let Woollcott contribute a weekly page of any kind to the *New Yorker*. Their quarrels were instantaneous and interminable. They bickered about the location of the page, which Woollcott hoped would run before the "Talk of the Town," but Ross was dead set against that. "He loves to show off at the theater, and the Algonquin, and his apartment, and everywhere else," Ross said, "but he's not going to show off around here." Their next battle was over Rea Irvin's decoration to go with the title. Rea had to do dozens before he got one both men agreed on — the comic mask on one side, the tragic on the other. It was easy to get drawings in those days, but prose did not exactly flow in, and the Woollcott page made a good backlog when copy ran short.

Upon Katharine White and later Wolcott Gibbs fell the heavy burden of "handling Woollcott." Katharine managed to coax him into making changes, over the telephone most of the time, but once in a while he asked her to call at his apartment and discuss some problem of grammar, taste, Ross, or make-up. I saw him in the office only once in my life. The two inimical friends communicated by note, and the exchanges were usually sharp or bitter. Woollcott liked to stab Ross, in prose or speech, with a stiletto, and could not forgive him for using a ball bat or a bung-starter, as in a saloon brawl. Sometimes Woollcott picked up and threw whatever was handiest, never realizing that Ross enjoyed nothing better.

If Woollcott had the emotions of a fish, Ross had the hide of a hippo. I remember the day, at the office elevators, when he read aloud to several of us a letter from old Vitriol and Violets that ended, "*I think of you as dead. Hoping I shall soon be the same . . .*"

Ross got a kick out of provoking stinging letters from his old AEF buddy and, in the case of one real blisterer, had twenty copies of it made and sent them to various friends of his and Woollcott's. "I wanted the goddam thing to pop up everywhere he went," Ross explained to me. The editor of the *New Yorker* knew nothing about such celebrated literary feuds as those between Henry James and H. G. Wells, Dickens and Thackeray, Stevenson and Henley, and it didn't seem to occur to him that Woollcott did not at all mind having his written philippics perpetuated, that he must even have hoped some of them might attain the stature of deathless literary epistles. All of the letters, and even the shortest notes, bore signs of the sweat of rewrite. Labored expressions like "Your urchin defense mechanism" were lost on Ross, but they are preserved here and there in books in the libraries of friends.

The thing that widened the breach between the two men beyond closing was the three-part Profile Gibbs wrote on Woollcott in 1939. The fuss raised about it after the third part had appeared became one of the most memorable crises in the history of Ross's weekly. I'll let Gibbs himself say something about that strange interlude.

"Woollcott did O.K. the galleys, with only minor protests. Actually, he didn't seem to realize that there was anything particularly unkind about the pieces until Beatrice Kaufman, Edna Ferber, Neysa McMein, and a bunch of those girls started needling him. I mention these because they were the only ones who reproached me personally.

"I think what Woollcott's friends really resented was that I implied he was a bonehead whose conception of genius could hardly be taken seriously.

"When I first started on the Profile, Woollcott wanted me to come up to Lake Bomoseen and spend a month with him, getting the flavor of his personality, I guess. It was March, but he had a great big fireplace. It was very hard for him to imagine anybody turning down a chance like that.

"Ross was very odd about the Profile. He supplied most of the really damaging stories — like the one about Woollcott's dearest friend who turned out to be a counterfeiter — and then seemed terribly alarmed when he saw them on paper. He took the buck for them, though.

" 'Shouts and Murmurs' was about the strangest copy I ever edited. You could take every other sentence out without changing the sense a particle. Whole department, in fact, often had no more substance than a Talk anecdote. I guess he was one of the most dreadful writers who ever existed."

The loyalty of Woollcott's friends and the loyalty of Ross's friends were among the strongest anybody ever heard of. ("I hope they deserved it,

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few mortals do," said a man who remained neutral throughout the final years of the war between Ross and Woollcott.) I was, to be sure, a Ross man, but I have never been able to get wrought up by attacks on him. When Woollcott sliced up Ross for a full half hour the time I called on him, I did not jump to my feet, or double my fists, or do anything but listen. I guess I always saw H. W. Ross, and still do, as something one has the right to criticize, like a show, or a pageant, or a monument, or a movement. I openly disagreed with Woollcott several times on points of fact, but let his opinions ride. He loved to make everybody mad, and used insults the way other people use simple declarative sentences.

It is reported, in the Samuel Hopkins Adams biography of Woollcott, that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne would not read the *New Yorker* again after the Profile, and I experienced myself the chill that fell upon the once fairly warm friendship between Ross and Noel Coward. In 1936 Ross and I had given a party for Coward at Ross's apartment, and many of his friends were there. Later I saw Coward several times, on a friendly basis, but then there came a post-Profile night at the theater when Coward turned a nervous and self-conscious fixed grin upon the two of us, but said nothing. I am told that he recently grouped Ross and Gibbs and me together as "the three most dreadful men in New York." I had had nothing whatever to do with the Profile, but the outraged Woollcott circle damned all of us on the *New Yorker*.

From Bill Levick, who called Woollcott "Foolish," to John Mosher, who said, "You must admit the old horror is competent," the put-upon Aleck was beset on all sides at the *New Yorker*. Some of us, though, were simply outside the battle and the cat-scratching. The point at issue was not, at bottom, Woollcott's ability as a writer, but his importance as a friend, companion, and counselor. Woollcott himself used to brag that he was the best writer in America, but had nothing to say.

It was about 1940 that Alexander Woollcott, sensing that his years left on earth were not many, retreated to his famous island place at Lake Bomoseen, "to set his house in order." He decided to make up with his old friend Harold Ross, but began feeling better and told other friends he was certainly not going to make up with Ross if he was not going to die. When his end was again clearly in view, he told several of his intimates that he was no longer able to deceive himself about the nature of his relationship to the editor of the *New Yorker*. "If I made up with him now," he said, "it would be a hypocritical and insincere gesture." He never changed his mind about that.

I was listening to a radio discussion panel one night in January, 1943, and heard Woollcott, one of the participants, say something flat and sharp that took in Germany, Hitler, Chicago, and the Chicago *Tribune*. I was convinced that the old boy was going to give 'em hell from then on, but ten minutes went by and his voice was not heard again. It was to be heard no more over the air on this planet, except in transcriptions. He had suddenly held up for Rex Stout, Marcia Davenport, and others on the program to see, a piece of paper on which he had scribbled, "I am sick." He was helped quietly out of the room, showing up to the end the courage for which he was known to both friend and enemy. He died in the hospital at midnight, while extra operators at CBS were trying to handle the thousands of anxious calls that kept coming in to the studio.

In January, 1951, eight years almost to the day after the death of Aleck Woollcott, I found Ross sitting dejectedly in his office and asked him if he was all right. He ran his big right hand slowly over his face, wiping away the invisible web of regrets and sorrows, in a gesture long familiar to me, and said, "All of my friends are dead." He didn't mean that literally, for he had many loyal friends left on earth, but I knew the ones he was thinking about. He was thinking about Bob Benchley, Heywood Broun, Ed MacNamara, Ring Lardner, and a dozen others, but the name uppermost in his mind and heart that day, although he didn't say so, was Alexander Woollcott.

"What is it ends with friends?" wrote William Ernest Henley, the original of Long John Silver, and the friendship he must have had in mind was his own with Robert Louis Stevenson. There is a curious memorial, by no means poetic, to the broken friendship of Harold Wallace Ross and Alexander Woollcott. Everybody who knew the two men well, or anything about the history of the *New Yorker*, seems to remember it, and it is continually bobbing up, not only in conversation, but in actual reproduction. It is a parody of the memorable *New Yorker* anniversary cover, but the face of the nineteenth-century dandy is the scowling face of Harold Ross, and the butterfly he is examining contemptuously through his monocle is the winged Aleck Woollcott. The parody cover was used on a privately printed burlesque of the *New Yorker* on the occasion of the first anniversary of the magazine. It is an odd and inalienable part of the American success story of H. W. Ross, the boy from Colorado with the urchin defense mechanism.

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OSBERT SITWELL

MILORDO INGLESE

MILORDO INGLESE

Within a green enclosure
    Pricked by cypresses, and full of neat Protestant graves,
One well-cut headstone now proclaims:
"Here lies Lord Richard Vermont,
    Who died in his seventy-eighth year."
It should read:
    "Who died early in his own lifetime
    But was buried in his seventy-eighth year."

Never
    Until I first went to Italy
Had I seen that elegant, proud expatriate, Lord Richard;
He dressed in the tubular tailoring of his epoch,
Each arm and leg a pipe.
In essence, he was Don Quixote,
But taller, and of the period after the knight had become entangled with his windmill,
So that the sails were now the two white ends of his mustache,
And his head was held aloft by the stiff white pipe of a collar.
Rare bird though he was,
He yet offered a thousand reflections of his era.

In his youth, he had been one of the superb young dandy aristocrats
Collected and trained by Disraeli,
Destined by him to be a modern paladin of politics.
At moments he seemed a poorer Ludwig the Second of Bavaria,
But a prince who served also as his own very inferior Wagner,
Composing palely passionate drawing-room ditties
That in the seventies and eighties used to be warbled after dinner.

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But then something had occurred; some nebulous but familiar scandal
Had lightly blown Lord Richard over the Channel,
Which he never crossed again.
Thus at the age of twenty-seven
A promising career was over,
And the thirty or forty years that had elapsed
Had been spent in killing time — or so Lord Richard thought,
Though in reality, *killing time*
Is only the name for another of the multifarious ways
By which time kills us.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

Within a swooning, wistaria-strangled suburb
Of an Italian art-city,
Where the huge wings of the dust —
That glittering, enormous summer bird —
Beat on large empty spaces or
Sparkle in the sun like chain armor,
Lord Richard had built himself a miniature castle of plaster
Colored and divided by lines to represent red brick.
Within its puny boundaries he confined himself,
For when he stepped beyond them,
He was sure to be recognized, and to hear one man remark to another,
"Ecco il Milordo Inglese!"
So his house was to him a refuge he hardly ever left
Even to walk in the umbrageous garden,
Dark on the lightest day,
A-rattle in any wind,
With large, dry, dusty leaves,
Defended by strong iron grilles.
His miniature castle was even more heavily fortified
Against the invasive present-day
Than against roaming burglars.

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When you arrived and rang the bell
You could hear other bells sound threateningly near and far
On different floors, in different rooms;
The door was bolted in ten places,
And only unbarred after a footman
Had scanned your face and the horizon
Through a slot in the door
(This modern inquisitor's anonymous gaze was disconcerting,
For you seemed locked out; he did not act as one locked in):
Then would follow the creak and banging of moving iron
And you would be admitted
By two retainers, dressed as wrestlers, in bright striped jerseys,
Who threw open the doors, and led the way.

Once you were allowed to enter, you were lost in a dark, gleaming forest
Of golden pillars; a herald's paradise;
There were many little rooms, studded with coats of arms:
But though it was an ingenious, confusing forest, with reflections everywhere in mirrors,
It was yet a work of artifice, not a work of art.
There was one room, copper-sheeted,
Which blushed to rose when the light was turned on,
And another in which the walls
Were sheets of transparent glass —
I thought it might be to remind him not to throw stones
But he explained:
"I wanted to see what it would be like, dear boy,
To live in a room with no walls."

In every room there was a writing desk,
And on each would lie
A page or two of the letter he posted every morning
To Lady Billingcourt, his great friend
Who, in return, wrote daily,
Though they had not met for thirty or forty years;
What could they find to say?

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AS AN OLD MAN

As an old man, Lord Richard was magnificent again,
A gothic effigy stridden from off a tomb, partly unpetrified,
With legs long and thin as a stork's,
A nose like the bill of a pelican,
And manners that encased his whole being
As the suit of armor he should have worn
To match his physique
Would have encased his body.

As the years passed
And the angers and agonies of the world increased,
Lord Richard beat
A retreat,
Floor by floor,
Until eventually, the few friends — for
The most part relations — whose friendship
He permitted were received
In a large marble bathroom at the top of his castle,
Under the clustered gingerbread turrets and heraldic beasts holding shields.
Here, wearing a correct suit, and over it a white bathrobe with a hood,
While his head was covered by a purple silk biretta
Propped up on his forehead by a wen,
He would dispense coffee, but never tea,
"Because tea," he would say, as he poured out the coffee,
"Is responsible for all the dreadful scandal
Talked in English drawing rooms."

A year or two before
the War,
Lord Richard retreated higher than the bathroom.
The gothic effigy strode back to his tomb,
And little now remains of his solitary splendor
Except the wings of dust
Enclosing an untenanted miniature castle
With stained walls
In a wistaria-strangled suburb.

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Detail from "Single Handed" by Charles Russell. Courtesy Findlay Galleries, Chicago.

It is the West of Remington and Charles Russell which fires the imagination of WALLACE STEGNER, *who as a very young boy lived in a rough and unregenerate hamlet in Saskatchewan. Novelist and short-story writer, Mr. Stegner is professor of English and director of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford University.*

THE MOUNTIES AT FORT WALSH

BY

WALLACE STEGNER

ONE of the things we forget about the frontier experience is that it was likely to be discontinuous. On the High Plains and in the Rockies, for instance, the men who made the fur frontier were seldom around to adapt to the cattle and horse ranches and the mining camps that followed, and the cowboys in turn were not often the fathers of the homesteaders who succeeded them, but another breed. And so families which, like mine, came in the last wave to file on wheatland or to provide the services for new towns were cheated of a past just as surely as hunter and cowboy were cheated of a future.

That is why the Old Timers' Association of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, on the edge of the Cypress Hills where I spent my boyhood, did the present a real service when in 1942 they planted historical markers at old Fort Walsh, on Battle Creek, and at the long-vanished trading post known as Farwell's, and at the site of a bloody battle between some Montana wolfers and the Assiniboin braves of Chief Little Soldier in 1873. That "Cypress Hills Massacre," so called, focused the eyes of all of Canada on the lawlessness of the western plains, and brought on the decisions that very shortly changed the course of western Canadian history. The entire character of that history after 1873 is very different from that of the American West, primarily because of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, whose headquarters from 1878 to 1883 was at Fort Walsh, a few miles from my home town. In a real sense this was the capital of the last frontier.

I wish I could have known it early, that it could have come to me with the smell of life about it instead of the smell of books, for there was the stuff of an epic there, and still is for the man who knows it right. Fort Walsh saw its last act; this was where the irreconcilables gathered in hope of a last stand, where the last hope flickered out for Cree and Assiniboin and Blackfoot, who belonged here, and for Sioux and Nez Percé and Gros Ventre, who had fled here across the Medicine Line pursuing safety and the last of the buffalo. A way of life, savage but rich in satisfactions both physical and spiritual, came to an end in these hills; from Fort Walsh a hundred-odd red-coated men patrolled its final agonies. Only a few years after all was over for the Indians, the *métis*, who lived by the same skills and were partly shaped by the same culture, broke out in their own last throes, and that could be another epic. All this was legitimately mine, I walked that earth, but not a whisper of any of it was known to me or to anyone I knew.

I wish I had seen the pictures (they existed) of Fort Walsh's log stockade with its inward-facing buildings, officers' and non-coms' quarters, powder magazine, blacksmith and carpenter shop, kitchen, bakery, stable, guardroom, and quartermaster's store, all whitewashed clean and shining under the jack-pine hills. I wish I had seen the Union Jack obeying the prairie wind from a tall pole, and heard the commands of drill and parade in the compound, and seen the spit and polish of

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the post emerge in full-dress parades in red coats, white helmets, pipe-clayed buckskin breeches, glittering boots. When a champion was prepared, his supporters sometimes carried him across the parade ground to keep him from getting a wrinkle or a dust fleck on him.

We were not informed in school that the first graces of Saskatchewan civilization appeared at Fort Walsh: amateur theatricals, pets, music, sports. The first play, *Dick Turpin*, was acted by constables who had been out on patrol to pick up Four Jack Bob for manhandling an Indian and who barely had time to throw Bob in the guardhouse and get into costume before the curtain. The pets were young antelope, baby buffalo, a Canada goose who alerted the guard whenever men tried to sneak in late from a pass and who finally made the mistake of chasing an Indian dog, which killed him. The music was provided by men from F Troop, transferred from Calgary after Fort Walsh was made the headquarters of the force in 1878; the band died a riotous death when its members, celebrating a British victory in Afghanistan, on the other side of the world, were betrayed by Commissioner MacLeod's special issue of grog and began beaning one another with the instruments.

The games, like the parades, often had the full-dress ceremonial quality that reputedly keeps men British in a far land. There is something essentially improbable in the notion of cricketers and tennis players in white flannels strolling across that compound, or of bare-kneed constables lining up for a scrum at rugger. Sometimes they enlisted *métis* or Indians in their games, and educated them in how to take a body block or a kick in the shins without going for a knife. They had horse races, Indian style, outside the stockade; they kept an eye on the sun dances where youths tore themselves from boyhood into manhood by hurling themselves against the rawhide thongs threaded under their breast muscles. They celebrated Christmas and the New Year with banquets, even with dances. The village that by the late seventies had gathered round the walls contained three hundred families, mainly *métis*, and boasted a hotel, a restaurant, a pool hall, a barbershop, even a photographer, for whose presence the historian has reason to give thanks. In the valley ringed by timbered hills there might at any time be hundreds of Indians. As the buffalo grew scarce and hunger came to look in the lodge flaps, the hundreds grew into thousands.

The simultaneous presence of many tribes could mean trouble: hereditary hostility might be exacerbated by competition for the few buffalo, or hereditary enemies might possibly join against the whites. It was the Mounties' job to forestall trouble if they could, settle it if they had to. They patrolled southward to the line at Kennedy's Crossing on Milk River, and eastward through a chain of detachment posts to Wood Mountain. My home town took its name from one of these posts; its first recorded inhabitants were Sitting Bull and a band of his Teton Sioux, who made their winter camp on its site, among the bends of the Whitemud River, in 1879; its name of Eastend came from the post that the Mounties established at the east end of the Cypress Hills to keep an eye on Sitting Bull. The site of that post was the same as that where Alexander Cowie had built a short-lived Hudson Bay post in the winter of 1871–1872. The chimneys of the police cabins were still standing on the edge of Chimney Coulee when I went berrying there as a boy. It would probably have shocked my Fenimore-Cooper-trained sensibilities to know that they were the relics, not of savagery, as I thought, but of law.

Still, I wish I had known it. I wish someone had told me about how the Sioux rode northward after annihilating Custer's five troops on the Little Big Horn, a whole nation on the move, driving the buffalo before them, and with soldiers from every army post in the West on their trail. In December, 1876, three thousand Ogalalas, Minneconjous, Hunkpapas, Sans Arcs, and Two Kettles were camped near White Eagle's one hundred and fifty lodges of Canadian Sissetons on Wood Mountain, and these were only the beginning. Sitting Bull was then at Red Water, south of the line, and a big camp of Yanktons under Medicine Bear and Black Horn, though technically agency Indians responsible to the Fort Peck agency on the Missouri, were threatening to cross the 49th Parallel from a place called Burnt Timber, where the Whitemud River crossed into Montana.

I wish somebody had made drama for us of how the tough Irishman Walsh, friendly to Indians, a good policeman, absolutely without nerves, rode in on the first camp of three thousand hostiles on Wood Mountain. With twelve men he rode through warriors, some of whom carried carbines wrenched from the hands of Custer's dying cavalrymen; past a horse herd, many of whose horses and mules bore the United States Army brand; among lodges where American scalps still hung drying in the smoke; and in a conference with White Eagle, Black Moon, Spotted Eagle, Little Knife, Long Dog, and their surly warriors, he told them how they would behave if they wanted to stay in the Great Mother's country. If, as they said, they were tired of war, this was what they would do: They would do no injury to man,

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woman, or child, white or Indian; they would steal nothing, not so much as a horse; they would keep the peace among themselves; they would not hide behind the Medicine Line for the winter and then go raiding below it as soon as the prairies dried; they would not hunt across the Medicine Line; they would not smuggle ammunition across it to their friends on the other side.

How bold a speech, how sublime a faith in the strength of law, considering that these Indians had hardly cooled from a bloodletting of white soldiers unmatched since General Braddock, and that the police, twelve among thousands, had no support nearer than several hundred miles. He told them the rules and they said they would obey them. They asked, almost humbly, for ammunition to hunt the buffalo, which they were now forced to lasso or to kill with lances made of knives bound to poles. As if he really possessed the power he assumed, Walsh granted to Jean Louis Legaré, the Wood Mountain trader, the right to sell the Sioux ammunition they could have taken by force any time they chose to.

Walsh repeated his lecture on law several times: to fifty-seven lodges of Tetons under Four Horns, intercepted just as they crossed into Canada along the Whitemud, and finally to Sitting Bull himself, near Pinto Horse Butte. Having clamped the lid on the kettle, Walsh and later his replacement Inspector L. N. F. Crozier held it on.

The Sioux were not the only American Indians wandering north of the line. Two months after Sitting Bull slipped across in the spring of 1877 there came two hundred and fifty lodges of South Assiniboin under Crow's Dance, who announced their arrival by roughing up a camp of Canadian Salteaux and demanding that the Salteaux submit to the Assiniboin hunting rules. Instead, Little Child, the chief of the Salteaux, went to Walsh, and Walsh with seventeen men went straight to the lodge of Crow's Dance. Arriving early in the morning, he left the surgeon and three men to build a barricade upon which they could fall back if a fight started. Then he and the other thirteen rode into the camp, entered the lodges, came out with twenty-two chiefs as prisoners, and bluffed their way back to the barricade, from which they stood off the Assiniboin rage without firing a shot. Crow's Dance and Crooked Arm, the head men, spent some months in a Mountie jail; the rest learned what the Sioux had the wit to accept early: the law applied to everyone.

It was not a job for the timid. Time after time a handful of constables and scouts plucked horse thieves or stolen horses out of the midst of threatening clots of warriors. The daughter of the Wood Mountain trader had the experience of being held with a knife at her throat while her Sioux captors demanded flour from her father and her father stood with a cocked pistol at a powder keg threatening to blow them all up if the Sioux made a move. That lurid stalemate was broken by a group of Mounties and ex-Mounties who burst in and threw the Sioux out — a procedure for which Walsh himself had set a precedent when he once threw Sitting Bull out the door, seizing the greatest chief of the Sioux nation by the seat of his blanket and pitching him out into the dirt and then defying the furious stir of rage and threats until it subsided.

Through the five years of the Sioux visitation, from the winter of 1876 to the summer of 1881, the Mounted Police were magnificently effective in preventing trouble, and all the time they were working to persuade the hostiles back across the line onto American reservations. In their patrols they noted the passage of every stray Indian or *métis*, every stray horse, every unfamiliar brand.

Their most serious crisis came after the word spread northward that Chief Joseph and his Nez Percé were headed for the Wood Mountain-Cypress Hills area pursued by Generals Howard and Gibbon. To the Sioux, wild to get another crack at the American cavalry, Walsh said flatly that if they went they would not be back: under those circumstances they would find the red coats hunting them as the blue coats did now. But when the refugees from Chief Joseph's long running battle limped in, exhausted, wounded, stripped of everything but gun and horse and life, there was need of every ounce of authority Walsh had.

The Nez Percé to whom he gave sanctuary in August, 1877, were Chief White Bird and ninety-eight men, fifty women, and about fifty children, a pitifully wasted remnant of the tribe that their conqueror General Miles called "the boldest men and the best marksmen" he had ever known. They had been friends of the whites since Lewis and Clark first met them under their other name of Chopunnish. Half Americanized, some of them Christians, house dwellers, and farmers, they had been cheated and abused until they made one of the last, the most desperate, and surely the most heroic of the Indian revolts against the system that was destroying their life.

The pitiful Nez Percés were not in themselves likely to add to the police burden; they were simply, like the other American Indians who kept drifting in, part of the ethnic junk heap that was piling up between Wood Mountain and the Cypress Hills as the plains frontier worked toward the end of its first phase. But their condition so

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infuriated the Sioux that the camp was full of war talk, and when Walsh brought word that General Alfred Terry and an American commission wanted to talk with the Sioux leaders at Fort Walsh, it took all the prestige Walsh had built up to persuade the Sioux even to attend. They went only under red-coat protection, and they promised nothing.

With twenty of the Sioux chiefs Walsh left their camp near Pinto Horse Butte, and midway between there and Fort Walsh they met Commissioner MacLeod coming from the west, and they camped and feasted together. I think I know how that October river bottom would have looked and smelled, with the skin lodges and the willow fires and the roasting meat — the smells of evening and muddy shores, the Indian summer pungency of drying leaves and rose hips, the special and secret smell of wolf willow, the glint of yellow and red leaves shaking down across the fires.

The conference for which Sioux, Mounties, and American commissioners assembled at Fort Walsh on October 17, 1877, was one of the briefest and least productive on record. They held one meeting. General Terry offered the Sioux amnesty, reservations, cattle, and allotments, and suggested that they come on home. The Sioux rose one by one and said that the Americans were liars, that they had never kept a promise, that they would be false to these as they had been to all the others. They ironically introduced the squaw of Bear-That-Scatters, and this in itself was an insult, for women did not belong in council. The squaw had been coached in a brief speech. She asked the Long Knives to go on home and let her alone and give her time to breed; she would like to stay here in peace and have some children. The chiefs, saying all the time that they wanted to be Canadian Indians, shook hands many times with MacLeod and Walsh; they pointedly wrapped their robes around them when it might have been time to shake hands with Terry. When the commissioners gave it up and went home, the Sioux chiefs stayed around Fort Walsh and made themselves sick on plum pudding and other items that MacLeod had brought with him for the occasion.

But whatever their wishes, the Sioux were not Canadian Indians. They were not entitled to payments under any of the seven treaties by which Canada had pacified the tribes, and when Cree and Salteaux and Assiniboin came to Fort Walsh for treaty money, the Sioux were left out. During their first years there, the buffalo were plentiful along the Whitemud, but by 1879 they were suddenly almost gone, and with no right to draw rations, Sioux and Nez Percé suffered most. Moreover, by the persistent tactic of never dealing with Sitting Bull as head chief, but undercutting his authority and dealing with others, Walsh and Crozier whittled the great magician of the Tetons down to smaller and smaller size. By 1880 they had whittled away more than 1200 of his followers and persuaded them to return to the States. By 1881 Sitting Bull was a defeated, bitter, and powerless old man. On July 11 he and his last followers, quarreling over a few bags of flour and dressed practically in rags, started out from Willow Bunch with the trader, Louis Legaré, and made a scarecrow march southward through the whitened bones of the buffalo. A week later they met Captain Clifford at the place now called Plentywood, Montana. The day after that, the gates of Fort Buford closed behind them and their guns were stacked in the yard and the American plains were finished.

Fort Walsh was almost finished too. It had never been a healthful site. Unexplained fevers swept it and its satellite village; the water from Battle Creek, polluted by buffalo or horse carcasses in the swamps above, brought typhoid into tin cups and canteens. And two great movements of history, one just closing and one about to begin, united in persuading the police that another headquarters would now serve better, and that even as a post, Fort Walsh should not be long maintained. The starving winters of the early eighties indicated that reservations farther north, in the fertile belt along the North Saskatchewan, would provide more opportunity for farming and Indian self-sufficiency than the high Cypress Hills with their summer frosts. More than that, the hills were too close to the border: desperate and vengeful Indians might be tempted to raid southward and return to the hills as a refuge. Finally, the Canadian Pacific was coming westward swiftly, and one police job would be protecting the men who built it.

In May, 1883, Fort Walsh was dismantled. As much of its building material as could be salvaged was hauled to Maple Creek, on the northern edge of the hills and directly on the main line of the C.P.R., and there made into another post. From there, patrols could still ride the old trails to Eastend, Pinto Horse Butte, and Wood Mountain, or the trail south to Kennedy's Crossing. But the wild and explosive frontier that the Mounties had marched west to bring under control in 1874 had gone out like a blown match. Except for the desperate outbreak of Indian and *métis* dissatisfaction in the second Riel Rebellion in 1885, the Mounties would find themselves now less concerned with taming wild men in wild places than with protecting civilized men in places rapidly becoming tame. Headquarters went farther from Fort

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Walsh than Maple Creek; it went all the way to Pile o' Bones Creek, also on the C.P.R., where there was now forming the raw settlement that would be called Regina after the Queen.

As for the Cypress Hills, from Medicine Lodge Coulee on the west to Chimney Coulee on the east they lay empty, cleared of their grizzlies and elk, their flanks swept clean of buffalo, their ravines and wooded valleys emptied of Indians. Only a few transitional settlers remained in the whole region. Several Mounties who had served their terms and taken their allotments of land, certain *métis* who had squatted along the creeks, certain old buffalo hunters or wolfers who had seen the handwriting on the wall and settled down — these made a thin and scattered population; and little by little, especially after the railroad was completed, came cattle to replace the buffalo. Some were whiteface and shorthorn, good stock; some were ringy old longhorns driven all the way up from the Rio Grande to stock the northern ranges.

Now for twenty-odd years the hills and plains that had concentrated the last flicker of the buffalo economy would be part of the cattle economy. There was room in its brief and telescoped history for one cowboy generation, which like the hunter generation was made of many kinds: drifters from Montana, Wyoming, Kansas, Texas; Irish immigrant boys; venturesome English youths with too many elder brothers or too much ambition or too little self-control; made-over Mounties; French aristocrats; *métis* squatters; reformed whisky traders. They would have this kingly range all to themselves until 1906, when one devastating winter would sweep it clean again for a new wave, this time of men with plows.

I wish I had known some of all this. Then, sunk solitary as a bear in some spider-webby, sweaty, fruit-smelling saskatoon patch in Chimney Coulee on a late summer afternoon, I might have felt as companionship and reassurance the presence of the traders, *métis*, and constables whose old cabins made rude rectangles of foundation stones and whose stone chimneys still stood, half smothered in long grass and chokecherry bushes. Kicking up an arrowhead at the Z-X ford, I might have peopled my imagination with a wild camp along the bends of the Whitemud and had the company of Sitting Bull, Long Dog, Spotted Eagle, Walsh, MacLeod, Lèveillé, some Indian summer evening when smoke lay flat along the willows and the swallows were twittering to their holes in the clay cutbanks and a muskrat came pushing a dark-silver wedge of water upstream. I was at ease with the swallows and the muskrats, we were part of the same timeless world; but Time, which man invented, I did not know. I was an unpeopled wilderness, I possessed none of the associations by which a human tradition defines and enriches itself.

Many times I have sat all alone just inside the edge of one of the aspen coulees that tongued down from the north bench, and heard soft puffs of wind rattle the leaves, and felt how sun and shadow scattered and returned like disturbed sage hen chicks; and in some way of ignorance and innocence and pure perception I have bent my whole attention on the purity of white anemones among the aspen boles. They were rare and beautiful to me, and they grew only there in the dapple of the thin woods.

Those are most peaceful images in my mind. I don't know why, recalling them, I think of Marmaduke Graburn, a boy I never heard of until much later. Perhaps he is associated with those images because his grave lies under the same sky with the same light and the same quiet spread over it. He died in such a coulee as one of these, and he died young.

He was nineteen years old, a rookie subconstable recently recruited in Ottawa, a boy with an itch for adventure and a name that might have come out of a magazine romance. Graburn Coulee, back of Fort Walsh a few miles, is the name the maps now give to the draw where he rode alone after an ax he had left behind, and was followed and shot in the back of the head by Star Child, a Blood Indian with a grudge. Graburn died alone and uselessly, the victim of brainless spite. *Métis* trackers led by Jerry Potts and Louis Lèveillé found first the tracks of his shod horse where they had been joined by two barefoot Indian ponies; then his pillbox cap lying beside the trail; then his body dumped into a ravine.

He was not the first Mountie to die in the course of duty. Others had drowned in flood-swollen rivers, died of fever. But Marmaduke Graburn was the first of the force to die by violence. Throughout their first five years, from the time of their march westward from Fort Dufferin to pacify a frontier 900 miles in extent, 300,000 square miles in area, and populated by 30,000 of the most warlike Indians on the continent, the Mounted Police had neither killed nor been killed. When Star Child raised his gun behind the unsuspecting boy in an aspen-whispering coulee in 1879 he took symbolic revenge for the ending of the Indian heritage, but he also emphasized the heroic effectiveness of the law that Canada had sent into the Northwest. The Mounted Police came to the West in 1874, and to the Cypress Hills one year later, to smother a hornet's nest. In 1883 they left the hills and the entire border pacified and safe, almost as peaceful as when I wandered through the coulees with a .22 and found nothing more dangerous than snowshoe rabbits and anemones.

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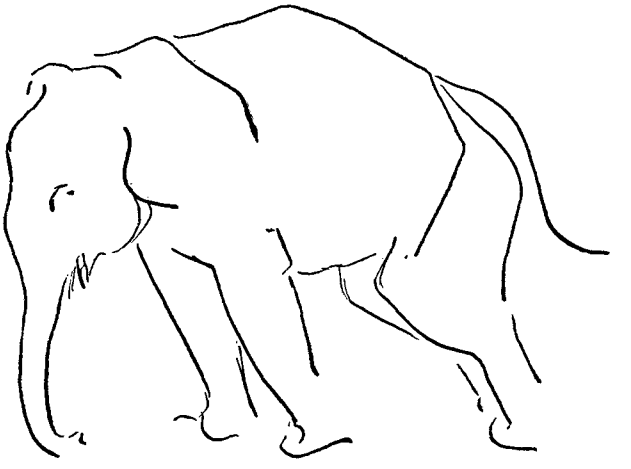
Paint an Elephant

BY VINTON LIDDELL PICKENS

Artist and writer, VINTON LIDDELL PICKENS *recently spent two years on the island of Ceylon sketching and painting. In January the Ceylon Embassy sponsored a showing of her oils and water colors at the Franz Bader Gallery in Washington.*



WE HAD gone back to Ceylon for a second winter so that I could paint elephants, and were in Akuressa because it was the nearest place to the Dediyagala sawmill where elephants worked. Seeing elephants at the Dehiwela Zoo on our first trip had shown me their value as subjects for painting. A canvas can be organized to include other animals — elephants organize the canvas. An elephant is a mass, a form, an area of color in himself. Only the bison approaches him in sculptural quality. He was worth traveling to Ceylon to know, well worth going there to paint.

Most Americans, familiar with him only in zoos or circuses, would not name as his salient characteristic either his protective coloring or the arboreal quality of his motion. They consider him as slate gray or, in circuses, dust colored. Dust color, of course, varies widely, even in the United States. Elsewhere excited people frequently report sighting white, red, or yellow elephants, but none have actually been found. To get rid of insects, elephants spray themselves with sand gathered up by their trunks and so unintentionally disguise themselves, but the hide is invariably the neutral, all-reflecting gray. As to the arboreal motion, in non-tropical zoos the nearest trees are likely to be oak or maple or even Norway spruce — stiff, northern trees scarcely bending to the wind at all, not primarily suggestive of any movement. Perhaps even in Ceylon only a painter or sculptor would be struck by the similarity of the elephant's curving trunk and the taller curve of the trunk of the palm tree, or by the resemblance to the swaying palm fronds in the lithe roll of the elephant's walk. These are secondary impressions, but anyone would notice at once the shifting reflections of jungle hues on the so-called gray skin.

Read any book on elephant hunting in either Asia or Africa for references to the big beast's invisibility under his native foliage. His hide carries the warm colors of sun and leaves. Nature has protected him almost as fully as the chameleon.

He stands, never quite still, in vegetation of lightly stirring, sinuous forms. He takes on the colors of his surroundings, but in Ceylon he has one color that never changes. In Ceylon his trunk, his long, wiggly nose, is salmon pink and freckled. Otherwise, but for slighter build and stature, he is like the elephants of India. Naturalists may know the significance of this trunk coloring. To painters it is interesting because the pink color of the ele-

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phant himself is found repeated in the light upon the palm trees and, especially, on the rubber trees.

Painting abroad holds traps for the unwary. The painter must continually ask himself, Will this be a good picture or merely a record of sights now new to me? If he can paint good pictures in one place, he can paint them in another. Travel adds interest to his work only if his sense of the varying light quality from one area of the earth to another brings into play a recognition of new conditions that inspires new uses of color. The elephant in the Bronx and the elephant in Colombo demonstrate fully the meaning of difference in light quality. The Colombo elephant may be twin to the one in New York, but the air in which he moves transforms him. He is part of the shadow, light, color, and motion of the tropics. Black and white can scarcely suggest him.

Each country (not meaning nation) has its own "clue color." Skies are everywhere a sort of blue, leaves a sort of green. It is the *sort* that counts, and it is the clue color that determines the sort. Amédée Ozenfant once remarked that one cannot paint in France without using cobalt — *le bleu de France*. In Ceylon there is no cobalt. The Indian Ocean, far more turquoise than ultramarine, lacks entirely the warm, rich azure of the Mediterranean. At Colombo the sea beyond the breakers often resembles an expanse of cool, solid jade. The landscape itself is by contrast warm and rich in color, varying from deep, subdued tones to brilliant, depending on location and season. Viridian, that jack-of-all-trades for Western greens, is too blue for Ceylon, except for occasional use in sky color. The Ceylon yellows are warm; there is much burnt sienna and some vermilion amid the yellow-green. In coconut groves the burnt sienna is often the clue color, even when as little of it shows on the canvas as on the palm trees themselves. Whatever the clue color, the elephant fits right into the scene.

Few painters have thought much about elephants. In Indian art their appearance is incidental, and in Western art — well, few village geniuses could get their start sketching elephants.

An elephant appears in a small drawing in Rembrandt's House in Amsterdam. One wonders where he saw it. No doubt some forerunner of the modern circus was touring the Netherlands. Elephants had been objects of interest in Europe ever since Hannibal's war elephants scared the Romans. They are probably occasionally visible in large battle paintings. Another elephant appears — at least part of an elephant — in a church fresco in San Miguel de Allende in Mexico, serving as a symbol accompanying an also symbolic figure of *Temblanza* (moderation). These are the only elephants I can recall seeing in art in my Western travels. No doubt there are many more, but the proportion is small compared to the numbers of asses, horses, dogs, or even lions and camels in American and European galleries. How different if one of the Three Wise Men had ridden an elephant instead of a camel! But the Three Kings "out of the East" were not Eastern enough. They were camel men.

Few Westerners even now see elephants at their provocative best. To do so involves sacrificing a disproportionate amount of Western-style comfort. An elephant near a de luxe hotel is necessarily in captivity, and the elephant in captivity, poor thing, is not himself.

By captivity I mean in cages. A domesticated elephant has a different mien from a wild one, but he is a beast of purpose. He meets and solves problems. He does not stand all day in a pen, and the difference shows. His routine involves the occasional unexpected. One can never be quite sure what he is going to do.

At Dediyagala — which you will not find on the map, because it is only a sawmill in the jungle above Akuressa — the elephant could be seen as the best expression of animal power at man's command, and it was hard to know where elephant intelligence ended and man's took over. It was not hard to realize, after only a little study, that the seemingly ignorant elephant boys — *mahouts* in India and Ceylon, *oozies* in Burma — had to know more than the most accomplished horseman.

Even the amateur of riding is familiar, under one name or another, with the "aids." Press with the

left knee, horse bears to the right; press with the right knee, horse to the left. Even people who do not ride know what "bridle-wise" means. An elephant is trained to a comparable, though far more complicated, pressure system. The illiterate boy on his shoulders must know not only the location of all points where a touch of the goad will bring response but the exact amount of pressure with which the goad may be applied. In certain spots firm pressure of the goad immobilizes the elephant; deep pressure kills him. The goad must be handled like a surgical instrument.

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Old palm-leaf manuscripts describe the *nila* (nerve centers) and what pressure on each of them will make an elephant do. Divide the posterior margin of the ear into two, the manuscript says. This gives three nerve centers for enforcing obedience. In mounting an elephant, one seizes the obedience *nilé* of the ear tip with one hand, presses a shoulder *nilé* with the other, a foot *nilé* with one foot, a leg *nilé* with the other foot, and mounts. Once up, one can press a *nilé* in the cheek to make the elephant run. Should he bolt, there is a nerve center in his neck to use in stopping him. Even handier information: To make a wild elephant kneel, prod the nerve center at the ankle under the *Vambidi*. (Remember this if attacked.) I do not know how many nerve centers a modern *mahout* must know, but Dr. Paul Dereniyagala, in his book on elephants, lists eighty-six with their uses.

That centuries of study have resulted in skillful control of the earth's greatest beast does not mean that the beast is an automaton. Literature and history — even leaving out the great religious legend the Muslims celebrate on the Day of the Elephant — are filled with proofs that elephants are sagacious. Countless books give well-established proofs of their profound likes and dislikes. It is not always well to read these books. One of them caused my only uneasiness at Dediyagala.

From Akuressa we drove every morning to the sawmill, following a road that ended there. Even leaving the resthouse after breakfast, we had ample time on arrival to set up easels, get out paints, and do some work before the elephants returned. The elephants had already climbed to the highest ridges, where the trees were being felled. They came down to the sawmill, following a stream bed, around eleven o'clock. We painted during the hottest part of the day.

From ten days at Dediyagala, working from three to four hours a day, I brought back two 24- by 36-inch paintings, one 24 by 30, and one 20 by 24. They were not sketches to be worked up later; they were paintings. Because the time between the elephants' arrival and their nearly complete disappearance under water for bathing was in each case less than twenty minutes, and no elephant was ever made to stand still or repeat an action for me, my system of work may interest other painters.

After deciding *where* in my landscape I wanted an elephant doing *what*, I indicated his place on the canvas by a color of approximately the proper tone. This was done before the first elephant came into view on the trail. The minute he was there, I dropped my brushes and reached for my ink sketch pad. From then until the last of the eleven had dragged in his log, unloaded it at the sawmill, and had his bath, I did nothing but pen sketches. I did them one after another, scarcely looking at the paper at all and with no thought of the future elephant in the painting. Among the twenty-five or thirty resulting sketches were always several I could use. With the elephants still before me lolling in the stream or standing in it munching the palm fronds brought daily from the low country — by truck, incidentally — and my mind still intent on all that they had just been doing, I worked from memory, with the aid of selected sketches, to paint the needed elephants where the canvas called for them. This is a radically different procedure from reconstructive painting in the studio from stale sketches.

Dediyagala painting was hot work. Too far inland for sea breezes, not high enough for the coolness of altitude, the sawmill stood, in its piles of pink and gold sawdust, in a deep valley no moving air could reach. The most intense painting period began at the time when, in Colombo or even Nuwara Eliya, people knocked off for lunch and a siesta. We usually started home about one o'clock, sweaty and exhausted.

One day I had set up my easel in an unusual position, downstream from the sawmill, where I could paint the elephants dragging the great pink logs up the sawdust-covered banks. The elephants on that day were rather more upstream than usual, except for one, who placidly chewed his palm fronds about forty feet from me. I had paid no attention to the boy who lingered near him, although all the other boys, their elephants carefully scrubbed, were now scrubbing themselves. Not until our driver, Appuhamy, who usually stayed at the road with the car, came down the hill toward me did I pay attention to anything but my painting. I had not seen the nearby elephant boy signal to another, who had in turn signaled to another to call Appuhamy.

Appuhamy speaks quite good English — so far as it goes. It does not go into detail. Appuhamy said, "This boy thinks you better go. That is a bad elephant."

I had just finished reading *Elephant Bill*. I recalled very well that bad elephants are as rare as bad horses, but I also recalled circumstances in which even good elephants became fractious. They were irritable when tired from heavy exertion; the elephant in question had dragged logs all day. They were often startled by unusual sights; the sight of me in slacks, shirt, and sun-visor headdress startled even my husband. I recalled the incident in *Elephant Bill* in which Colonel Williams' head *oozie* apologized thus for his elephants' un-

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satisfactory behavior, "What could you expect? There were dogs and horses and white women there."

At least I had no dogs or horses with me. Watching the elephant in thoroughgoing uneasiness, I gently — oh, so gently and quietly! — folded up the easel and packed the paints in the aluminum sketch box. Appuhamy took both of these. Turning the canvas — it was one of the large ones — so that the brown underside was toward the elephant, I said as calmly as possible that I was ready to leave. Appuhamy seemed unconcerned. He led the way across the narrow space between the almost perpendicular mountainside and the stream. The elephant boy smiled cheerfully as we passed, and the elephant kept on chewing palm fronds.

"He is all right when the boy is there," said Appuhamy, a little late with his reassurance.

The elephant that really bothered me was a very gentle one. His rider desperately wanted not only to be in every painting but to have special portraits made of himself and his mount. In the sawdust the elephants were even more soundless than usual, and a sudden black trunk swinging inches from my face wrecked several ideas for masterpieces. Above the trunk and fanning ears was always a grinning, beseeching human face. The obvious friendly intent of both man and beast counteracted the initial shock, but an unexpected elephant is startling.

Understanding elephants is a lifetime affair, but even superficial knowledge of them is interesting. What pride I experienced at Akuressa in correctly surmising that the one kept at the resthouse was not like the others I knew! He came from the north of Ceylon and had noticeably longer legs. He seemed as different from the others as a Morgan from a thoroughbred.

Knowing horses under saddle and in harness, and seeing how differently they move from horses running loose in a field, I can gauge the difference between elephants at Dediyagala and wild elephants. It must be greater than that between zoo elephants and work elephants. Had dock strikes not altered shipping schedules, I might already know the difference at firsthand, but we had to leave for home without carrying out all our plans.

On my next application for a passport, how will "to paint wild elephants" look as "purpose of trip"? However it looks, that will be my only possible honest answer.

ROBERT HUFF

COLONEL JOHNSON'S RIDE

This morning, rolling through a cloud
Around a mountain on clear ice,
He listens to small hail beat down. The loud
Tick of it sounds almost like rice

Tossed at the windshield. . . . There was a bride
Beside him once, an isolated heart,
Something like water snuggled at his side,
But he's had rotten fishing from the start.

And she's behind him, landlocked in their bed.
Wrapped in her own groundcloud of winter dreams,
How does she move? Whom does she wed
While sea-run rainbows, separate, fight the streams

Below and he goes circling down,
Precariously skidding till he stops
Outside the fog drift, sees dawn crown
Like fire on the mountaintops,

And gets out, touchy, near the riverbank?
For beauty, ever since his wedding night
He's known he has his own hard self to thank.
He's come alone to sound this water right.

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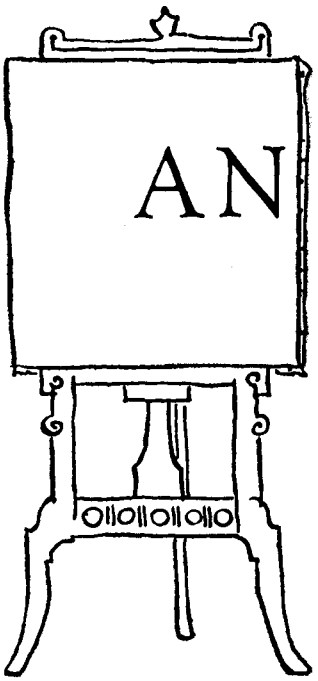

AN OLD MASTER

BY DAVID GARNETT

An Englishman with a family literary heritage, DAVID GARNETT *had the opportunity of knowing in his youth the great writers of the twenties. He started his own work shortly after World War I, and in addition to his many novels he has edited the works of Henry James and T. E. Lawrence. His most recent book is* ASPECTS OF LOVE.

AT FIFTEEN, Freddy Vincent was an enthusiastic bird watcher, and a period of convalescence after scarlet fever, when he was sent to stay with his aunt in Suffolk, came early in June, just at the right time for nesting migrants. But Miss Vincent had decided that he must be coddled. She ordered him to rest for an hour after every meal — to spend the mornings in the conservatory and to wear a muffler when she allowed him to go out in the afternoon. She sent him to bed hours before it was dark.

Freddy was outwardly obedient, but he made up for his deprivations by getting up an hour before dawn and spending two or three hours before breakfast exploring the hedgerows on the dew-soaked water meadows and the reed beds along the old towpath by the river.

On the second morning he followed the river up as far as the lock below Wrattenbury, where there was a big pool below the old water mill. He startled two herons; he saw a harrier and what might possibly have been a Sclavonian grebe. Then, peeping through the reeds of the river on the higher level, above the lock, instead of the duck he had hoped for, he saw an old gentleman walking from the millhouse along the opposite bank of the little river to where an easel was standing. The sun had just got up and the boy watched the artist put a canvas on his easel and begin to paint. Not wishing to be seen, Freddy remained motionless. Then after not more than ten minutes, he saw the old man stop, pack up his things, and walk back toward the millhouse with his canvas in one hand and the paintbox and the palette in the other. The light had changed.

Next morning Freddy went again to the same place, for the water mill attracted him and he thought he might find a dipper's nest by its old wheel. Once again he saw the artist — but on this occasion the old man saw him first and greeted him with a wave of the arm and a shout of "Good morning. It's going to be another day like yesterday," which showed Freddy that he had been seen the day before.

Freddy waved back and replied that he hoped so, and each went on his way. After that he saw him on all his morning excursions, always in the neighborhood of the mill.

One day, when his aunt was beginning to relax her vigilance a little, she took him with her to Wrattenbury in her shooting brake. Suddenly she drew up beside the mill and led the way into the miller's little office, where Freddy saw the artist perched on a high stool behind a huge desk, with a pair of steel spectacles on his nose.

Freddy was, even as a boy, possessed of quite exceptional moral courage. There was for him something humorous in having to tell the truth or to face the music — and he gave a peculiar characteristic grin as he recognized the miller. He foresaw that in the next minute his early morning escapades would come out and that the explanation which seemed inevitable would be a most disagreeable one and for that reason horribly comic.

Miss Vincent introduced her nephew to Mr. Saul, saying that she had to take a great deal of care of him as he was run-down after his illness. "This is the first time he's been out in the morning," she said. "But it's so fine that I thought if he

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were well wrapped up, a drive in the car would do him no harm."

Mr. Saul had shown no sign of recognizing Freddy and he chuckled and said he must take care not to get a chill. Above all she must see that he never went out when the dew was on the grass. "Dew is most dangerous. I never trust myself out before it is off the grass," he said, and with these words he winked at Freddy in a most shameless manner. Freddy was relieved that he was not going to be given away, and because he was rather clever about people, he guessed that the old gentleman would prefer him not to say anything about the painting to his aunt. Mr. Saul was a widower with a small son, and Miss Vincent was clearly attracted by him.

After that Freddy often went for the holidays to stay with his aunt and kept up the friendship with old Mr. Saul. Sometimes she would tell him to go to the mill to order some linseed cake or crushed oats for her Jersey cows; sometimes he went round without any real excuse, for the mill itself fascinated him. It was a huge weather-boarded structure, painted white, which was built astride a weir on the little river with the lock beside it. A gibbet and pulley was folded against the wall, to raise sacks of grain into the mill and to load barges below with sacks of offal or flour.

When he went into the little office, Mr. Saul would greet Freddy by name, and then, if there were an order for oats or dairy nuts, he would book it. After that he would take Freddy with him into the mill next door, where there were sifters shaking, belts whirling, and sacks slowly filling from holes in the floor above.

Once or twice Freddy was sent with messages from his aunt: Would Mr. Saul come to tea on Sunday and bring his little boy? The roses were at their best. On receiving such an invitation, Mr. Saul took a book out of his waistcoat pocket, looked carefully to see if he had a prior engagement — he never had — and then marked the day and hour before looking up at Freddy and saying in a gentle and ceremonious voice, "Trevor and I will be delighted to accept." And then in a casual way he would say that the kingfishers were fledged and that he had seen six of them sitting in a row on a branch of the willow below the small pool.

Once, when Freddy was going away rather forlornly, because Mr. Saul was almost the only person he knew in Suffolk who interested him, the old gentleman looked him up and down attentively and asked:

"I suppose you can climb in the dark?" Freddy was surprised by the question and did not answer at once.

"I mean you are not subject to vertigo?" went on Mr. Saul.

"I'm not often giddy, if that's what you mean," replied Freddy.

"Well, then I'll show you my feathered cats," said the old man. And he led the way into a part of the mill into which Freddy had not been before.

"I shall go first," said Mr. Saul and started climbing a ladder which disappeared through a hole in the ceiling into darkness above.

Freddy followed him and Mr. Saul grasped his arm at the top and made him take hold of the rungs of another ladder. This time the climb was longer, but a few rays of light entering here and there through the weatherboarding revealed that they were in the very top of a mansard roof, with great beams and rafters extending around them.

Again the old man helped the boy to step from the ladder onto a small platform. "You can have a good look at these beauties. I don't think they'll fly away," and the old gentleman turned an electric torch full on a white owl perched not more than ten feet away. The bird remained motionless until Mr. Saul turned the light of the torch away from it. Then it opened its wings and floated into the darkness. Mr. Saul went along the platform until they were close to the nest on which the hen bird was sitting. "I am at war here with the rats and mice," said Mr. Saul. "No rats or mice are allowed. So I keep owls. But the young owls make their parents' lives a burden and the old ones drive them away in self-defense. So I never have as many owls as I want."

On the occasions when Mr. Saul came to tea Miss Vincent expected her nephew to be present. "You can play with Trevor," she said, oblivious of the difference between sixteen and nine. Trevor was an extremely good-looking little boy with very red cheeks, very blue eyes, and a head covered with very dark, almost black curls. He was brimful of self-confidence, he was always laughing, and he was consciously manly. Miss Vincent adored him and told Freddy to show him the bagatelle board or to take him to see the calves. But these suggestions were never fruitful. Trevor preferred the old lady's admiration. Thus both Freddy and Trevor accompanied their elders in their slow perambulation of the flower garden. Trevor would run in front, keeping himself always in full view. Freddy would walk on one side of Miss Vincent, Mr. Saul slowly on the other side. He wore very old-fashioned clothes: a pepper-and-salt morning coat and trousers made of a rough tweed and a stand-up white collar, and he held his hands behind his back and listened appreciatively while the lady rattled away about the flowers.

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"Of course you are not a gardener. Your interest is purely aesthetic" was a recurring theme, and Mr. Saul never failed to agree with a gentle smile. He was not in the least bored by the lady, but he seldom said much.

THERE was an interval of three years in Freddy's visits to his aunt. At nineteen he was no longer much interested in birds, for all his energies were devoted to the study of the history of art. Mr. Saul was still coming to tea and Freddy was again commanded to accompany the elderly pair in their walk round the flower beds. It was dahlias, not roses, they were looking at on this occasion, and Freddy was surprised to hear Mr. Saul say, "That's very paintable," as he pointed to a bed of them. It brought back to his mind his first sight of Mr. Saul in the early mornings and it reminded him that he had never seen any of Mr. Saul's work. "He must be a bad painter if he wants to paint these dahlias" was his reflection. If his aunt had not been there he would perhaps have begun to talk about painting. But he felt sure that it would be a mistake to do so, for Freddy was fond of Mr. Saul and did not wish gratuitously to lead him to discuss a subject in which he was bound to make a fool of himself.

On one occasion Mr. Saul came with Trevor to tea. Freddy had left a copy of a portfolio of reproductions of Matisse's work in the hall and he saw that Mr. Saul was looking at it while his aunt was putting on her galoshes.

"Mr. Saul is showing Trevor your book of pictures by that dreadful Frenchman," she cried, as she crouched doubled up in the lobby. "I don't like that kind of thing, Mr. Saul, but of course it's very advanced, quite revolutionary no doubt. I don't think it can be good for your boy."

"They are silly old pictures," said Trevor with a gay smile. "You ought to see what I can do. I paint heaps better."

"I'm quite sure you do, Trevor," said Miss Vincent.

This was the situation which Freddy had hoped to avoid. Mr. Saul said nothing to prevent himself from being classed by Freddy with Trevor and Miss Vincent as an ignoramus and a nincompoop. He stood silently and readily surrendered the portfolio to its owner. Then he grinned and said, "Good painting is never really revolutionary, whatever people may think" — a remark which both Freddy and his aunt took to be directed against Matisse.

The lady straightened herself and exclaimed, "There, d'you hear that, Freddy? Good painting is never revolutionary. Take your horrid Frenchman away."

"You mistake my meaning, Miss Vincent."

Miss Vincent was now, however, ready for the chrysanthemums, so she merely announced that her nephew would be delighted to lend the book to Trevor if he wanted to borrow it — a remark which the old gentleman could see for himself was not true.

"Trevor doesn't want to borrow it, but you and I must have a talk about painting, Freddy, when you next visit the mill," said the old gentleman.

"I'll show you what I painted," added Trevor.

Freddy thrust the portfolio out of sight, and for the first time in many years he let his visit go by without going round to see Mr. Saul.

Miss Vincent died that winter and Freddy did not see or hear of either Thomas Saul or Trevor for nine years. During that time he had held a job as an assistant curator at the Tate Gallery and had given it up, had written a book on modern art which had received a fair number of reviews, and it was to this that he owed a letter from the old miller.

"I hesitate to write to you, but you are the only person I know in the world of art in London. My son Trevor has come back from Paris, where he has been three years trying to learn to paint, and he is extremely anxious to have a show of his pictures in London. I cannot speak of his work, but I should be very grateful if you would see him and give him the benefit of your advice."

Before Freddy had had time to answer this letter, Trevor Saul was on his doorstep. He had changed little, but had become astonishingly good-looking. His expression was wonderfully frank and was full of the most jolly good humor. There was an overflowing bonhomie in the flash of his eyes and teeth, and the self-satisfied ripple of his laugh twinkled out the message that life and art and the fact of being young Trevor Saul were all extraordinarily good fun.

At the first sight of Trevor, Freddy had been charmed, and as it was lunchtime he had taken him out to lunch. During the meal it came out that Trevor had no studio and no place where he could unpack his pictures and where Freddy could see them. The fact was that he had not much money. His father, he confessed apologetically, had rather let him down. But he spoke very lightly about it. "It's inevitable for old people to get left out of it — and there's a pathetic jealousy in his attitude. It's really far more his tragedy than mine," he said.

Freddy was surprised that old Mr. Saul should have been mean, as it was not at all in character, but he rather admired his son's attitude and he at once invited Trevor to send the pictures round to his flat. Trevor did not need pressing. He got up

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at once from the table and left the room for a moment; when he came back he said he had telephoned and had arranged for their delivery that afternoon. After lunch they went back to Freddy's flat in Westminster to receive the crates of pictures. Freddy paid the carrier and Trevor began at once to unpack them. As he propped them up, one after another round the dining room, Freddy's heart began to sink.

Certainly the pictures were like a lot of work being done in Paris, and with that reflection, Freddy got Atkinson of the Portheim Gallery round next morning to have a look at them. But it was no good — Atkinson had refused to be interested. Freddy tried again with Ian Matheson from Bartholdi's, and with him he was successful.

Bartholdi's would put Trevor into a show as one of three young painters and to Freddy's immense relief, a week or two later, they collected the pictures. The fact that Trevor was one of three enabled Freddy to get out of writing an introductory note to the catalogue.

"Oh well, you must promise to do it next time," said Trevor in a tone of finality. But when the next time had arrived, Trevor had got hold of someone better. To do him justice, Trevor stopped bothering Freddy directly he had got hold of more useful people, and he simply faded out of Freddy's life. By that time Freddy had decided that Trevor's gay friendliness, his good nature, his eager love of art, even his knowledge of Paris studios and French painters, were all bogus. And Freddy even persuaded himself that Trevor's good looks and buoyant health were somehow bogus too. That shining Jonathan apple must be rotten at the core, just because it was so fresh and rosy. Anyway, even if Trevor were not rotten, Freddy had no longer any doubt that his pictures were.

A YEAR or two passed by, and then one morning Freddy received a card from the Portheim Gallery that greatly astonished him: *A Collection of Oil Paintings by Thomas Saul.*

Thomas, he remembered quite definitely, was the name of the old miller. Here, perhaps, were the fruits of the early mornings on the riverbanks. Freddy felt no curiosity to see the pictures, but he would have to look in at the gallery, pick out one or two that he could decently mention, and write a letter to the old man. He could not ignore their early friendship or forget that climb up to the roof of the mill to see the sleepy but defiant owls.

If Freddy went early to the private view it was simply to get it over: to waste as little of his day as possible. But within a few moments of walking into the gallery he knew he was in the presence of the works of a master: of a great painter whose work he had never seen before. Freddy Vincent felt his heart suddenly beating. He sensed a moment of strain, a momentary fear of being unequal to the experience. Then he had, it seemed, taken a deep breath and had let go and was being swept away off his feet and out of his depth. He spent two hours in the gallery staring at the pictures before he even remembered that they were the work of the old man he had known — of Thomas Saul. But they could have no connection . . . yet the connection was obvious: he was looking at a picture of the mill painted from across the river, from the opposite bank.

Freddy went up to Atkinson, who was sitting at a desk in the far end of the room, and said without preliminaries, "Tell me what *you* know about Thomas Saul."

Atkinson pushed the detective story he had been reading under some papers. Then he made a remarkable gesture, cupping his fingers and rotating and lifting his hand. Having expressed the mysterious nature of his subject in this manner, he told Freddy that Thomas Saul had refused to have anything to do with the exhibition and had refused to reply to letters or telegrams, or to speak on the telephone. All of the pictures on view had been the property of a collector in Suffolk who had died. His executors had shown the pictures to Lesseps, the keeper of the Romilly Museum, and it was Lesseps who had taken them to Atkinson and had arranged the show.

"It's pretty staggering," said Freddy.

Atkinson beamed with pleasure. "I knew you would feel that. I only wish there was a hope of your saying so in print." Then he added slyly: "Rather unlike Trevor Saul's work, isn't it? I don't suppose Thomas is any relation, though it's an unusual name."

"He's Trevor's father. I used to know him quite well really, when I was a boy," said Freddy.

Atkinson was astonished and impressed, but as Freddy was breaking away he asked, "Surely you didn't know he painted like this?"

Freddy shook his head. "Somehow I never saw his work."

That evening the BBC rang him up on the telephone and an intelligent female voice said, "We understand you are a personal friend of Mr. Thomas Saul . . ." and then asked him to give a talk on the artist's life and work. Mr. Saul had refused to see an interviewer and would not speak to her on the telephone.

"Why don't you ask his son?" asked Freddy.

"We don't very much like that idea," said the lady. "A son is almost bound to give a distorted picture, don't you think?"

"I'm quite sure Trevor Saul would," replied

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Freddy, after which all he could do was to agree to give a talk, a week later, on Thomas Saul and His Art.

NEXT morning Freddy asked himself with dismay what he knew about the old miller after all. His youthful memories amounted to very little. Such a wonderful opportunity had been presented to him — and he had so studiously refused to take advantage of it! Thomas Saul had invited him to come round for a talk about painting. He had deliberately avoided going to the mill and had never seen the old gentleman again. It might have changed his whole life!

Looking back on his stupidity roused him to the reflection that it would not help him much with his talk for the BBC. He had promised to talk on Thomas Saul and all he could offer was the story of his own deficiencies at nineteen! It was clear that he could not attempt to presume on his former acquaintance to ask Mr. Saul for an interview. But with the broadcast looming up before him, Freddy realized he would have to get some facts from somewhere and that the only possible source was Trevor. He would have to know when Thomas Saul was born, when he started to paint, and where he had studied.

Trevor looked rather surprised when he opened the door of his studio, but he invited Freddy in with his usual cheerfulness.

"I've come to ask about your father's pictures," said Freddy. Trevor broke into laughter.

"Really, I am intensely amused," he said. "All the same, though I only see the humorous side of it, it is rather serious for me. I mean using the name, and unfortunately the initials are the same. I can't tell you how many of the critics have rung me up. You're not the first by any means. The cream of the joke is that they all take the old boy seriously as a painter — and as I can't afford to offend those chaps, I have to pretend to treat him seriously too. I hope you haven't been spoofed."

Freddy gave the grin which was characteristic of him when he told an unpalatable truth. "I think he's magnificent, a very great painter," he said.

"Well, well, I only hope you get over it," said Trevor laughing with almost his usual laugh. "Don't think I grudge *mon papa* his amazing success. I should be delighted if it did anyone any good. But the ridiculous side of it is that apparently he doesn't want it. He won't get any of the money — and I hear that they are selling. In fact he's far more furious than I was when I first heard about it."

"Why should you be furious?" Freddy was so astonished that he did not for the moment feel angry.

Trevor laughed. "Ah well, I'm never furious, I've too much sense of the absurdity of the whole thing. But they have had the nerve to ask prices about treble what I can get — and then — well — you must see it's extremely tiresome about the name."

Freddy was suddenly angry. However, he gave his queer truth-telling grin and said, "It's an honor for you to have the same name."

Trevor's laugh this time sounded genuine enough. "We won't argue about it any more, after that, old man."

Freddy was still grinning as he said, "All right, I'll say nothing except that I am quite sure that within a very few weeks you'll echo all that the critics have been saying about your father's work. What I've come about," continued Freddy in a pleasanter tone, "was to collect a few facts about your father — how old he is, where he studied painting, and so on."

Trevor's laughter became rather obviously condescending as he told Freddy the information he was in search of. It was clear that he was not only furious at the exhibition of his father's pictures, but that he disliked the subject of his father, and that he had no affection or love for him. But he said nothing of a quarrel or anything that could explain this breach.

When Freddy left he had learned the dates of Thomas Saul's birth, of his marriage, and of the death of his wife. He had found out that, as a young man, Thomas Saul had lived in France for about ten years and had studied under Jacques Emil Blanche. Then his father had died and he had returned to Suffolk about the year 1910, to take over the management of the mill in order to support a bedridden mother and an invalid sister. He had never quite given up painting, but he painted very little and had always been extremely secretive about his work.

Trevor had been surprised to find that his father had sold as many as the thirty-seven pictures being exhibited at the Portheim Gallery. But it was easier to understand since they had all belonged to one collector, who must, in Trevor's opinion, have been completely crazy.

"You must realize by now that everyone who matters shares his opinion of your father."

"Well, I can't help being a bit cynical. I wonder how many years it will be before it is my turn."

Freddy was silent and Trevor went on: "It never occurred to me that they were worth more than the canvas they were painted on. Indeed I suppose you would be awfully shocked if I told you that when I was short of canvas I commandeered some of them and did my paintings on top."

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And with Trevor's laugh ringing in his ears, Freddy departed vowing he would never go near him again.

About a week after his broadcast, when Freddy was shaving, he suddenly remembered Trevor Saul's words about having painted over some of his father's pictures. It was obvious that if he bought these canvases, he might get the Trevor Sauls cleaned off and discover magnificent Thomas Sauls below. The moment this idea had come to him, Freddy felt no scruples. It was horrible to think of Trevor painting over his father's masterpieces, and the idea of uncovering them gave him a thrill of piratical ecstasy. It was a grim and wonderful lesson that he would teach Trevor!

He must see Trevor at once — but he might find it very difficult to find out which of Trevor's pictures had been painted over those of Thomas Saul. He could not hint at his motives in buying them.

Freddy found the task of picking out the pictures he wanted was ridiculously easy. Pictures painted by Trevor when he was in Paris could be dismissed, and so could his most recent works in London. Freddy could therefore confine his serious attention to those painted while Trevor was at Wrattenbury or immediately after his return to London. Trevor's style made it impossible to pick out those painted at Wrattenbury by their subjects. But Freddy did not hesitate to ask where a picture had been painted. The Wrattenbury pictures he considered at length, and as he picked them up and placed them in different lights he was able to examine their backs. One of them had a label on the back of the canvas. "Newman, Soho Square," a business which had left Soho Square several years before Trevor had begun painting. Freddy picked it out and asked its price.

"I'm delighted you should have my work," Trevor said. "I'll let you have it very cheap indeed."

Finally Freddy picked out another picture, which although it had no label on the back was painted on an old and dusty stretcher.

"I should like to buy these two," he said.

"You can have them for a hundred and twenty," said Trevor. "I painted them about the same time."

"Your best period," said Freddy and took out his checkbook with shaky fingers. He was no longer acting: the gambler's fever had suddenly seized him. He handed the check to Trevor and suddenly, in a moment of suspicion, asked for a receipt.

Trevor laughed at the request, but he was quite ready to humor him and at last Freddy was able to get away. It was still bright daylight — only half past eight by Summer Time.

Back in his rooms Freddy gazed upon his booty. It was the first time he had really looked at either. One, the big canvas, was partly a collage of miscellaneous objects which included a hair net and the hand and dial of a barometer pointing to NO CHANGE, with a thunderstorm and a shipwreck in the background. The other, a smaller picture in surrealist mood, showed a butcher boy's wooden trencher for delivering meat, on which were packed for delivery a female breast, a cleft human head, and a couple of children's feet. Even if the canvases on which these were painted had originally been bought by old Mr. Saul, there was no reason to believe he had painted pictures on them or that they had ever been completed.

Freddy had acted upon intuition, and that evening he gave way to a mood of depression which was only increased by gazing at Trevor's work. It was a long time before he could get to sleep. Next morning his excitement returned, and the reflection that even if he were left with a couple of blank canvases, he would not be saddled with Trevor's pictures cheered him up.

He called up Kopernik, a picture cleaner whom he had met when he was at the Tate, and made an appointment. Then he drove round to Kopernik's workshop with his two canvases and told him to clean off a corner of each and find out if there was a painting underneath.

Kopernik was a very honest Czech and he looked puzzled and suspicious. "I don't like this job," he said. "I don't like funny business."

Freddy found that it was impossible to reassure him without telling him the whole story of Trevor Saul and his father. Then the big clumsy-looking man burst into roars of laughter.

Kopernik was delighted when he realized that Freddy had not seen the pictures and that he did not even know for certain that they were there. He began work at once, pouring a few drops of liquid onto the canvas and rubbing vigorously first with his hand and then with a cotton-wool swab. After five minutes' work, he was able to say definitely that there was a picture underneath the bigger of Trevor's paintings.

Freddy went away exulting and determined not to go back till the picture had been completely laid bare.

Two days later his bell rang and Kopernik came in carrying the big picture. Solemnly he unwrapped it and set it on the sideboard. Once again Freddy felt his heart beating uncontrollably; he drew a great breath and his eyes dazzled. It was a picture of the millhouse, painted with extraordinary rapidity and firmness in the first light of morning. And it was his to keep forever.

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They were still looking at the picture an hour later when there was a ring at the bell and to Freddy's horror he found Trevor on the doorstep.

"Oh, I discovered you had taken the wrong pictures the other evening," he began. "I wanted to do a study from one of them."

Freddy did not ask him to come in, for the big Thomas Saul was just round the corner, visible from the lobby, through the open dining-room door. Trevor had only to take two steps in to see it.

"I'm awfully sorry," Freddy said. "But there's nothing doing. I paid what you asked and I don't want to change."

"I had much rather you had more representative specimens of my work," said Trevor. "Neither of those pictures shows me at my best."

"I don't want your work at all."

Freddy was aware of Kopernik listening on the other side of the door, and he knew he was trapped in one of those comic situations when he had to tell the truth. He giggled slightly and gave a peculiarly exasperating grin before he said, "I want what I have got."

He stepped back into the lobby and Trevor followed him, and suddenly saw the cleaned picture propped up on the sideboard facing him. He saw Trevor's face change: the rather irritated bantering look was replaced by something that was rage or terror or madness. Trevor half shouted: "You are a damned swindler. If you don't return those pictures I'll sue you for false pretenses."

"No, you won't, Trevor. It wouldn't look at all well if the story came out."

Trevor was silent and Freddy went on mercilessly: "You are making a great mistake in undervaluing your father's work. It isn't, for one thing, at all becoming."

Trevor laughed suddenly. "You don't honestly think he painted better than I do," he said. "You are just muscling in on a racket."

Freddy was still grinning as he shook his head. "No, I'm not. I shan't ever sell this picture. I haven't seen the other yet, so I can't promise about that."

Trevor half stooped and suddenly straightening himself hit Freddy unexpectedly as hard as he could in the mouth. Freddy reeled back and collapsed on the floor.

"You won't get away with it," Trevor shouted.

But just as he was dashing into the dining room, the Czech, who had remained unseen, stepped forward and blocked his way. By the time Freddy had come to himself, Trevor was gone, and Kopernik was wiping his face with a towel wrung out in cold water. His lip was badly cut and a tooth was loose. Turning his head he saw the picture by Thomas Saul was safe.

"He would have destroyed it if he could have got to it," said Kopernik, dramatizing the situation. Freddy had never been suddenly assaulted before and he exaggerated the importance of the incident and began to imagine all sorts of nonsensical things in consequence. Trevor, he thought, would attack him again. Or he would burgle his flat. Or he would go down to Wrattenbury and destroy all his father's pictures he could find. He was glad to have Kopernik with him, and after carefully locking up the picture and the flat went back with him to his workshop.

Kopernik had cleaned a small square patch off the second picture, revealing Thomas Saul's paint, which showed that it was a portrait. Looking at this square of paint Freddy was seized with a vindictive fury against the barbarian who had done such a foul action and had then attacked him.

"Only clean half of this off," he said. "Leave the other side." For he had decided to go down to Suffolk and tell the whole story.

Two days later, Freddy parked his car outside the mill and went into the office. There had been changes and old Mr. Saul was no longer on his accustomed high stool. "Oh, he's not what he was," said the clerk. "His heart has been bad. But I'll take him your name and I dare say he'll see you." When the messenger returned Freddy was taken to the millhouse.

There in a small room sat his old friend, looking very much altered. He was bald, and the hair that remained was very white. His cheeks had dropped and were pale, but his eyes were as blue as ever.

"Well, you broadcast about me. I was a good deal annoyed with you. Then you told them about climbing up to look at my owls — so I thought I would forgive you. But what do you fellows in London think of Trevor?" he went on. "That's what I want to know."

"We are much more concerned with having discovered you. You are a very great painter, sir. One of the very few great English painters of modern times."

"No, no," replied Thomas Saul. "I haven't had the time. You can't paint well unless you paint all day and every day. Like most Englishmen, I'm a bit of an amateur. But Trevor won't have that handicap. He's a whole-time painter. He wrote to me last week and told me you had bought two of his pictures. That's really why I asked you to come in. I want to hear what you think of him."

Freddy sat silent. His face must have shown some strange emotion, for old Saul looked at him and said, "Well, what have you come to tell me?"

Freddy's plan had been to denounce Trevor, to accuse him of barbarous insincerity, to show his

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father the half-cleaned portrait half daubed over with Trevor's idiotic composition. But all this seemed very difficult.

"What we want to know is how much you have painted. To save your work. To raise a subscription so it can be bought for the nation by the Contemporary Art Society."

"It's too late for that," said old Saul. "I don't know what there is now. Trevor will have it all when I'm dead."

Freddy sat silent, but his pity was giving place to indignation. At last he grinned nervously, reflecting that he had come to tell the truth and that to try and escape it would be cowardice. Both he and Thomas Saul must face the truth together.

"It is true that I bought two pictures from your son. I bought them because I guessed that he had painted them over pictures by you — that your paintings were there and that I could save them. I'll show them to you."

He jumped up and ran out to fetch the pictures from his car.

When he came back the old man said nothing and shifted his position slightly. Freddy propped up the half-cleaned picture on a chair and then looked at old Saul.

A patch of color came into his cheek. "Take it away. Take it away," he said. He was breathing very fast.

"Then I bought this one," said Freddy, putting the big picture up to be looked at. The old man gazed at it for a long time in silence.

"That is the one that Trevor asked me for," he said. "Trevor doesn't care for my work and I don't understand his. But he asked me for that picture. You see, he didn't paint over that one."

Freddy sat silent, feeling like an Avenging Angel that had suddenly lost its tongue.

The old man was gasping a little and Freddy was not at all certain how much he had taken in of what he had said.

At last Thomas Saul looked up at him and said, "You had no right to destroy Trevor's picture. You have no right to come here like this. You have no right . . ." He put his hands onto the arms of his chair and tried to rise, but instead of rising he pitched forward in a faint and Freddy saw his temple hit against the edge of the brass fender.

Freddy rushed forward, picked him up, and called for help as he tried to stop the blood flowing from the old man's forehead. The housekeeper came at once, and the clerk came over from the mill, and together they carried Thomas Saul to his bed. Freddy waited till the doctor had come and gone; then he went out into the yard, put his two pictures into his car, and drove away. He drove slowly and, for almost the first time in his life, he felt bitterly ashamed of what he had done. He had meant to punish Trevor, to save and guard old Saul's pictures — instead of which he had been guilty of a brutal and dastardly action wounding the old man he had always loved and whom he now revered. And he realized that he was morally lower than Trevor. He had saved two pictures, but only by swindling Trevor and insulting him. Trevor had been quite right to knock him down.

All the way back to London his features remained twisted in the same bitter grin. He knew and loved Thomas Saul better than anyone living, and he thought that he had probably killed him. The words "You have no right to come here like this. You have no right . . ." haunted him. His handkerchief was soaked in Thomas Saul's blood. The only grain of comfort that came to him was when he carried the pictures back into his flat. They, at any rate, would survive Trevor and himself, as well as the man he had wounded.

But Thomas Saul did not die until two years later, and Freddy did not have to reproach himself with having killed him.

In his will old Saul left everything to his son, and a few months later an exhibition of all the work the old master had left behind was shown at Bartholdi's.

Trevor Saul made an introductory speech in the circular room downstairs at the opening of the private view. He was beautifully dressed and extraordinarily handsome and beamed with a tender friendliness at them all. He described his father's character — his love of the English countryside, of which he had become a part and which, Trevor said, more than made up to him for the great sacrifice he had made in his youth.

"Sometimes, however," said Trevor, "he had moods of savagery and bitterness and then he would slash to ribbons any of his paintings he came across. I was able to save two or three of the very finest specimens of his work by carrying them off and painting over them with rough sketches of my own. He never dreamed that I always meant to have my own crude daubs cleaned off, but that is, of course, what I have done. As a matter of fact, owing to an accident, two of these pictures were sold to an old friend of mine for a very low sum of money. But I am glad to say I was able to tell him that he had made a better bargain than he knew — and he is now the fortunate possessor of two of the greatest works of Thomas Saul. There are no hard feelings, are there?" he ended with a jolly laugh, looking up at Freddy. "But I am afraid the next time he buys some of my pictures, I cannot promise that he will get such a good bargain."

There was some well-bred laughter and some clapping from the audience, after which Freddy Vincent got up and left the room. He gave a wild grin but he had no desire to defend himself.

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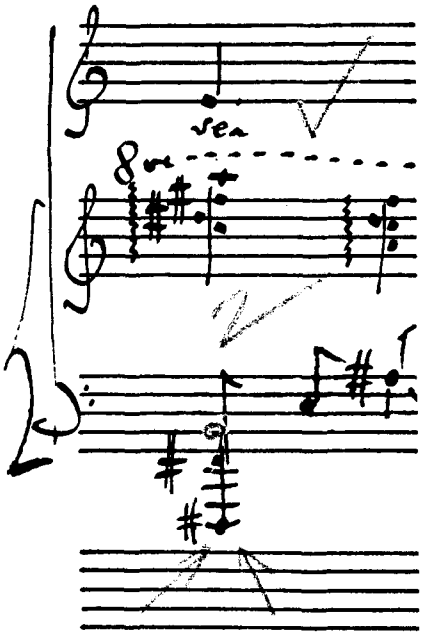

MUSIC FOR NOTHING

THE COST OF COMPOSING

by ARTHUR BERGER

Composer and musicologist, ARTHUR BERGER'S *musical works have been played by the major symphony orchestras in this country. Formerly a music critic for the New York* HERALD TRIBUNE, *he is at present on the faculty of Brandeis University.*

POETS are not required to write epics to establish prestige for themselves, nor must painters do frescoes. Serious composers, on the other hand, are expected as a matter of course to demonstrate their skill with the symphony orchestra, for they cannot hope to build much of a reputation for themselves purely on the basis of songs, chamber music, or instrumental solos. Now there are very few of them indeed who are not stimulated by the challenge of an intermediary of some hundred players. But as Théophile Gautier remarked long ago, "Music is one of the most expensive noises," and composers are never more aware of this than when the manpower they wish to command increases.

In one of the most striking passages of his *Memoirs,* Hector Berlioz recalled, over a century ago, a dream of a movement for a symphony. Upon rising, he went to his table to begin it; then he reflected, "If I write this part I shall let myself be carried on to write the rest. The natural tendency of my mind to expand the material is sure to make it very long. I may perhaps spend three or four months exclusively upon it . . . and my income will suffer. . . . I shall be weak enough to allow my copyist to copy it out, and thus immediately incur a debt. . . ." Such thoughts induced him to put down his pen until the following night, when the "obstinate symphony again presented itself." He awoke in "a state of feverish agitation," but the previous night's reflections restrained him and he forced himself to eradicate the musical idea from his mind.

It would seem, on the surface of things, highly improbable for a composer of any talent at all to have a comparable experience in the midst of the American prosperity that prompted the *Wall Street Journal's* startling headline of 1951: "$45 Million-a-Year Receipts of The 'Long-Haired' Events Surpasses Baseball Gate." Despite canned music, or perhaps because of it, our concert audiences are constantly growing at an astonishing rate. In addition to hundreds of college and community orchestras, we now have some twenty "major" symphonies — societies, namely, ranging from those with a budget just over $100,000 a year to those which merely declare this sum as an annual deficit. How can composers fail to benefit?

Unfortunately, the musical boom itself blinds us to the fact that certain areas are totally bypassed by it. The public has spent well over $3 million on Toscanini's RCA Victor recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. But everything connected with serious music does not profit thereby or enjoy benefits remotely comparable. An American composer carries from a performance of his music by a major symphony the exhilarating memory of his conception brought to life. Yet he also, with surprisingly few exceptions, retains a formidable souvenir of financial debt or deficit.

Laymen often find this hard to believe, because of the publicity or glamour that may surround the event, even when audiences are apathetic or

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resistant. Novelty has always struggled so for acceptance that we are accustomed to the awkward pantomime of a conductor turning to acknowledge tentative applause, and we are used to the sight of embarrassed listeners trying to be more cordial when they realize the composer is in the house. Will he bow from a box, will he have to miss the last measures to rush backstage and be ushered onto the platform, or will he be required to walk from a seat in the center of the hall fast enough to shake the conductor's hand before the applause has subsided?

Whatever the reception may be, it is enough of a compliment to an American composer to be played by a major symphony at all. If it devotes but an hour or two of rehearsal to him it may be spending a few thousand dollars worth of its time. Moreover, surveys of the National Music Council reveal that only about 7 to 8 per cent of all the works played by our major symphonies are by native Americans. When we consider that this percentage includes composers no longer living (among them Gershwin, whose music is as basic to the repertory as Tchaikovsky's) as well as established contemporaries, we see how little room is left either for new talents or for those whose virtues become known slowly over the years and who are so common now that one French critic states a good case for calling some composers "young" at fifty.

To estimate the price paid for the privilege of an orchestral performance, we must go back to the time when a composition has been finished. In the first place, multiple copies of the full score will be needed to send around to conductors, who may allow them to gather dust without ever returning them or even sending a rejection note. If a composer has a prospect of performance without peddling his score, he must still have extra copies: for the conductor, perhaps an assistant conductor, a potential reviewer from a music journal, the copyist of the parts, and a prospective publisher.

Since photostats are costly, he writes his final version, with added difficulty, on transparent paper from which blueprint companies make black-on-white reproductions. Unlike the architect, he has no draftsman to labor over the fragile thin sheets, yet he might well profit from the draftsman's skill, since he uses ruler or T square for alignment and must apply ink opaquely to get good copies. The price of duplicates varies with certain factors. A Wagnerian penchant for vast instrumental resources necessitates increasing the average 15-inch page height. Duration is another condition, but a short rapid work may occupy more pages than a long slow one, since there may be more notes in the one than in the other.

Orchestral works over fifteen minutes long have less chance of performance, but even if the duration is only fifteen minutes, duplicates of the score may easily cost $10 or more each, and five of them must be ordered. This expenditure is minor next to that for the parts. The inherent difficulties of new music are such that it is important to avoid further obstacles of purely mechanical nature. To this end composers seek out expert copyists, who usually charge according to union scale. Parts must be legible at a distance of a couple of feet. Page-turns must be planned where a player has his hands free — namely, where the composer provides for him to be silent. If he stays silent for long, he needs cues to follow what the others are playing so that he may be ready when he has to re-enter. Above all, parts must be accurate. One has only to witness the tantrums of conductors who spend costly rehearsal time tracking down errors to realize the importance of this. Performances have been canceled owing to faulty parts, especially when the composer is not present to correct them.

The process for reproducing scores is also used for duplicating parts. (All first violins play from copies of one part, all second violins from copies of another, and so forth.) The fee for copying on transparent paper is higher than that for copying on ordinary paper. But in terms of total expenditure it is worth a composer's while to make a relatively small extra investment and be able to have duplicates even of those parts for which only single copies are needed at a performance, since he hopes that someday two or more orchestras may want his piece at the same time.

For a 15-minute work the copying bill for the parts may be between $300 and $500. Parts may be extracted abroad at considerable saving, provided enough time can be allowed; or in exceptional cases a composer may know a competent copyist of semiprofessional standing whose rates are modest. At the other extreme is the luxury of having a score, as well as the parts, copied professionally, though even the most affluent composer usually prefers to do his own score as an autograph for posterity.

Now to what extent does the impressive rendering of a composer's music by a major symphony pay for his expenses? For members of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, receipts for each performance cannot be cited, because of its blanket licensing introduced in 1944. According to this plan, any orchestra, by paying a yearly fee determined by its status,

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may have the rights to the entire ASCAP catalogue. ASCAP in turn pays each composer according to an involved point system. Payments are prorated, so that if his performances dwindle one year, his receipts do not take a corresponding dip. But there is an enormous disparity in income between composers high up on the ladder and those near the bottom. Orchestras, which at first welcomed blanket licensing for simplifying their bookkeeping, find that they now pay for renting parts from a publisher what they formerly paid for performing rights plus rental. But blanket licensing is such a good solution that ASCAP's rival collecting society, Broadcast Music, Incorporated, with its subsidiary, the American Composers Alliance, is trying to negotiate it for its members.

For rights and rental of a 15-minute work not covered by blanket licensing the average composer may expect a major symphony under good conditions to pay from $50 to $75. As in other fields, there is no uniformity. A world première brings better terms in some cases than in others. Larger fees may be exacted from what are known in the trade as "name" orchestras (some half dozen of them). Different publishers bargain differently. There is also the question of what constitutes *a* performance, since a work is usually repeated the next day for another set of subscribers. Orchestras like to regard playing a work as a single performance even after repetition before a third or fourth audience in succession. Collecting societies and publishers try to get a fraction of the initial fee for each repetition. But this demand is not always willingly met, although no TV station would assume it could repeat a telecast without additional payment.

Many composers do not belong to collecting societies, since membership is limited. An orchestra, however, does not necessarily pay a performance fee if it is not billed, and some young men are so elated just to hear their music that it seems its own compensation. There have been cases of their learning quite by accident that anything was due them. With a prospect of an orchestral performance an unaffiliated composer does well to turn to a publisher, who will handle rental material and collect fees even when he does not publish a work.

After a publisher takes his customary 50 per cent for this service, a composer may receive as little as $25 for his performance by a major symphony! If the full fee reverts to him, at best it may pay for the duplicates of his score. Furthermore, the orchestra is often in a city other than the one in which he dwells, and there will be travel and hotel expenses. He must attend rehearsals not only to correct mistakes in the parts but also to guide the conductor's interpretation of his score. Rehearsals may consume several days of his week, even if very few hours are devoted to him, since often he must await his turn while other works are being prepared.

Attending the concert is not simply a vanity. Besides being expected to bow, the composer views his total accomplishment objectively for the first time, and his future progress will depend on his own estimate of his success. If the concert is broadcast, he will have his work recorded off the air (at a further cost of at least $25 for a tape and acetate discs) to study it further, as well as to play it for colleagues, publishers, and others who may benefit him. When there is no broadcast, the intensive efforts of many people are sadly dissipated in a quarter of an hour, since the musicians' union does not allow a recording to be made in the hall.

What of the composer in America so bold as to fill a larger canvas — the composer of a 45-minute symphony? (A modest duration in terms of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Mahler's "heavenly length.") A conductor regards it as missionary work to spend so much time on any but the most celebrated composers, and the fee does not rise proportionately with duration. It is apt to be the same as for a half-hour symphony — $100 under good conditions. After putting such effort into the work, the orchestra may take it along to its subscription concerts in other cities. Though the management may balk at paying for local repetitions, it readily pays for those in other cities on a diminishing scale. A typical fee for a pair of local concerts and three out of town for a 45-minute work is $300. If a publisher acts as agent, the composer receives $150. But in terms of the above estimate for a 15-minute work he will have spent from $900 to $1500 on the parts alone! Other expenses also increase with length.

When blamed for these losses, orchestras point to their own struggle for survival. Moreover, their fees, they reasonably claim, are computed on the assumption that a composer will ultimately be remunerated after various groups have played his music over the years. But here is the rub. In Germany, after public approval or just a *succès d'estime* in Hamburg, a work is promptly taken up by societies in Munich, Mannheim, and other cities. In America there is no incentive to play most genuinely serious music of native composers unless to give a "world première." The 45-minute symphony as a failure arouses no interest. But even if it is widely praised in the cities in which it is played on tour, their resident orchestras will see

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no point to repeating it the next season, and its news value may be exhausted elsewhere in the country, too. This attitude is most discouraging not only to our young composers, but to our established ones as well.

Since such premium is put on first performance, it may be argued, why should orchestras not assume more of the composer's initial outlay? In terms of the huge deficits of orchestras, the added loss would be insignificant. A pianist, after all, learns a concerto to play with many orchestras, yet he may receive up to $3000 for a single pair of concerts. The answer is painfully obvious. With a soloist, people are turned away from the box office, whereas with new music there is the risk of losing a subscriber. Orchestras may also point to the rewards received by the occasional composer who *is* in demand. But what American could hope for the terms Shostakovich commanded when he was in favor here — in 1944, for example, when CBS, by paying $10,000 for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony's American première of his Eighth Symphony over its network, beat all other bids? Nor do our serious composers get offers from Europe like the $25,000 that went to Stravinsky in 1951 for the world première of his opera, *The Rake's Progress* (plus his conducting services), in Venice.

How are we to expect Europe to fuss over our composers when we make no fuss over them ourselves? Our pride over free enterprise restrains us. In 1954 a House committee, rejecting proposed federal aid to the arts, reported, "Young American artistic talent will overcome the hardships it encounters, just as outstanding engineering, medical and related talent surmounts the obstacles in its way to success." What opportunities for serious American composers exist in anywhere near the abundance of those for engineers and physicians? As a matter of fact, many prizes are available to the young composer, but with half a dozen of these behind him, he may find very few goals indeed once he passes his thirtieth birthday, and he may never be heard of again.

It becomes more and more difficult for him to build up a reputation in any way resembling those of certain composers now over fifty years of age who profited from the private patronage that went out with the 1920s and from the still more vital patronage of Koussevitzky in the 1930s. It is hard to imagine what the present state of American music would be if this conductor had not appeared on our horizon.

Patronage, to be sure, survives somewhat in the impersonal guise of the foundation. Such laudable institutions as the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation and the very active Fromm Foundation, a relative newcomer to the field, are devoted chiefly to commissioning chamber music. Orchestral commissions are harder to come by. The foundation established by the late Koussevitzky, perpetuating his name and his good works, naturally favors the orchestral genre. But nothing in this domain surpassed the spectacular commissioning program launched in 1954 by the Louisville Orchestra — forty-six commissions annually of $1200 each under a three-year Rockefeller Foundation grant. Louisville was picked because it had set its own example of commissioning a few works each season.

Even the few composers who are capable of offering themselves as prestige to publishers and collecting societies in return for substantial stipends are happy to receive commissions. A commission means much more, however, to the average composer, who has almost no other way of earning for his creative work what his copyist gets merely for the routine labor of extracting the parts. But there are too few commissions to go around. To be assured an income, most composers therefore have recourse to teaching, which takes much time and energy away from their primary activity. With increasing numbers of composers on university faculties, more and more contemporary music is played on our campuses. College orchestras are rarely equal to the most advanced new music, and professionals are often brought in. Either way, financial benefits are meager, since institutions of learning are customarily offered reduced performance fees.

The reader may wonder why no mention has been made of compensation from publishing and recording. The reason is simply that a work rarely appears in print before its composer has achieved some recognition at concerts, and an orchestral work has virtually no chance of commercial recording until it is absorbed somewhat into the repertory — except in occasional instances where there is special subsidy. The serious American composer cannot leap to the top overnight like the young novelist who suddenly finds himself with a best seller that is seized by TV, Hollywood, and a book club. The composer climbs slowly and arduously on his own financial resources. When he is finally published, even with the same 10 per cent royalty that writers get, he may not hope for much return, since the sale of scores in general is limited. Moreover, his publisher owns 50 per cent of his performance rights, whereas a playwright retains these rights and yields only the permission to print his play.

As for recording, the most distinguished American does superbly with a sale of 10,000. Let us

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say his long-playing record — virtually a "best seller" — is strained to its maximum of about an hour's music. After the publisher's 50 per cent, his share is only $750, since the royalty is a quarter of a cent per minute. (The average "good" sale is more like 3000, and it may take several years to reach this.) It is a curious side light that if the conductor's tempo is too fast, the playing time is reduced and thus the royalty, too.

Many things are to be gained from recording, such as dissemination of a work over the air and radio royalties that accrue from this. But these royalties are much lower for the average composer than for the few with high rating in collecting societies. By contrast, the BBC, which plays numerous British works on its Third Programme, makes no distinction of rank in its payments.

In general, government subsidy creates more favorable conditions for composers abroad. But other factors contribute, as well. Thus, in France the *Société d'Auteurs, Compositeurs et Editeurs de Musique* (ASCAP's counterpart) sends a collector to deduct 8 per cent of the receipts of every concert, whether new music is played or not. Living composers profit from performances of Bach, Mozart, and others who are in public domain by now. The tender child (contemporary music) is abetted by the stronger (standard repertory).

In America, however, we tend to penalize new music for not earning its way, as any composer will affirm who has ever been questioned by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He is told that since his composing is a losing proposition year after year, it must be classified as a hobby. The tax collector may even confide that he has a similar hobby — electrical equipment with which he tinkers on Sundays. But he would never think of deducting *his* expenses. A composer who teaches at a university must use all his powers of persuasion to establish that copying costs and the like constitute a legitimate professional deduction since his job and increments depend on his output.

It is doubtful whether the bureaucrats of Beethoven's day would have treated him with any more enlightenment. We know, for example, that when Beethoven sought custody of his nephew his lawyer advised him that if he described himself as conductor rather than as composer he would impress the court more. But composers then at least enjoyed the advantage of programs drawn mainly from the music currently written. Today they face formidable competition from towering masterpieces of the past, a circumscribed number of which are scheduled over and over again to solve problems of limited rehearsal time. A new work is not only, as I have said, often doomed to a single hearing for which a composer receives the ridiculous sum of $25 after months of labor and over $500 of expenses, but it must also, on the strength of quick preparation by a conductor and one chance alone, survive comparison with standard pieces that have achieved polished readings and made themselves intelligible to listeners as a result of many repetitions over the years.

Government subsidy, advocated by a few of our statesmen for some time now, could do much to improve this condition by allocating funds for rehearsing American music. (From its earliest years London's Royal Philharmonic has put aside money for preparing new works.) This music could then be repeated more often and be better prepared. Composers would be compensated by accumulated performance fees. Hearing and rehearing the music under the best conditions, audiences would be more likely to take to it. In the end, however, it is the interested listener who is arbiter, and propagation of this species may be the answer to the present emergency of musical creativity in America. The interested listener demands stimulating programs and realizes that if we are ever to produce a Bach or Beethoven on our soil our best native talent must be encouraged, even though what it produces may not always conform with our preferences or meet our severest standards.

CLAY

BY GEORGE F. DELL

Around old farmsteads there's a smell of mold,
And in the cellars it is always musty
(From vinegar and apples, I've been told);
The beams are cobwebbed, and the rafters dusty.
Often the flags are slippery to the foot
When one goes to the milkhouse through the grapes;
The litter in the lofts is flecked with soot —
Old bottles, screens, and kettles, awkward shapes
Of stoneware jugs, gone fieldward to the haying
One time too often for the strength of clay;
There's hardly anything that's not decaying.
But that's quite fitting, for gold heads go gray,
Strong hands get horny, muscles grow rheumatic,
And men as well as things go to the attic.

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GEORGE W. BROOKS

UNIONS OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING

A graduate of Yale, GEORGE W. BROOKS *has in recent years been engrossed in trade union administration, helping local unions that are in trouble, and, when circumstances permit, setting up training for local union officers. He is today director of the Department of Research and Education of the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers.*

THERE are few thoughtful people in the United States today who will deny that unions have been, on the whole, a substantial advantage not only to labor but to the entire nation. Prior to the passage of the Wagner Act in 1935, the mass-production manufacturing workers, the office and professional workers, the service trades, and the agricultural workers were almost totally unorganized. In the past twenty years union organization has been reinforced in those places where it had existed earlier and has been extended to manufacturing industry. About 25 per cent of the gainfully occupied in the United States are now represented directly by unions.

The union introduces into the relation between employer and employee a new kind of law and order. Most employers will acknowledge that they get from a union a far better notion of what their employees want than they ever had under unilateral determinations. More important, there is a firmer belief on the part of the employees in the fairness of the employer-employee relationship.

The written collective bargaining agreement is now a generally accepted institution, the embodiment of the wages and hours and working conditions that unions have succeeded in winning — or that employers have been willing to give — depending upon how you view the two sides of this old coin. But the really important thing about the agreement is not the conditions it has produced but the way those conditions came into being.

The president of our union, John P. Burke, says that the only crucial thing about collective bargaining is the agreement. He uses the word "agreement" precisely, to distinguish it sharply from "contract," the legally enforceable written document which may or may not represent the result of agreement. What he means by agreement is the active process by which, over a period of years, the employer and his employees, represented by a union, arrive at a multitude of large and small understandings about their ways of doing everyday things. It is a system of continuous adjustments to each other and to the pulls and pushes of an ever-changing economic situation. These arrangements are marked by a great deal of flexibility and participation on the part of many people. At every level, from the top to the bottom, accommodations, interpretations, and reinterpretations are being made daily, all on the basis of some mutual understanding arrived at by spokesmen for the two sides.

No system of rules and regulations promulgated from above or outside could possibly take the place of this, although in any particular case some wiser decision (in terms of some broad or social economic objective) could have been achieved by other means. But such a decision would not be better in the sense of being more durable. It is the essence of collective bargaining that every result, no matter how preposterous, no matter how

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apparently unrealistic or even discriminatory, is arrived at by agreement and consent. Thus it has a force and durability which adhere only to settlements reached in this way.

The process of agreement, the essential characteristic of collective bargaining, rests upon the maintenance of an *active* union organization. Alert and responsive leadership is essential to give a general sense of direction. An aggressive paid staff must keep in touch with the members through local people, who constitute the backbone of the union. But perhaps more than anything else, what is needed is active local unions, people who are committing a considerable portion of their free time to maintaining a vigilant watch over the employer-employee relationship.

The men and women who engage in this activity are a widely varied group. Some of them are idealists, aiming at the elevation of the working class. At the other extreme are men who have learned that a local union office is a steppingstone to a supervisory position or a paid job with the union. In between are all kinds of people, many of whom happen to find in union work the satisfactions others find in the church or the Eagles.

The maintenance of the union — independent of employer interference, direct or indirect — is absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of collective bargaining. The value of an agreement depends upon its acceptance by the employees. Skillful bargainers can estimate what will be required to get that acceptance through the multitudinous lines of communication that have been developed. But not all the time. Sometimes the guesses go wrong. It may take a strike to re-establish a condition of general acceptance on both sides, but more frequently acceptance can be accomplished through the politics of the local union. If Brother Jones, president of the local union and chairman of the negotiating committee, advocates dropping the requested adjustment for mechanics in favor of another cent on the base rate — and has guessed wrong — he may be removed from office at the earliest opportunity.

Recently on the West Coast a local committee in a paper mill took a grievance involving a disciplinary layoff through the first three steps, and then dropped it. Local union leaders told the committee they wanted to win this particular case, whether the committee thought it was a good one or not. The committee, troubled by either some rumblings of conscience or an embarrassing relation to the company industrial relations officer, said ostentatiously that they would "resign rather than take the case any further." A motion was made and promptly adopted to accept the resignations, much to the bewilderment of the committee. This is part of collective bargaining.

This fundamental process of agreement gives union organization its justification, its character, and its democratic form. It is now threatened from three sources:

First, it is threatened by racketeering and corruption.

Second, it is weakened from within by a decline of the forces which brought it into being.

Third, it is threatened from the outside by legislation.

These three dangers, widely different in their origins and motivations, nevertheless have this one characteristic in common: all of them tend to affect adversely the capacity of the union to respond promptly and intelligently to the desires of the employees whom it represents — that is, to the only reason for its existence.

CORRUPTION AND RACKETEERING

Of these three dangers, I risk the guess that corruption is the least important. I do not intend to imply that I minimize the seriousness of corruption and racketeering. Quite the contrary. But corruption and racketeering have the advantage of being readily identifiable and of raising relatively clear moral issues.

Unfortunately, there are too many people who expect to eliminate corruption and racketeering through the short cut of new legislation. This approach has a kind of glamour which permits us to close our eyes to uncomfortable facts, such as the failure to enforce existing legislation and the continued (and closely allied) corruption in municipal and state politics.

Meanwhile, the congressional investigations have performed the useful service of forcing attention upon certain problems in labor-management relations which needed airing. They have had the effect of strengthening the hand of those forces within the labor movement which are committed to clean unionism. No one can have anything but admiration for the steady determination with which Mr. Meany and his associates have grappled with their problem.

It would be a mistake to expect too much from house cleaning. The AFL-CIO cannot by itself eliminate the evils of racketeering and corruption, any more than the old New York Stock Exchange could clean house before the 1930s. The Securities and Exchange Act was adopted because an issue of public policy was involved; no one would have left the problem then, or would leave it now, to self-policing by members of the Stock Exchange.

The AFL-CIO is a loose federation of autonomous organizations, each governed by its own constitution adopted by its constituent local unions and subject to change by them. Autonomy is

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essential to free collective bargaining. And autonomy is an insuperable barrier to house cleaning.

The AFL-CIO could not police its affiliates even if it were desirable for the organization to have power to do so. The AFL-CIO has only one weapon or sanction: expulsion. But expulsion is far too crude and undiscriminating a weapon to serve the purposes people now have in mind. Should a union be expelled because its president has been exposed as a crook? What then if only a vice president proves to be a crook? Or a local business agent, against whom the international union takes no action?

Replying eloquently to James B. Cross of the Bakers Union, at the AFL-CIO convention, President Meany said that Cross was violating fundamental democratic principles even at the very moment that he was being charged. For example, he was said to have fired staff people who had opposed him. Even worse, he had forced small local unions which were opposing him to merge with large local unions which were supporting him.

Mr. Meany's argument is basically an acknowledgment of the dangers of one-party rule. But one-party rule is almost universal in trade unions. This is the heart of the problem and the reason why it is so difficult to solve. The best and perhaps the only real check against abuse within any democratic system is the presence of an opposition. No one has ever found a way to make democracy work without building the rights, practices, and *existence* of an opposition into the machinery of the body politic. Unions characteristically do not have such a structure. But traditionally there have been external forces which have operated in its stead. One of these was the hostility of the employer, and the other was rival unionism. To acknowledge is not to praise. Both of these phenomena have hazards. Employer hostility, unchecked, frustrates the employees' efforts to organize and bargain collectively. Rampant rival unionism produces instability.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the revelations of congressional investigations is the story that they tell about the destruction of the process of agreement. It is often remarked about both Beck and Hoffa that they "did a good job for the members." It cannot be shown that Hoffa's prestige in the Teamsters Union depends solely upon bribery, corruption, and political manipulation. To a very considerable extent, he enjoys the adherence of the business agents and the members because of his bargaining accomplishments. He enjoys some of the same kind of adherence that the coal miners have given John L. Lewis. It is a loyalty that does not depend upon the processes of formulation, debate, approval, and disapproval which we associate with democratic practices, and it is this which ought to worry us. The fact is that the desires of workingmen to control their own fate can be seriously weakened by a steady flow of economic benefits. Corruption thus robs the unionist politically at the same time that it robs the consumer economically.

THE DANGERS OF BIGNESS

Bigness is another hazard. A major cause of the decline of self-determination by unionists is the growing size of the bargaining unit. The post-war merger movement in industry is intensifying a development in bargaining which had its beginnings years ago. Increasingly, unions have to deal with large companies with plants all over the continent, run on the basis of highly centralized industrial relations policies. In addition, there are multi-employer units, growing out of the employers' own desire to have bargaining conducted on a single-unit basis. Directly as a consequence of the multi-plant unit, and encouraged by political compulsions within the labor movement, unions are seizing the opportunity to enlarge themselves and eliminate rival unions.

One consequence of this development is that bargaining is conducted more and more by officers and representatives of the national union on behalf of the local unions. Intensifying the effect is the increasing dependence upon professionally trained personnel, both those on the union staffs and those serving as consultants. To some extent this development is a consequence of the technical character of many subjects in bargaining. But the use of technical staffs for pensions, health and welfare plans, incentives, and job analysis is also promoted by a desire to substitute an orderly, manageable procedure for the riskier process of haggling.

There is room for a great deal of honest disagreement as to whether these trends are desirable or undesirable. No one could characterize them as either wholly good or bad; nor are they inexorable. Bigness, and more of it, seems to be a fixed fact of our economic life; but not all that goes with bigness is necessarily inevitable.

Large-scale bargaining has consequences quite different from those of dealing face to face. Its effectiveness must be judged by the extent to which it reproduces in the minds of the principals the kind of conviction and consent which would have taken place on a face-to-face basis. There are three conditions necessary to preserve the essential elements of collective bargaining in a unit so large that only a few of the people involved can take any direct part:

First, it is necessary that the issues involved be understood by the people who are affected. This

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offers no problems in the case of a general wage increase or many of the other conditions of employment, but it presents a very real problem when the bargaining involves, for example, the negotiation or modification of a pension plan. (It is *possible*, of course, to convert even the discussion of wages into a jargon which the principals do not understand.)

Second, the people who are affected by the agreement must feel that they have, and always will have, some control over it. This is the importance of the strike. It is not the strikes that *occur* which are important, but the fact that the idea of strike is present at every negotiation. What gives a settlement its final sanction in the minds of the employees is not that it was "fair" or "generous" or "correct," but rather that it was "all we could get without striking." The members of a union have a two-edged weapon in the strike, and all the persons at the bargaining table are aware of this. Management knows that an offer which is not adequate in the opinion of the employees may bring about a strike, but union negotiators know that they must not press their point so far that the employees will vote not to strike.

Third, the employees must feel that the union is genuinely their champion *all the time*. In my opinion, the members of a union believe in unionism not because they think "two heads are better than one" or because they happen to like the union better than the company. I think, as a matter of fact, that most industrial workers do not feel any conflict of loyalties between working for a company and belonging to a union. They have a lively appreciation of the fact that over a very large area, and sometimes for long periods of time, the interests of owners, managers, and employees are parallel. But they believe that there are times when management must inevitably make a choice between the interest of the employees and some other interest. At each of those times, the employees want to feel that someone is protecting their interests — not as a statesman, but as an advocate committed wholly to the proposition of winning their case, good or bad. Since a union leader represents his members, he cannot afford to act like a statesman, but must continuously press for whatever advantage he can get for his members.

The maintenance of these three conditions of successful large-scale bargaining will be neither automatic nor easy. Thoughtful union leaders are very much aware of the dangers, and in many cases are trying to do something about them. The United Automobile Workers is an outstanding case in point.

But the task is a difficult one and becoming more so all the time. This is not because of any malevolence on either the union or the company side, but because local self-determination and participation, at any particular negotiation, are likely to be expendable. The union is not alone in cherishing the big multi-plant bargain. Management is also driven in the same direction by a legitimate search for stability. If the union can "deliver" (this word is often used), why have all the fuss and confusion which attend separate local discussions? In a highly geared economy such as ours, the drift toward centralization of the bargaining process is very strong.

But the drift toward centralization clearly threatens the essential process of agreement. If this tendency is accelerated by legislation, the dangers to free collective bargaining and democratic unionism are very serious indeed. Therefore, it is all the more important that the legislators keep in sharp focus the importance and meaning of the process of agreement in their efforts to formulate measures to protect the common welfare.

FOCUS OF LEGISLATION

Judging by past experience, it would be over-optimistic to expect new legislation to be wise, useful, or even to the point. As Mr. Meany has pointed out, the Taft-Hartley Act was triggered by economic strikes, about which it did nothing. The current impulse to enact new legislation comes from racketeering and corruption, but may very likely end up as "right to work" legislation, which is surely irrelevant. The difficulty appears to be a real lack of comprehension of what we are aiming at.

Legislation is to be judged good or bad precisely to the extent that it helps or hinders the process of collective bargaining. Legislation directed at disclosure and reporting is obviously relevant and useful by this test, unless it operates in too technical a framework and forces local unions to abdicate their responsibilities to paid outsiders. Anything which tends to illuminate the facts about a pension plan or health and welfare fund ought to aid the members' understanding of the bargaining in these fields. It is a good thing to place upon the bargainers the necessities of explanation which disclosure and reporting will entail. No similar argument can be made on behalf of numerous other proposals which are current.

More than most people realize, our problems today are due to the decline of certain informal practices for which we have not yet devised an adequate substitute. The trade union movement of the thirties was largely self-regulatory. But this was due not only to the constitutional provisions and administrative practices of the unions and of

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collective bargaining agreements. It depended also upon a large amount of rivalry among unions who vied with one another for the adherence of employees.

With the passage of the Wagner Act the rules were changed, but rival unionism was still a vital force. However, changes were set in motion by that law which greatly reduced the area in which rival unionism could act as a regulator. The central problem confronting lawmakers and administrators in this field is the issue of freedom of choice versus stability.

The National Labor Relations Act says that workers shall be free to choose their collective bargaining representatives. The Labor Board decides in individual cases what limits shall be placed on that freedom. Last December the issue was dramatized in New York City under a regulation which set up a single bargaining agency for all subway and related transportation workers. The decision had been in the interests of stability, as represented by a single bargaining unit and a single union. But significant groups of workers who had been under this system for many years were so profoundly dissatisfied that they took the great risk of shutting down an essential service.

Undoubtedly the story of the New York subways is vastly complicated by the multifarious interests and political strands which make up the giant city. But essentially, the issue in the New York subway strike was the same issue that arises elsewhere in simpler framework and form. To what extent shall workers retain their freedom of choice to be represented by one union or another in one unit or another? Or shall workers be required to yield up this freedom in the interest of the stability of an established bargaining arrangement?

The federal and state labor boards decide these crucial issues in the performance of their function of ordering and conducting elections. Electoral "units" must be established. Shall a unit include all the employees of a company, or shall a small group — the motormen, for example, or the machinists or the patternmakers — be allowed to have its own election? Should an existing contract be regarded as a "bar" to an election, or is it now time to let the employees choose among competing unions? To a great extent the board's intrusion has replaced the older processes of agreement among the workers affected and their employers.

An example in manufacturing industry is the craft versus industrial union issue. This is no simple, black-and-white issue. The pulp and paper industry demonstrates very well the myriad forms and accommodations which are possible. For many years before the Wagner Act, the unions in the industry worked out arrangements permitting the existence of both industrial units and semi-industrial units combined with small craft units. All of them associated themselves as a single unit for collective bargaining purposes. Stability has been reasonably well served within the arrangements worked out in the pulp and paper industry precisely because they have been built on the process of agreement.

The dilemma is not confined to the law. Management wants large and stable bargaining units, which means that it often prefers one large union (whatever they say at NAM conventions). Unions want to stabilize their positions and eliminate rival unionism. These are legitimate objectives. Their pursuit has resulted in large bargaining units, long-term agreements, the AFL-CIO merger, the No-Raid Pact, and NLRB decisions which make it difficult for workers to upset existing collective bargaining arrangements. It is generally believed, both inside and outside the labor organizations, that these have been desirable developments. But insufficient attention has been given to the consequences of having lost the self-correcting effects of rival unionism.

Union members traditionally have not sought relief from major grievances within the structure of their union constitution and administration. They have simply changed their affiliation, and the ease with which this could be done was a major determinant of both union and employer policy. It did not matter whether the complaint was the corruption of a union official, a poor bargain, or a backdoor contract. The remedy was the same in every case, with the employer often lending a hand.

The disadvantages of this method of regulating industrial relations are obvious. But although the parallel should not be pressed too far, union rivalry has an effect not unlike the effect of competition in business. We place our main reliance for regulation of price and other significant aspects of the economic machinery upon the active efforts of businessmen to improve their relative positions, and this objective can be accomplished only by pleasing customers. Wherever a concentration of power is permitted, for example in the cases of natural monopolies like public utilities, we are conscious that the system does not work, and we attempt to compensate by direct regulation.

Direct regulation of unions and industrial relations may be the answer. But it seems unlikely that we can preserve the most important aspects of collective bargaining if we go down that road. Our faith might better be fixed upon that first premise of the National Labor Relations Act, that industrial relations will be at their best when employees are represented by unions *of their own choosing*. Anything that interferes with this is harmful, whether it be a racketeer or a law.

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Poet, critic, and former drama editor, LEAH BODINE DRAKE *makes her home in Evansville, Indiana. She is the author of two books of verse:* A HORNBOOK FOR WITCHES, *which appeared in 1950, and* THIS TILTING DUST, *which in manuscript form won the $1250 Borestone Mt. Award in 1954 and which was then chosen for publication by the Book Club for Poetry.*

THE NEW POETRY

BY LEAH BODINE DRAKE

NOTHING brings home more strikingly how far poetry in America and in Britain has traveled in the last decade from its former complexity than leafing through one of the "advance guard" anthologies of the forties. Here are the structural distortions, the private symbols, the complicated imagery, the *outré* frames of reference that have been familiar features of our serious poetry since the twenties.

But pick up any of the books by the younger poets, and you'll be amazed at the difference between poetry then and now. Here we have the theme clearly expressed instead of obliquely hinted at, the natural instead of the surrealist metaphor, the conservatism of form. "Public speech" and Marxism are out, and religion is in. The machine as an image has been gently put in its place: the poets seem able to take it or leave it. With this New Conservatism, however, there are all kinds of interesting things going on in diction, pattern, and rhythm. The new poetry is by no means simple, but it is not "difficult," and nobody seems to be trying deliberately to make it so. Whatever or whoever turned poetry back into the main highway of the English poetic tradition, one thing seems certain: the cult of obscurity is old hat. Name any one of the better-known younger poets — Richard Wilbur, W. S. Merwin, Adrienne Rich, Eric Barker, Joseph Langland, Alastair Reid, William Meredith, Philip Booth, and Philip Murray — there isn't a surrealist or a clenched fist among them.

On the debit side, some of today's verse shows a lack of the vigor which characterized much of the older school. The emotional tone is cool, there seems little inclination to get very much excited over anything. But although some hard purposefulness has been lost, urbanity and grace have been acquired. Among the Americans, the work of William Meredith is typical of the trend. Mr. Meredith's first book, *Love Letter from an Impossible Land*, was published in 1944 in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. His third and current volume is *The Open Sea and Other Poems* (Knopf, $3.50). One of Meredith's attractive features is his interest in practically everything. He has a wide range of subject matter, and he uses a variety of patterns which gives sparkle to the appearance of his book. (Nothing can *look* so dull as poem after poem in the same form and meter.) He has the knack of choosing the right form for his subject: "Notre Dame de Chartres" is written in the medieval sestina. In this poem's envoy he has rather neatly summed up the temper of the French Gothic world, whose "genius" was religious architecture:

> *Sancta Camisa*, the blessed shirt of the Mother,
> Because it had not burned, required a house
> And spoke to the stone that slept in the groin of
> France.

He is essentially a Romantic, although often his viewpoint is anything but. The title poem says:

> Nor does it signify that people who stay
> Very long, bereaved or not, at the edge of the sea
> Hear the drowned folk call: that is mere fancy,
>
> They are speechless. And the famous noise of sea,
> Which a poet has beautifully told us in our day,
> Is hardly a sound to speak comfort to the lonely.

His observations are ingenious and piquant. He sees an espaliered tree branching all over a wall like the many-armed dancing Hindu god, Siva. Sometimes a conceit becomes a little arch:

> A beast in a human dream must go in dread
> Of the chance awakening on which he dies.

But in "To Absent Friends" we get the kind of

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witty remark which this poet seems so well able to make:

> Like Irishmen, we only think the best
> Of people, once inside the smoky bar
> Of our regard.

He is debonair, but he is also compassionate, with the insight that only compassion can give. In "A Korean Woman Seated by a Wall" he shows what war can mean to the innocent and humble. Mr. Meredith has vivacity and intelligence, a feeling for language, and a good humor that infects the reader. At the back of the book there is a huddle of notes on the poems. Why?

ALTHOUGH the poets are rediscovering God as a subject for poetry, not many poets are writing devotional poems. This may be due to any number of psychological factors, but it can also be due to a purely technical one: the fact that in unsure hands a poem in this genre is apt to turn into jogtrot hymnbook verse or a glimmering mist of words.

But Daniel Berrigan in *Time Without Number* (Macmillan, $2.75) side-steps both these perils. This is Father Berrigan's first collection, and the poems are skilled, the work of a subtle, finely tempered mind. On the ardently conceived vision he has imposed a firm intellectual control. I almost said "the ardently *perceived*," for some of these poems have the effect of things seen, not imagined — seen in the older, supernatural meaning of the word "vision." In "Little Hours" he describes the Incarnation:

> Like a waterfall, from what height falling
> he came to her; falling, filling her body . . .
>
> As tongue to her bells; O from that shaken
> and living tower, what music flies! . . .
>
> or came in a tide, riding her pure lands under.

He writes a tightly knit, sinewy, unrhymed line, with varying rhythm and with an economy of phrase that often has a Greek conciseness: in "Pentacost," when the gift of tongues descends on Peter and John,

> All their lives rounded in a backcountry brogue
> now to see, at crowd's edge, the fine Athenian profiles
> agape as bumpkins, scenting their delicate language like
> odor of muscatel or honey.

Father Berrigan can turn off a Chestertonian paradox. Of a dead priest he writes:

> The white Christ of the altar
> broke him apart; that Wine he raised
> desired and drank him to Its hungry heart.

In "Loneliness" St. Joseph's private anguish is vividly expressed:

> I had even less to do with the stars
> that having led her to me, bring her still face to me
> evening and dawn, making of evening and dawn
> one tranquil ecstasy.
> Blade, hoe, manhood —
> what have my tools to do with What wakes in her?

Not all the poems are religious in theme, although they are in essence. Many present aspects of nature, for the greater heaven does not prevent this poet from seeing the lesser heaven. For him, both are integrated. "Lightning Struck Here," "Some Young God," "Its Perfect Heart" show this dual perception. Father Berrigan's book is the 1957 Lamont Poetry Selection by the Academy of American Poets, and should take its place among those which illuminate for us both the outer and the inner worlds.

A NEW volume by British poet Cecil Day Lewis is a literary event. An established poet in the thirties and associated, rightly or wrongly, in the public's mind with the Auden Circle, Mr. Lewis's work always showed a deeper lyrical strain than that of most of his contemporaries, together with a quality which can only be called heart. The façade might be hard-boiled in the then popular manner ("Love is the big boss, at whose side forever slouches the shadow of the gunman"), but passion and sensitivity infused all he wrote. Now, in *Pegasus and Other Poems* (Harper, $3.00), we get the impression that Mr. Lewis is writing at last just as he has always wanted to.

An expert craftsman, urbane, salty (Mr. Lewis is Anglo-Irish), with experience of situation and character, and with his lyricism even more pronounced, he is at his best in his latest book. The journalistic metaphor has been dropped in favor of metaphors drawn from the countryside, the religious ritual, and the legend. Complex in emotion but never in expression, these poems point up the current change-over in high-style poetry better, perhaps, than any others reviewed here. The four narrative poems which open the book are the Greek myths of Psyche, Ariadne, Pegasus, and Baucis and Philemon, retold in a style of great beauty and elegance. Mr. Lewis has let the myth speak for itself, without any recourse to Freud — a temptation that not all poets would have the strength to resist. In "Pegasus," how all of Helicon watches and waits as the attempt is made to catch poetry's winged horse:

> The cyclamen bow their heads, the cicadas pause.
> The mountain shivers from flank to snowy top,

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Shaking off eagles as a pastured horse
Shakes off a cloud of flies. The faint airs drop.
Pegasus, with a movement of light on water,
Shimmers aside, is elsewhere, mocking the halter.

The polished lines are laced with a quaint, homely idiom. When Pegasus taps a spring, the water runs

through thyme and grasses down-along.

In "Baucis and Philemon" the setting has almost a County Queens atmosphere. The copper pans shine in the cottage; when the gods come to the door they seem, to the old wife and husband,

only a couple of tramps or tinkers. . . .

Baucis's hands are "palmed thin as a saint's relics." She lays her finger on her husband's lips "Like a holy wafer." As Bronze Age Greeks had no saints, this interpolation of Christian imagery gives the poem a timelessness, an immediacy that is very moving. Baucis and Philemon could be any aging, loving couple anywhere.

This turning back to ancient sources for subject and image shows a distrust of the present which is underscored in the book's following sections. Here, Mr. Lewis gives the back of his hand to the cult of the Machine, of Intellectualism, and of Science, that triad once so adored by the poets of his youth. In "Sheepdog Trials in Hyde Park" he picks up the machine image and throws it away:

. . . The guided missiles,
The black-and-white angels follow each quirk and jink of
The evasive sheep, play grandmother's-steps behind them,
Freeze to the ground, or leap to head off a straggler
Almost before it knows that it wants to stray,
As if radar-controlled. But they are not machines —
You can feel them feeling mastery, doubt, chagrin:
Machines don't frolic when their job is done.

"The Great Magicians" have taken from man more than they have given him; maybe they can "fish for pearls in Lethe,"

But the hollow in the breast
Where a God should be —
This is the fault they may not
Absolve nor remedy.

More personal poems are found in the last section, including a grand tour de force called "Moods of Love." Others, nostalgic in mood, have a whole web of fibers branching downward to our deepest longings and regrets. In "Christmas Eve" hope wins out, by ever so little, and is highly qualified:

'Yet would it not make those carolling angels weep
To think how incarnate Love
Means such trivial joys to us children of unbelief?'
No. It's a miracle great enough
If through centuries, clouded and dingy, this Day can keep
Expectation alive.

The poetry of May Sarton has always been distinguished by a spiritual refinement which, with her technical excellence, intellectual keenness, and verbal music, makes her work a delight. Miss Sarton has never been one to trim her sails to the prevailing winds in poetry fashions; hence her work has a feeling of integrity which gives it stature and authority. If her poems are conservative in structure, they are wholly modern in temper and have a warmth not always found in modern verse. Yet unlike so many women poets, she does not wear her heart on her pen point. Miss Sarton's new volume, *In Time Like Air* (Rinehart, $2.75), again shows what a first-class poet she is.

One characteristic feature is her sharp sense of the past — not only the past *as* the past, but the past as part of the present. Her historic sense is quickly touched by old buildings, Gothic churches. Old houses and cathedrals, heaven knows, have been the subjects of many poems, good and bad. But in Miss Sarton's hands (as in Meredith's) they emerge newly charged with meaning. In "Lifting Stone" the stonecutter's craft is the frame around which the poem is built:

Below a solitary figure stands
To gentle the long bundle from its bed;
Athens and Troy are leaning from his hands;
The Roman arch, then perilous Chartres ascends
Out of the empty spacious world where he
Nudges rich burdens toward history.

Occasionally she seems to take the easy way out. "The Return" has the poet coming back to her "home of gloom and light," and all she can do is "stand and stare" — leaving the reader pretty much where he was at the beginning. This slackening of the imagination leads, for instance, to a use of such overworked words as *peace* to clinch a last line, giving us vagueness where we expected concreteness. But among fifty-odd lyrics these flaws show up small. The title poem, with its fusing of idea and image, beautifully fulfills its intentions. Miss Sarton's elegies are memorable, rich with a haunting music. "All Souls" moves to the rhythm of its emotion and so re-creates for us that emotion:

Did someone say that there would be an end,
An end, Oh an end to love and mourning?
Such voices speak when sleep and waking blend,

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The cold bleak voices of the early morning
When all the birds are dumb in dark November,
Remember and forget, forget, remember.

Not the least fine in this group is "Lament for Toby, a French Poodle" — the great Toby of the "Remote and tragic air," who was not only "Courteous and discreet," but became famous in New Hampshire for killing a porcupine:

If we were brave as he,
Who'd ask to be wise?
We shall remember Toby:
When human courage fails,
Be dogged in just cause
As he before the quills.

In its lack of bathos, its tenderness and wit, this could well have been signed "Andrew Marvell."

Not many people today write plays in verse. Name T. S. Eliot, Christopher Fry, and you have named all. There seems to be the feeling that verse drama does not allow for the emotional sweep or the realism of prose drama. Yet, as Mr. Eliot himself has said, "the human soul in intense emotion strives to express itself in verse." So when a play in verse comes along, by a much-honored poet, it causes a flutter among the critics.

Archibald MacLeish is the poet who has just crashed the verse-play barrier with his paraphrase in modern dress of the world's oldest sob story, the Book of Job. *J.B.* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is a play within a play, with an acted prologue, approximating the structure of the original poem. As poetry, much of *J.B.* ranks high. As drama, it has force and inventiveness. As philosophical statement, it is wide open for some lively debate. To take the ancient Jobian idea of God — an Oriental tyrant laying bets with Satan for a human soul — and to place this kind of deity in the setting of a twentieth-century and (nominally) Christian civilization is to make for a pretty state of confusion. That is not our idea of God these days, was not the prevailing one in Job's time. The Voice that huffed and puffed some bombastic, rhetorical questions (to avoid giving Job a direct answer) was a poetic device by an unknown Hebrew poet. As a poetic device, then, we will have to consider Mr. MacLeish's Voice in the whirlwind, also.

The setting is a big top at night, deserted except for two seedy circus venders, Mr. Zuss and Nickles. These are, of course, Zeus and the Old Nick — man-made conceptions of Good and Evil — fallen on hard times. More or less casually, they begin a burlesque of the tragedy of Job, wearing masks that represent, respectively, God and the Devil. The action of J.B. and his family takes place on a sideshow stage in the tent's corner. As the show proceeds, the shabby godlings find that their masks have a life of their own: says Nickles, "Those eyes *see*." They begin to realize that they themselves are no longer acting, that something beyond them has taken the show over, is turning it into the real thing:

Mr. Zuss: At least we're actors. They're not actors.
Never acted anything.
Nickles: That's right.
They only own the show.

These scenes with Godmask and Satanmask have an intensity, a magic that is positively eerie in its implications of strange powers, impending terrible revelations. In comparison, the J.B. scenes are a letdown. Our hero is too self-satisfied by half to be very endearing, and his family at Thanksgiving dinner may remind you of that appallingly perfect group in the old-time children's classic, *The Fairchild Family*. The Three Comforters are current types who claim to have all the answers, a soapbox radical, a psychiatrist, and a clergyman — the latter an ambiguous character that the author handles rather gingerly. That windy bore, Elihu, has been jettisoned in favor of a gaggle of hags, who comment, half pityingly, half gloatingly, on the misfortunes of their betters.

The ending of the play is, naturally, inevitable, with J.B. himself getting no more satisfactory an answer in America A.D. than his namesake did in Uz B.C. Yet MacLeish has attempted an answer of a sort: only in man's love for man is there hope. We need not expect any from heaven.

Sarah: You wanted justice and there was none —
Only love.
J.B.: He does not love. He
Is.
Sarah: But we do. That's the wonder.

Some readers will feel that for the author to deny the Creator a quality which he gives to the creature is to make the part greater than the whole. Many will still agree with an earlier poet whose God was not only one of power but of that "love which moves the sun and the other stars."

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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

YOUR first impression as you pass through the turnstiles at Brussels is one of gaiety. Flags and color everywhere; the music in the air; the bucket seats which give the panoramic view of the Fair, passing like a giant ski tow overhead; the gorgeous flower terraces leading up to the director's headquarters to the left; and to the right, the twisting, leaping fountains before the American pavilion — all of this is instantly inviting. The setting is a part of the royal park, and you notice how decoratively the old trees have been preserved; the King of Belgium asked that they be spared, and the more imaginative of the exhibitors have used them in their planning. The flowers — the regiments of tulips, the carpet of blue pansies — had just had their morning sprinkle when I arrived, and each blossom was gleaming in the sunlight; I paused to sniff, and then my eye was caught by the leaning willow and the still pool beside which the Japanese have planted their tiny outdoor restaurant. One of the little waitresses in her kimono was posing for photographs.

The current swept me along toward our fountains, keeping to the windward of the spray. The American pavilion rises lightly from the ground like a vast gold and white bubble, and the handsome flags of the forty-eight states which are spaced under the roof give the glass walls color and movement. Being circular, the building is spacious and airy within: you notice the animation of the spectators, you notice the center pool and also that whole trees have been enclosed to add their green beauty to the interior. Our pavilion is dedicated not to a revelation of American might and machines (of which Europe has had just about enough) but to a projection of the spirit and diversity of our people, and if you accept that proposition it is hard to see how it could have been done more imaginatively. You must measure the impact as much by what it does to the foreigners as by what it does to yourself, and I suspect that such sour notes as emanated from some of the American correspondents were written in advance, before the crowds responded.

How should we suggest American living? President Eisenhower asked that a mechanical voting booth with curtains, crank, and ballot be displayed. Well, actually there are six of them in operation, and no skeptic could ever have believed that such an eager queue would line up to use them. People vote on the outstanding *émigré* in the United States (Einstein is leading), their favorite American actress, the American college they would like to send their son to, their favorite car, their favorite American author; and their faces as they emerge and check their ballots are something to see.

Our size and complexity are indicated on the ground floor by objects such as the cross section of a giant redwood, the montage of one single Sunday copy of the New York *Times*, an Idaho potato, an Amish hat, and a football uniform laid out like a Crusader's armor. Curiosity focuses on these and a hundred other items familiar to us, strange to the world, and then as you climb upstairs you begin to see how the pattern fits together. Here are the rooms and the models of how we live, and for the breath of reality, here in the shadowed recesses are a dozen projection hoods, each with its colored movies showing the harvest in Kansas, a roundup in Texas, Jones Beach in July, and California playing Stanford. We really are masters of the pictorial. Our wizard is Walt Disney, and the "Circarama" which he built for Brussels is our most stirring single exhibit.

With some two hundred others, you enter a small circular replica of the main building, where for nineteen minutes you are jet-propelled in one breathless sweep across our continent. Eleven cameras are focused on the screen, which completely encircles the auditorium, and once the darkness falls, you are the spear point of Disney's arrow. The journey begins in the blue dawn, with you on the prow of a ferryboat coming up

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New York Harbor, past the Statue, past Governor's Island, up to the towers which the sun is just fingering. Always you are in motion, on a bus winding through a Vermont village, in a car speeding out to River Rouge, on a cable car slithering down the steeps of San Francisco, on a helicopter flying up the Grand Canyon.

You brace yourself against the speed and cry out when a car with squealing brakes almost smashes into you in Chinatown. You are winding your way up to the peaks of the Rockies at the close, and when the choir breaks into *America the Beautiful*, you are caught in a rush of feeling shared by foreigners and natives alike. People bring their lunch to the picnic tables at the entrance to the building so they can be ready when their turn comes. Many go twice.

The allotting of space has been skillfully handled by the Belgians, and there are two big pavilions juxtaposed to ours which challenge comparison: the French for the sheer audacity of its architecture and for the mechanical ingenuity amassed within, and, most competitive of all, the Russian building for its huge and massive power.

We entered the Russian pavilion on a flight of stairs which reminded me of Grand Central. The great hall rises clear to the dome, and over all broods the colossal statue of Lenin. The slogans from Lenin on the wall, the overpowering hammer and sickle have a silencing effect on the spectator. I had with me one of our American guides, an attractive Negro, Sue McClain, President of Student Council at Sarah Lawrence. She had felt the hostility, she told me, on her only other visit there before; now in her gray jacket and pleated skirt, with the official arm patch and her gold beret, she was watched with more friendly attention.

The main floor was given up to machines, massive exhibits of automation working silently, and in the very center a big suspended Sputnik with beneath it a table of Sputnik trophies. We wanted something more personal, and we found it by climbing the stairs to the mezzanine. Here were the Russian arts, the paintings and sculpture, literal, as patriotic as the Franco-Prussian battle scenes, and except for those which captured the strong northern light, mediocre. It was our discussion of the pictures which attracted an English-speaking Russian curator, and behind him a silent but not unfriendly gathering. He began to explain the photographs of the Tchaikovsky Festival and then the visit of the Boston Symphony. This led him to display some ancient Russian musical instruments; there were recordings of each, and he played the ones I asked for, the primitive lute from the Uzbek and the balalaika. By now there must have been three dozen of us listening. When I said ballet, he led us to a small movie box with a screen of television proportions which he turned on to show us the four most touching ballets of Galina Ulanova. I couldn't help wondering why the enchanting film hadn't been magnified.

The curator had called over a young Russian librarian who was eager to show us their translations of our popular American authors, Poe and Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Fenimore Cooper, Dos Passos, Caldwell, and Hemingway. "How much do you charge for that copy of *The Old Man and the Sea?*" I asked. The book was lifted out of the glass case, the price found to be three rubles, and the volume was thereupon inscribed and presented to me. Everyone shook hands.

While all this was going on, my guide was engaged in earnest conversation with a Pole, a naturalized American, who now walked off with us as we made our departure. "Well," he said, "you have seen them both, our building and theirs. What do you think? Why don't we show more of our big things, as they do, more of our machines, more of our medicine, more of our inventions?" "I know," I said, "but we are trying to show something different. What Americans are really like. It's more subtle, but it's worth doing."

READING IN ENGLAND

An editor in London must devote most of his eyesight to manuscripts, but there were times on the long weekends when I could take a busman's holiday and peruse some of the new English books. THE CONTENDERS by JOHN WAIN (St. Martin's Press, $3.95) introduced me to a young novelist now living in Yorkshire, who will I think be read with increasing pleasure on our side. For this novel he received the Somerset Maugham Award for 1958. *The Contenders* is the story of three men who were born and schooled together in a city in the Midlands which could be Manchester. Their rivalry breaks out at an early age, and the clash of temperaments between Robert Lamb, the artist, and Ned Roper, who makes his fortune in Blue Seal pottery after the war, is first slow-burning and then explosive. Both men are egotists, both are drivers; Robert the more adventurous, Ned the more calculating. Both of them outgrow the provincial town, but in an angry, spurning way they are necessary to each other. The buffer between them is their fat good-natured confidant, Joe Shaw, so tolerant under their abuse, so understanding of their aspirations and envy. It is Joe who tells us the story in the ironic unpretentious accents of a small-town newspaperman, and of the three it is Joe who holds the reader's sympathy.

The book has the limitations of a tour de force: Joe's absorption in the antagonism and his re-

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peated efforts to keep his two friends apart and out of trouble grow just a shade monotonous; we need the pleasantry and relief of participating in his own affairs, and this we do only by inference. The rivalry over Myra, the dumb but beautiful model, is carried past the point of credulity; and the ending is theatrical. But what gives the book its salt and sanity is Joe's comments on life, his alcoholic account of Robert on the town, his detestation of celebrity parties, his withering encounters with Stocker, the tomcat. John Wain knows how to handle anger, and his irony has a sharp and cutting edge.

One of our *Atlantic* novelists who gave me pleasure was H. E. BATES. In THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.75), he has turned out a raffish farce, as laughable a picnic as I have been invited to in a long while. Pop and Ma Larkin and their happy-go-lucky brood are, when necessity urges, fruit pickers and junk dealers. Their farm is a hodgepodge of geese, scrap iron, and pigs. They pay no taxes, work only occasionally; they live to eat, and the meals are engrossing.

The story begins with the attempt of young Mr. Charlton to get Pop into the books of the Bureau of Inland Revenue and to withstand the charms of Mariette, their seductive older daughter; a dried-up young tax collector, he instinctively resists the blandishments of the family, but in the end he is overwhelmed and spellbound. Watching the Larkin family at play, one is tempted to believe that being underprivileged in present-day England is an enviable way of life.

For his seventieth birthday, SIR HAROLD NICOLSON was staked to a two months' cruise from London to Java by his friends. He and his wife, V. Sackville-West, settled into comfortable quarters on a pleasant Dutch ship, and here between glimpses of the foreign ports they continued their literary preoccupations, "V" working upon her biography of La Grande Mademoiselle while Sir Harold made a study of melancholia beginning with Galen and ending with Kafka. His travel notes, JOURNEY TO JAVA (Doubleday, $5.00), are thus an urbane mixture of reverie and encounter. He shows annoyance with an English major for tossing his young son into the pool and regret that there are not tastier puddings on the menu; his eye for landscape is that of an inveterate townsman; his stay in each place is short and flavored by European residents who share his taste for ancient temples and a good lunch; he was "careful not to mention *apartheid* in Cape Town or to discuss minority rights in Colombo and Singapore." Tranquil reading for a summer day.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

SCIENCE

Of Stars and Men BY HARLOW SHAPLEY
Cosmography (the study of practically everything) for the layman, who despite Dr. Shapley's reassurances may find himself pretty breathless out there on the frontiers of the expanding universe. BEACON, $3.50.

Our Nuclear Future
BY EDWARD TELLER AND ALBERT L. LATTER
An informative summary of the present achievements and probable future of nuclear power, presented with a resolute good cheer that is sometimes rather trying. CRITERION, $3.50.

Science and Human Values
BY J. BRONOWSKI
The author makes a convincing and eloquent case for his belief that scientific advance depends on the same kind of creative imagination that produces art. MESSNER, $3.00.

FICTION

Ten Seconds from Now BY KAY CICELLIS
Restrained, melancholy, but unfailingly interesting account of affairs in a Greek radio station where everyone is unlucky in love. GROVE, $1.45.

I'm Not Stiller BY MAX FRISCH
Or is he? Humor, melodrama, and ingenuity expended on the currently popular questions of identity and isolation. ABELARD-SCHUMAN, $4.50.

Snared Nightingale BY GEOFFREY TREASE
Fine old-fashioned historical frippery, romance, humor, and suspense neatly combined in the story of an Italianate scholar who inherits an unexpected and barbarous earldom on the Welsh marches in the days of Edward IV. VANGUARD, $3.75.

TRAVEL

Among the Savages of the South Seas
BY CAPTAIN ALFRED TETENS
Memoirs of Micronesia, 1862–1868, by a German seaman and adventurer with a sharp eye and a great interest in people, whose record of his experiences is remarkably lively and readable. STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, $3.75.

The Lost World of the Caucasus
BY NEGLEY FARSON
Back in 1929, Mr. Farson made a horseback trip to the Caucasus which must have been one of the most strenuous and delightful excursions of all time. DOUBLEDAY, $4.00.

Arabesque and Honeycomb
BY SACHEVERELL SITWELL
Concentrating on the art of the region, ancient and less so, Mr. Sitwell takes his readers on an enthusiastic and informative tour of the Near and Middle East. Enchanting photographs. RANDOM HOUSE, $6.00.

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Reading as you like it...

THE DIMENSIONS OF ROBERT FROST
by Reginald L. Cook
An intimate knowledge of Frost and his poetry, based on a friendship of thirty years, has produced a book that takes the measure of the poet and his work. $3.95

MAYOR WATCHING
And Other Pleasures
by Philip Hamburger
A kind of Samuel Pepys of latter-day Manhattan, Mr. Hamburger, as a member of *The New Yorker's* staff, has written with wit and a gifted pen about mayors (including Wagner and O'Dwyer), other luminaries (Oscar Hammerstein II, Toscanini, Rin Tin Tin), and places around New York. $3.75

MRS. O'
by Claude
With forthrightness and Gallic wit "Claude" recounts her adventures as owner of a pub in Cork. Her tales of the ingratiating, irritating Irish are for everyone with a sense of humor, a taste for stout, or an affection for the Irish. $3.50

BLOCKADE
The Civil War At Sea
by Robert Carse
The true, exciting story of men and ships that ran the Union blockade for four triumphant years. "A good book .... about ships ... about good sailors and bad sailors, about moonlit chases on the high seas and extraordinary escapes and captures .... printed on green paper, which I found restful to the eye." — CHARLES VAN DOREN, *N.Y. Herald Tribune. Illustrated and with maps.* $5.00

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THE ATLANTIC

Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

AFTERNOON OF AN AUTHOR (Scribner's, $4.50) is a collection from the work of F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, stories and essays which appeared in magazines but have never been included in a book. The material has been selected and annotated by ARTHUR MIZENER, author of *The Far Side of Paradise*, the Fitzgerald biography of several years ago.

Mr. Mizener has arranged the selections with great care "to illustrate both the persistence of Fitzgerald's fundamental sense of experience and the way his uses of it varied as he matured in feeling and as his circumstances changed in time." This is a pretty solemn enterprise for a little book containing less than an author's best work, and one can hardly help speculating on what Fitzgerald would have made of Mr. Mizener's soberly joyful revelation that "A Night at the Fair," published in 1928, is connected somehow with a note in Fitzgerald's diary back in 1911: "Attended State fair and took chicken on roller-coaster."

Readers not enthralled by the minutiae of literary scholarship can enjoy a great deal of pleasure, however, by reading Fitzgerald's share of *Afternoon of an Author*, for if these pieces are not the best Fitzgerald, they are still better than about 90 per cent of what is being published at any given moment. Fitzgerald had a craftsman's pride which compelled him to present the most trifling subject with style. His prose, that casual, conversational miracle which proves, on examination, to be beyond analysis or parody, is never less than a delight.

The essays, aside from an admirable review of an early Hemingway book, are frankly, even ostentatiously, autobiographical. Fitzgerald potboiled his defeat by finance and produced one piece that is very nearly a model of the let's-all-laugh-at-my-troubles type of writing. A later essay, "Author's House," gives in an oblique way a surprising amount of information on how Fitzgerald thought his creative faculty functioned.

The stories are almost entirely writing done for what is usually called the slick market, which in the twenties demanded speed, charm, a plot that began, developed, and ended, and not one word calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty. What Fitzgerald could manage within these limitations is a caution. The stories may be confined in some respects, but they are so expertly constructed that the fact of confinement is never apparent; there seems to be all the room in the world for maneuver. The crumbling people in "One Trip Abroad," which foreshadows *Tender Is the Night*, would be no more pitiful and frightening for any amount of untrammeled detail.

THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

The amount of untrammeled detail in contemporary novels has aroused the critic EDMUND FULLER to a protest called MAN IN MODERN FICTION (Random House, $3.50). Not that Mr. Fuller explains his book on these grounds. His official complaint is that a number of writers today see man "as collective, irresponsible, morally neuter, and beyond help," in contrast to the image of man "found in the Judeo-Christian tradition" where "man is seen as, or tacitly understood to be, a created being, with an actual or potential relationship to his Creator. . . . Man is seen as inherently imperfect, but with immense possibilities for redemption and reconciliation with his Creator."

Now if this view of the situation is correct, and it well may be, the interesting question is why certain of our younger writers have abandoned the Judeo-Christian view of man, and why large numbers of readers find their work satisfactory. This is a matter Mr. Fuller does not bother to pursue. Having entrenched himself firmly in what he calls the "Western historical-literary tradition," he assumes that every literary manifestation which displeases him

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is located outside that tradition and he shells it with indiscriminate energy.

Some of his targets are hardly worth the ammunition; some of them, notably James Jones and Jack Kerouac, are flattened so amusingly that one is obliged to forgive Mr. Fuller his failure to perceive that these authors are as far from each other as they are from himself. The excesses of gutter language and pornographic description which Mr. Fuller attacks are so common today, and so tiresome, that it would be a satisfaction to see him make an effective case against them. He has not done so because, although he begins by diagnosing the disease, he spends all his subsequent effort on denouncing the symptoms.

OUR UNWANTED BLESSINGS

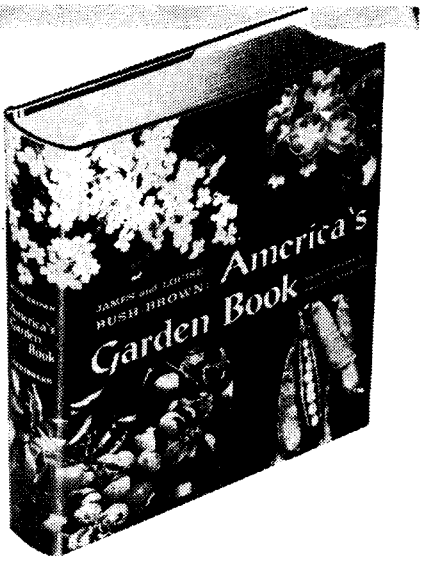
In THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00), JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, professor of economics at Harvard, makes a formidable attack on all current economic thinking. Quite apart from the impossibility of doing justice to its intricate argument in a short summary, the book is difficult to review because until the final chapter, Professor Galbraith conceals his goal from the reader with all the ingenuity of a mystery writer bent on distracting attention from the butler. It seems churlish, in these circumstances, to betray his destination, and readers curious about the ultimate purpose of *The Affluent Society* had best read the book. It is well worth the effort.

Professor Galbraith's first contention is that standard economic theory, which he calls "the conventional wisdom," was formulated in a world where "poverty had always been man's normal lot." There simply were not enough goods and services to go around, and the possibility of a society able to produce far more flour, washing machines, lipsticks, and certified public accountants than it actually needs to function efficiently never occurred to the early economic theorists. We now live in such a society; nevertheless, modifications of the beliefs of Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo remain at the core of economic thinking to this day. The assumption of unlimited want justifies a policy of continually increased production; production increased beyond the level of reasonable need requires the creation of artificial markets and leads finally to the absurdity of people being urged to buy things they don't want in order that their fellow citizens may continue to be paid for making these unwanted and unneeded goods.

Since it is unthinkable, according to the conventional wisdom, to restrain production, superfluous goods continue to increase, while the quality of public services steadily declines. Public services have never been thought of as production. "The scientist or engineer or advertising man who devotes himself to developing a new carburetor, cleanser, or depilatory for which the public recognizes no need and will feel none until an advertising campaign arouses it is one of the valued members of our society. A politician or a public servant who dreams up a new public service is a wastrel. Few public offenses are more reprehensible." As a result of this attitude, "The family which takes its mauve and cerise, air-conditioned, power-steered, and power-braked automobile out for a tour passes through cities that are badly paved, made hideous by litter, blighted buildings, billboards, and posts for wires that should long since have been put underground. They pass on into a countryside that has been rendered largely invisible by commercial art. . . . They picnic on exquisitely packaged food from a portable icebox by a polluted stream and go on to spend the night at a park which is a menace to public health and morals. Just before dozing off on an air mattress, beneath a nylon tent, amid the stench of decaying refuse, they may reflect vaguely on the curious unevenness of their blessings."

If the problem were merely one of uneven blessings, Professor Galbraith might be dismissed as a disgruntled perfectionist, but he demonstrates with great clarity and persuasiveness that unless the money and energy now devoted to the private production of unnecessary goods can be diverted to the increase and improvement of public services, we may in due course expect our economy to choke on a surfeit of nylon seat covers and plastic doorknobs.

Professor Galbraith's suggestions for preventing such a humiliating catastrophe are specific. They will, he gleefully predicts, irritate almost everybody. But they cannot safely be ignored while the panacea for



AMERICA'S GARDEN BOOK

by James and Louise Bush-Brown

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
Harper's Magazine, says:

"To the serious beginner, starting from scratch, who is planning a vegetable or a flower garden or may be putting in trees and shrubs, the newly revised AMERICA'S GARDEN BOOK will be guide, philosopher, and much-needed friend. And this applies wherever you live in the U. S. A. It tells how to construct and keep up lawns, paths, fences, fountains; how to design and plant any kind of garden; how to choose and take care of trees, vegetables, flowers, and house plants; how to control pests and weeds; how to operate coldframes and greenhouses. And in the new part of the book there are sections on swimming pools, flower boxes, 'inviting the birds,' penthouse gardens, plants under artificial light, mulches, and lists of gardens open to the public in forty-seven states . . . One man's obvious will be another's revelation, of course, but there's something in this book for everyone."

JOAN LEE FAUST
says in the New York Times:

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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Victory

THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON

By Oliver Warner

At sea, the victorious genius of his time — in his affair with Lady Hamilton, an impetuous romantic — Horatio Nelson is a hero in whom interest never wanes. In VICTORY Oliver Warner reveals in exciting detail this passionate, courageous, often contradictory man. Nicholas Monsarrat in his introduction calls the book "fascinating . . . a full portrait." Illustrations and maps. $6.50

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SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

STRATEGY and COMPROMISE

The noted historian, Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, scrutinizes the great strategical decisions which came before the American Joint Chiefs of Staff and their British counterparts in the hazardous years of 1940-1945. Roosevelt and Churchill, General Marshall, Admiral King, Lord Alanbrooke, Sir John Dill are shown as they spoke their minds. $3.00

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economic ills put foward by the conventional wisdom remains "You auto buy now."

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THE CHAINS OF FEAR (Regnery, $4.75), a novel about life in Russia, could be pigeonholed as another work in imitation of Kafka if N. NAROKOV, the author, were not a refugee from the Soviet Union. It seems more likely that life in Russia imitates Kafka than that Mr. Narokov has done so.

A high official of the secret police is assigned to clear up corruption in a Russian city. Nobody there was aware of corruption until he arrived, and Lyubkin himself has no idea precisely what he is to look for, much less why. He merely sets the machinery in motion, and it grinds out a stream of denunciations, arrests, confessions, and executions. The confessions usually describe imaginary crimes, but the executions are real. Partly through the influence of a young woman and partly because the campaign he is directing is even more meaningless than the general run of such witch hunts, Lyubkin begins to think about his position. It is very nearly fatal.

The Communist police atmosphere of suspicion and fear and the dishonesty and brutality it produces have been described before, and it cannot be claimed that Mr. Narokov has made any spectacular additions to the genre, although he writes well and maintains a high degree of suspense. What is rather unexpected about *The Chains of Fear* is the implication, in Lyubkin's bumbling friendship with the utterly non-Communist Evlalia, that embers of civilized feeling smolder even in the bosom of a secret policeman, and that the fellow may dream ineffectually of a better life.

CONRAD'S WORK AND LIFE

Two books about Joseph Conrad have just appeared, rather far in the wake of his centennial. RICHARD CURLE'S JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS CHARACTERS (Essential Books, $6.00) is subtitled "a study of six novels," all of which constitutes about as thorough a misrepresentation as a single book jacket can carry. Although he was a friend of Conrad's, Mr. Curle has almost nothing to say about him; neither does he "study" the novels, if study is taken to mean a thorough examination of their structure and purpose.

What Mr. Curle does is describe, in a pleasant, informal way, the major characters involved in six Conrad novels, gossiping along about their actions and motives as though they were interesting, if sometimes alarming, residents of the next block. He occasionally elaborates on things at which Conrad merely hinted, but in the main he sticks very close to the original text; Mr. Curle is not the man to ask, "How many children had Lady Macbeth?"

THE THUNDER AND THE SUNSHINE (Putnam, $4.50) by JERRY ALLEN is a biography of Conrad, concentrating on his youthful adventures in Marseilles. It is highly romantic in tone, but it is not what is usually called a romantic biography, meaning one in which the biographer invents dialogue and action which the records fail to supply. Miss Allen clearly knows her subject, she supports every contention with copious quotation, and when she seems to be leaping to a wild conclusion she usually proves to have at least a moderate probability on her side.

Miss Allen has succeeded in identifying the original of Rita in *The Arrow of Gold*, the mysterious beauty with whom Conrad became entangled in Marseilles. It was for this girl's *beaux yeux*, far more than for any interest in Spanish politics, that he became a Carlist gunrunner, and for her honor that he eventually got himself shot in a duel, to the woebegone exasperation of his Uncle Thaddeus. It is a pity that Conrad never put Uncle Thaddeus Bobrowski into a novel, for this long-suffering Polish gentleman, forever remonstrating with his spendthrift ward but forever bailing him out of his difficulties, is most appealing.

By unearthing both the actual identity of Rita and her subsequent history, and establishing them with as much certainty as can reasonably be expected concerning an old and carefully buried scandal, Miss Allen has made a real contribution to the literature about Conrad. The sentimental tone of her writing and her sugar-coated stage setting cannot obscure the merit of her research.

THE MORTALITY OF BEAUTY

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS (Simon and Schuster, $3.75), a first novel by

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MRS. LEWIS D. BEMENT
Deerfield, Massachusetts

MARIA DERMOÛT, a Dutch lady who took up writing in her sixties, is the kind of book that drives a reviewer to a spate of adjectives. Set in a spice garden in the Moluccas, it tells the story of the last of a Dutch colonial family, and meanwhile conjures up the shape, the sound, the smell and color of an exotic world with a precision that is truly magical. Every scene is both beautiful and eerie.

For all its surface charm, the book is at bottom a tough-minded pagan statement. It is a great paean of admiration for the beauty of the world and a lament that all this life and beauty must end in death, which is seen as complete and final. Mrs. Dermoût will have no truck with heaven, hell, or reincarnation. She does not contemplate even Homer's misty island of the dead, but she would agree absolutely with Achilles:

I rather wish to live in earth a Swaine
Or serve a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine
Bread to sustaine him, than (that life once gone)
Of all the dead sway the Imperiall throne.

The book's title is derived from a native song of the islands, "the old heathen lament (careful, don't let the schoolteacher hear it) for one who has just died. 'The hundred things' was the name of the lament — the hundred things of which the dead one is reminded, which are asked him, told him.

"Not only the people in his life: this girl, this woman and that one, that child, your father, your mother, a brother or sister, the grandparents, a grandchild, a friend, a comrade-in-arms; or his possessions: your beautiful house, your china dishes hidden in the attic, the swift proa, your sharp knife, the little inlaid shield from long ago . . . but also: hear, how the wind blows! — how white-crested the waves come running from the high sea! — the fishes jump out of the water and play with each other — look how the shells gleam on the beach — remember the coral gardens under water, and how they are colored — and the bay! — the bay! — please never forget the bay! And then they said: oh soul of so-and-so, and ended with a long-held melancholy ee-ee-ee? ee-ee-ee? over the water." Mrs. Dermoût reverses the meaning of this ceremony; it is not the dead who must remember, but the living, for the dead have no existence except as memories.

Leading reviewers tell why this could be the outstanding book of the year:

The Great EB

The Story of the Encyclopaedia Britannica

by Herman Kogan
Literary Editor, Chicago Sun-Times

"This is an intensely interesting account of one of the greatest and most important publication projects of the world . . ."—Norman Vincent Peale. ". . . I really find it difficult to see how any book could furnish much more fascinating reading matter."—Edward Wagenkecht, Professor of English, Boston University. "I have read Mr. Kogan's book with much interest and admiration."—Sidney J. Harris. "There are few more fascinating episodes in the history of great newspapers than the rescue of the great Times of London by a couple of American promoters of the Encyclopaedia Britannica . . . The whole story is full of the unexpected."—Erwin D. Canham, Editor, *Christian Science Monitor*. ". . . as romantic and fascinating a story as I've come upon in a long time."—Elsa Lichtenstein, Barnes and Noble.

464 pages, $4.95 at all bookstores.

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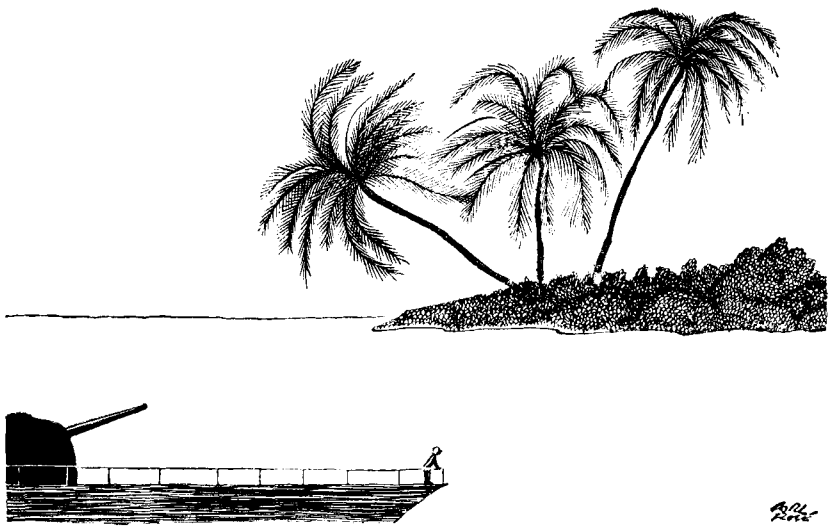

Accent on

Notes from a Navy Cruise

This was a shakedown cruise for *Bigelow*, a fine thing because the ship was on her own, by herself, after two solid months of training exercises off Cuba. *Bigelow* was commissioned only last November, and the cruise was the last test of her installations, her personnel, and indeed of the ship herself before she joins the fleet to work in concert with other vessels.

Our itinerary began in mid-March at Guantanamo Bay, where I joined the ship, and continued to Saint Thomas, Curacao, Trinidad, through the Canal to Peru, and back to Boston via the Canal, Honduras, and Charleston, South Carolina. We encountered rain only once in the five weeks of the cruise, a two-hour cloudburst off Florida, and no rough weather at any time, save for the first night beyond the Canal. We had picked up there as passengers a couple of southbound U.S. army officers, one of whom spoke up feelingly the next morning about the motion. "Someone ought to speak to that driver," he said. "He was hitting all the bumps last night."

A reader berated me a few years ago for asserting that the crew of any destroyer tend to think of their own ship as the best of the lot. My idea, he contended, came from soothing influences exerted on me by the officers, and I was reminded of the episode on my first visit to *Bigelow's* store, a tiny T-shaped cubicle of 16.17 square feet, stuffed with small items of merchandise, and barely room behind the counter for two men standing. "They don't give you much room," I remarked, stupidly, to the Storekeeper 2/c. "Room, I've got plenty of room," he replied. "Why, on *some* destroyers the store is just nothing but a hole in the wall."

It was easy to share anyone's admiration for *Bigelow*. She carries a crew of some 260, 17 chief petty officers, and 15 officers. Her shaft horsepower is about ten times that of a merchant vessel four times her size. Eighth to be commissioned in the new Forrest Sherman class of destroyers, she is sizable (419 feet, 3700 tons), potent, handsome, and — not least — her living spaces are air-conditioned. One tropical afternoon, when the cooling system was shut down in an exercise to simulate battle damage, the thermometer in my cabin rose from 70 to over 100 degrees in less than an hour, and, with ocean temperatures in the 80s under the fierce sun, another hour would have boosted it at least twenty degrees higher.

Bigelow's air-conditioning comes from two centrally controlled units, each covering about half the ship and holding daytime temperatures to about 70 to 75 degrees. The air in even the most out-of-the-way spaces was fresh and odorless; the same was true in the mess hall during the evening's movies, regardless of how many people were smoking. The effectiveness of the system in the stifling heat of some of the ports we visited suggested to me the wisdom of checking up on the "individual" air conditioning advertised by certain cruise ships: is it really air conditioning or just blower ventilation?

Navy laundry in the tropics is a vast operation. The ship's laundry operated twenty-four hours a day in three-man shifts. For reasons that I did not inquire, the laundry did not iron handkerchiefs or pajamas, but its performance with shirts would compare favorably with that of a first-rate New York hotel. As one of the men in the laundry explained it, "Well, the shirt-tearin' machine and button-crusher is both out of order." The navy creates a laundry bag simply by knotting the end of a trouser leg.

I set all this down from a passenger's view, a layman, a traveler lacking competence to evaluate the exercises, the drills, and the hard work at odd hours which lay between our ports of call. The most vivid scene of the cruise for me was the putting off of a shore party in a boat from *Bigelow's* floodlighted deck at dawn, against the background of a tropical sunrise, but for the professional it may well have been the moment

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when a sleeve target vanished in the first burst from the ship's anti-aircraft battery.

At Rodman, the small naval station in the Canal Zone near Balboa, the ship was busy for most of the night, fueling and loading supplies for a government scientific expedition to the south, but my own problem in that episode was how to stop eating the marvelous doughnuts provided for the crew's coffee break at midnight. There must have been thousands of the doughnuts, some plain, some lightly frosted with vanilla, some with chocolate, all impossibly hot and delicate.

Invitations to dine on a navy ship or at an American base are highly regarded by residents in any of the hot countries. The main reason is that one can drink the water and eat the food without fear of the consequences. Lettuce seemed to top the list of foodstuffs most esteemed, with potatoes in any form a close runner-up, milk and ice cream next.

In a service scattered around the globe, coming and going in a constant reshuffle of assignments, navy people protect themselves with a ready hospitality that makes for quick but nonetheless warmhearted friendship. "It's hard sometimes to leave your friends so suddenly," the Captain remarked one evening, "but you tell yourself that sooner or later you'll see them again, and you do. I saw an old shipmate in the Gatun Locks this morning that I hadn't met for fifteen years. He was going the other way, commanding a DE. We had quite a nice little chat there for a minute or two."

Navy ships in the Canal usually take advantage of the fresh water of Gatun Lake for a general swabdown, and the orders of the day contained a warning that "skylarking with fire hoses" could be dangerous. "Better get under cover," said the Captain as the cleanup began. "Of all the dangers of life at sea, the most formidable is a sailor with a fire hose in his hand."

I should like to try to get on paper some time a decent account of Commander Audley Hill McCain, *Bigelow's* commanding officer, a trim, high-spirited South Carolinian who knew more about the ship and all her complex apparatus than anyone else aboard. His inspections left a wake of awestruck comments that lasted for days; he would gravitate to an unfilled greasecup as if he had the blueprints in hand; the code number on a box stored in a wrong compartment was enough to bring from him a precise mention of the space where it did belong and why it belonged there.

I believe *Bigelow's* Commander could have repaired an engineering or electronic breakdown as well as any of the specialists on board. He was equally effective, warmhearted and sensible, in dealing with human problems that arose. He was thirty-eight, as agile as the liveliest of the youngsters, and his handling of the ship in anything like a tight place was a delight to see. I could not help wondering how many executives of his capacities could be found in private employment. *Bigelow's* liberty parties, I might add, encountered no boos or stone-throwing anywhere on the cruise. It was stirring to see this handsome ship lying in a foreign port, with her air of competence, cleanliness, and well being, and to hear far from home the accents of Alabama, Indiana, Monhegan, and Manhattan.

CHARLES W. MORTON

(To be continued)

LOW AND BEHOLD!

BY LOYD ROSENFIELD

New cars are growing lower by
An inch or so a year,
While I, in bluntest contrast, grow
More nearly like a sphere;

I beg you, manufacturers,
Please change this ground-bound course;
Why build a car that forces me
To look up to the horse?

By '61 on rutted roads
With centers high as C,
Who'll be down there where once the car
Got scraped and battered? Me;

Just look at my position, too;
I'm never at my best
Round-shouldered as a bagel with
My knees against my chest;

But if in future model plans
Still lower bodies win,
I'll have to take it lying down —
How else can I get in?

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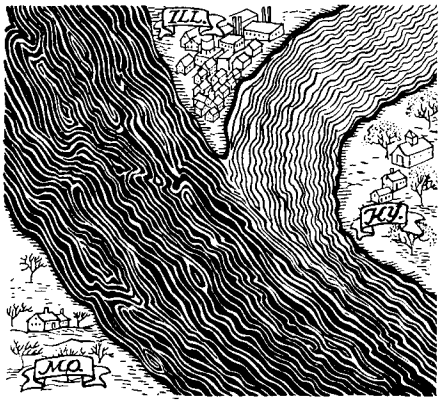


Two Rivers

BY NORMAN HALLIDAY

NORMAN HALLIDAY *was graduated from Northwestern University after wartime service in Europe. Since then he has been traveling in the United States and Mexico.*

Says Tweed to Till —
"What gars ye rin sae still?"
Says Till to Tweed —
"Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa."
Anonymous, 17th century

The Mississippi at its approximate geographic midpoint is the same river that's at Minneapolis and New Orleans, excepting the turnover of water in it, of course. It carries boats and barges on its back everywhere it's deep enough, and that's for most of it. People live by this river and out of it. They die by it and in it.

It goes past the back of Cairo, Illinois, that is. I say "back" because people there think of another river as the front one. The Ohio; it ends its name there.

Most people in Cairo have a quiet dread of the Mississippi. Boys will swim across the Ohio, for instance. They won't try the Old Man, who looks sinister, with eddies and whirlpools all year long — even at low water. Some of them make a sucking sound as they go past your boat, or by where you're standing on the bank. It's a muddy caldron, simmering, and it suggests discretion.

Boys will swim in the Mississippi; don't get me wrong. But not try it *across*. There's a grand sand beach with a gentle slope on the Missouri side of Smith's Island (called Angelo Towhead on the river charts), with good wading. It's while wading, you see, that you feel all that current that seems to pull in all directions at once, mainly south and down; the farther out the more the pull. It used to be fun to take some food and a .22 rifle out onto the island, spend the summer day running around naked and shooting and wading. But don't go out too deep in the Mississippi. It's muddy and dark and seething all year long. And keep your feet on the bottom.

The Ohio is often a quiet slate blue in the low-water summer, and relatively clear. People in Cairo have a friendly feeling for the Ohio. There are no eddies or whirlpools, and it looks so much cleaner than the other one. Go over to the Kentucky side to the sand bar under the Illinois Central Railroad bridge, spend the day with a bunch and swim out as far as you want. There's no current to speak of, in the summer.

Once in a while on the steep-banked Cairo side, a boy will drown in the Ohio. Boys are not afraid of that one; they're not as respectful of it, and not so careful. But in a few days, people feel friendly as ever toward the pretty blue river, and still won't have much to do with the ugly muddy one.

I liked them both, a thousand years ago. I remember the trips to the towhead with the food and the .22, and the wading, ducking under the water up to my chin to ease the weighted heat of the summer sun. But I kept my feet on the bottom in the Mississippi and never went out very far. I've crossed the Ohio two or three times, swimming. I'm a powerful swimmer, as the saying goes. But I defer to the Mississippi.

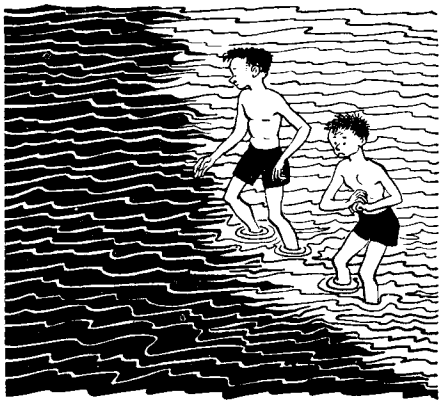
One of the good places to loaf by the Mississippi back home was on the sand bar on the Illinois side, north of town. To get out to the bar, you had to climb across and along the erosion dikes. They're vertical to the bank, made of piling bolted together, and they keep a lot of the Middle West from ending up in the Gulf of Mexico. Sometimes out there, between the bar and the bank, were big beds of gumbo mud; it was smooth and cool, and had about the consistency of thick molasses. You could wallow in it like an old hog and then run out and wash it off in the Mississippi, ducking your head under the water. Keeping your feet touching bottom, as I said.

Any river gets high water. There's been a lot of it go past Cairo, but none of it ever got into town. The worst high water was 1937. That was touch and go. Stand in the street and look *up* at the boats in the river.

Nobody was sure the town was safe until the water went back down to below the levee. It was kept out by the wall built on top of the levee and by the sandbags and bulkheads added yet on top of that. The water was above the top of the wall itself. About all the other cities in the river valley went under that year. They weren't ready. But Cairo had always fought the river, building the walls and levees higher and higher all the time. Cairo was ready for the river.

The Ohio. The pretty, friendly river. The front one. People swim across it. The dirty-looking, boiling, muddy back river didn't bother anybody in Cairo in 1937. The Ohio had it backed up. It was a pond. Corpses, whole houses, great driftwood rafts carrying livestock came down the schizophrenic Ohio in the fifteen-mile current, and somebody said it was nine miles across, going far over into Kentucky.

Starting the very next summer, the Ohio was low and blue once more. People smiled at it again, and swam in it and across it. Some went in the Mississippi. They ducked under to get out of the heat; keeping their feet on the bottom, of course.



GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

INTROVERT'S LAMENT

Within my solitude I long
To be a part of some gay throng
Whose revels, unrestrained and rude,
Would make me long for solitude.

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The Ideal Pet

BY C. S. JENNISON

C. S. JENNISON, *who lives with her husband and three daughters in Shelburne, Vermont, writes light verse and prose with equal facility for the* ATLANTIC *and other magazines.*

I don't know whose fault it is, but I don't trust animals. In spite of this lack of faith on my part (or perhaps because of it) my children are always depositing one of God's furred or feathered creatures lovingly at my feet and pointing out how it needs a home — poor thing. The fact that I too need a home — poor thing — interests no one. The children seem to feel that if I get to know enough animals I will grow to understand them. And my husband oversimplifies the case by insisting that my undemocratic spirit is just a matter of attitude. According to him, I have the wrong approach.

"The first thing you have to do," he tells me, "is get over the feeling that all animals have a grudge against you."

All right. Take cats. I suppose it's an accident that every nice male kitten turns out to be a female who sneaks her young into the world on a pile of good blankets or in the drawer where I keep my best nightgowns. Another thing. I have one of those shaggy green rugs in the guest room. To a very nearsighted cat it might conceivably look like grass, although I doubt it. Anyway, it would take a pretty stupid animal to mistake it for a sandbox, which almost all of our cats have done. I have lost quite a number of house guests this way.

No home is complete without a dog. At the moment — which is a slack season — we have two. Shane, the red setter, has brightened an otherwise dull career by running deer, chasing cars, tangling with porcupines, and playing touch football with the neighbors' ducks. Once, with his usual flair and imagination, he carefully selected my mother-in-law's favorite imported silk slip from a whole line of clothes and happily tore it to shreds. ("Surely," my husband asked, "you don't think the dog *chose* that particular slip?") Then there's the problem I have whenever I get in the station wagon. Shane is never in sight when I start toward the garage, but as soon as I open the car door a hundred or so pounds of dog hurtles out of nowhere and beats me into the driver's seat.

Our other dog, Bruce, is Shane's son from a collie next door. Fortunately, Bruce inherited some lovable characteristics from his mother's side of the family, and he is one of the few animals for whom I feel anything more than a tired housemaid's concern. Sensing this partiality immediately, Shane began running Bruce over the hill and losing him as soon as Bruce's puppy legs could hold him. My children tell me Shane can really smile. Why wouldn't he?

It's wise to keep a few chickens. We have a few. They are all personal friends of my twelve-year-old daughter; and they are always molting, setting, or too cold to lay eggs. In short, they are on relief.

One day I came across my daughter reading a book out in the barn. She was sitting in a three-legged lawn chair, and beside her on an upturned orange crate rested a box of crackers, a half-eaten banana, and a coffee can full of laying mash. A young pullet known as Cheeper-by-the-Dozen was perched on her shoulder.

"She gets lonely," my daughter explained, inclining her head slightly toward Cheeper. "Be quiet! She gets nervous, too."

I started to move obsequiously

toward the door. In doing so, I almost stepped on Cheeper's younger brother, a young cockerel named Gregory Peck. Apparently Gregory was lonely too.

"*Mother!*" my daughter wailed. "You nearly *walked* on Gregory! Here Gregory, hop up on my lap."

Gregory, whose voice was changing, made a sound like a rusty hinge and hurried past me. I found my way humbly out of the territory.

This little episode made me vaguely uneasy. It reminded me of the time I went to visit some relatives in Georgia, when I was a child. At least, I guess they were relatives. I was only six and the relationship wasn't very clear to me. When I tried to clarify the point, my father said heavens, they certainly weren't part of *his* family — they were relatives of Mother's. Mother said they weren't really relatives, just sort of very, very distant cousins; and my father said that was all right with him, so long as they stayed distant. Whoever they were, they were interesting.

The man and his wife, both of ripe but indeterminate years, ushered us into a big, cluttered room and waved us toward some broken-down chairs. The man wore green suspenders and a pair of old dancing pumps. When he spoke at all, he focused the discussion on his pack of hounds, a dejected group of four or five dogs who lay around scratching themselves.

The woman, who was dressed in shapeless but vivacious scarlet chiffon, served us tea from a tarnished silver teapot and talked incessantly. I watched, fascinated, while nine or ten chickens stepped through one of the holes in the screen door and wandered casually across the room to pick up crumbs. The woman never glanced at them. Afterward, my brother said he saw one hen laying eggs in an eggcup in the dining room, but this could have been exaggeration.

My daughter, who is expecting more chickens and kittens any day now, says she guesses I just don't love animals. This isn't strictly true. I was quite fond of a turtle named Jackabuster, who spent the summer in one of the cellar areaways and used to sit up and beg for hamburg once a day. He lived his life, and I lived mine. I also had a good deal

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of respect for three lizards who lived in the basement one fall and managed their affairs in a quiet and courteous manner. And the goldfish weren't much trouble until the night my youngest daughter changed the old dirty water in the bowl with some nice fresh boiling water from the tap. After that, they weren't any trouble at all.

The larger animals may be long on personality, but they are certainly short on manners, and I happen to prefer a smaller type of animal. Something tidy and housebroken that doesn't come in the door full of porcupine quills, fleas, and mud — and settle down comfortably on the pile of clean clothes I have spent the day ironing. Something that is a real pleasure to have around the house. Like a Mexican jumping bean.

ORMONDE DE KAY, JR.

TAP NAP

Wind droops. Sloop stops.
Flopping onto my bunk, I hear
Waves slapping the side. I ride
A slight chop, while sleep nears.

Nearer, though, in dank dark,
Waterdrops from tank tap
Drip, one by one, to drum
On top of tin cups, draining
Upside down in sink — ric-
Ochet to spank zinc, and slip
Down slope past slops to lip
Of trap, which greedily drinks
Them up, with gurgling slurping suck.

Curse the luck! Tin din
And trap's cantankerous talk pluck
My nerve joints like banjo strings:
Plink, plankety, plonk — a blank,
Unsyncopated pingpong game,
A sing song thing gone wrong.
Can a leaky tap speak?
Utter bunk . . . I *think*. But,
Weakening, I begin to link
Honky tonky tinkle tunes
Oblique to a junky theme.

Thus a wonky toggle takes
Shape, binding the shank of prank-
Ish tap's dribbling claptrap
To driphappy me. I sink
Thankfully into dreams.

Any Day Now

BY DEE PARFITT

TV ANNOUNCER. Say, this is Mental Health Week, folks. I'll bet you guys and gals out there don't realize what an important subject this is to all of us. Maybe you've never even given it much thought, you know? But honest, this is a big thing in this old world today, and all of us ought to, well, you know, sort of get behind it, like. I mean, learn more about it and kind of do what we can to help those who have it.

(*Under a big poster reading "Help those who have Mental Health," a white-jacketed scientist raises his head from a microscope to look grimly into the TV camera.*)

SCIENTIST. Four out of five suffer from Mental Health.

(*The words "four out of five" are picked up by the microphone and repeated in a series of diminishing echoes as background for candid studies of four typical victims — a workman, a housewife, a college professor, and, most touching of all, a little child.*)

TV ANNOUNCER (*pointing at a blackboard chart that proves conclusively that MH is on the rise*). Mental Health can strike you or your loved ones at any time. Thousands suffer needlessly from this condition. Don't let it happen in your community. Send in your dollars and dimes today and join the fight against MH!

HOUSEWIFE. I think my husband's got it, and that's why I am urging everyone to join the crusade against MH. If anything can lick it, TV can.

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Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Violin Concerto
Igor Oistrakh, violin; Wilhelm Schuechter conducting Pro Arte Orchestra; Angel 35516: 12"
Here we have a venial sin of Angel's and a startling triumph of artists. Angel's sin was in the obvious intent to make this an Igor Oistrakh record rather than a Beethoven record. The proof is in the placement of the microphone, somewhere adjacent to the soloist's nose, and in the enlistment of the small (41-man) co-op English orchestra, the Pro Arte. The triumph is shared by all the musicians concerned. They decided to play Beethoven and they did. And they could. Instrumental imbalance aside, this is the most songfully zestful performance of the concerto I have heard in ten years.

Beethoven: Orchestral Works
Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Vanguard VRS-1012/15: four separate 12"
Vanguard's Boult-Beethoven series apparently is intended to encompass all the symphonies and overtures, which will be paired one by one while the supply lasts. Here we have No. 3 and *Coriolan;* No. 5 and the third *Leonore;* No. 6 and *Fidelio;* No. 7 and *Egmont.* The rest will be forthcoming. Space does not permit detailed description of the performances, but it probably isn't needed, because of the peculiar excellence of Sir Adrian. I have tried to analyze this. The answer is that he, more nearly than any other conductor, gives me back what I have synthesized in my mind (from many, many hearings) as the ideal performances of my favorite masterpieces. He does not often (as Toscanini did) improve upon these beloved images, but he never disappoints, he never botches; there is no vanity. I am grateful for these manly and sensitive playings, and I wish I could say their recorded sound measures up to their musical merits. It doesn't. It is bright, but rough. Perhaps the stereophonic versions, when they come forth, will compensate for this.

Beethoven: Short Piano Works, Vol. I
Artur Balsam, pianist; Washington Records WR-401: 12"
A small new company has latched on to one of the half-dozen best Beethoven pianists in the world and has set him to recording the works you almost never hear — the Bagatelles, Op. 126, for instance, and the Fantasia, Op. 77 — and those that you seldom hear well played. It is a revelation to listen as a master's touch is applied seriously to our old childhood friends, the Minuet in G and *Für Elise.* A charming record, in so-so sound.

Brahms: Concerto No. 2
Emil Gilels, pianist; Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2219: 12"
Gilels and Reiner seem good for each other. The pianist trims his splendid Romantic exuberance a little to meet the conductor's classic restraint; the latter unleashes his wonderfully precise orchestra a little in return. The greatest beneficiaries of this are we and Brahms. This is a superb reading, my favorite, I think, in the catalogues, though Epic's de Groot-Otterloo competes strongly. RCA Victor's sound is excellent.

Mozart: Concertos 19 and 24; 14 and 22
Paul Badura-Skoda, pianist and conductor; Vienna Konzerthaus Orchestra; Westminster XWN-18661 and XWN-18662: two separate 12"
Westminster's musical director, Kurt List, has had a very bright idea here: these discs seem to me far and away the best concerto records Badura-Skoda has made, and they are in the front rank of all recorded performances of these Mozart works. The pianist conducts from the bench with evident authority. Oddly, the dual task seems to have affected his playing slightly: his accents are stronger than they used to be, which I don't object to. The sound is accurate and eminently proper for the music.

Rossini: The Barber of Seville
Alceo Galliera conducting Maria Meneghini Callas, Tito Gobbi, Luigi Alva, other singers, Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; Angel 3559 C/L: three 12"
Unhesitatingly I will pronounce this the best *Barber* I ever have heard, on disc or stage, and the reason is not far to seek. The performers here act out the plot with complete seriousness and careful insight, and absolutely no horseplay. Further, they are all very good singing actors indeed, especially Callas and Gobbi. Indeed, these two are better than very good, they're terrific. (And Callas' voice sounds better than it has on records since *Tosca.*) I suppose credit must go also to the man you don't hear, Galliera. The excellence of the job here brings out an unfairness we practice on Rossini. The way the *Barber* is cut for performance today cripples it as a play. Even played by superb actors, it almost doesn't make sense.

Marcel Dupré Organ Recital
Marcel Dupré; Organ of St. Thomas' Church, New York; Mercury MG-50169: 12"
When M. Dupré came here from Paris last year, the Mercury staff promptly and sagely spirited him to St. Thomas' Church, with its lately renovated Aeolian-Skinner organ. He obliged with a portion of the Widor Sixth Symphony and the *Salve Regina,* and two works of his own, a triptique and a prelude and fugue. These pieces both are rather "organistic," but so was the aim of the record, which is achieved gloriously. The sound can only be described as gorgeous, a feast of angel piping and thunder. For anyone really equipped with high fidelity equipment, here is a must.

Zino Francescatti Violin Recital
Zino Francescatti, violin; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; William Smith conducting Columbia Symphony; Columbia ML-5253: 12"
The works presented are Saint-Saëns's *Havanaise* and his *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso,* Sarasate's *Zigeunerweisen,* and the Chausson *Poème.* These commonly are called warhorses, but if you view them through Francescatti's perception you will discover that three of them are antelopes and one is a bona fide unicorn, silver and fleeting. The secret of what he possesses is the same secret that separates the best dancers and the best lyric poets from the hard-working also-rans. It is grace.

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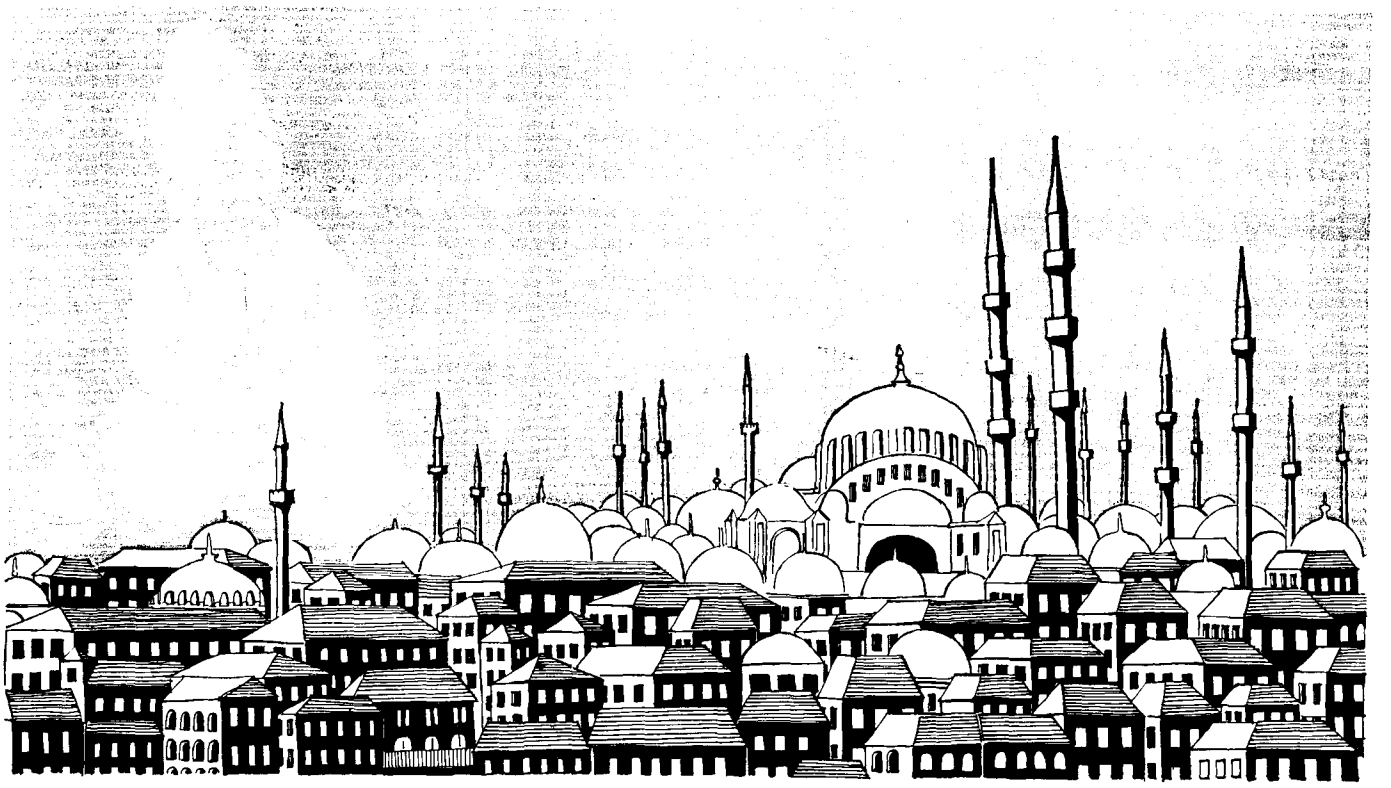
pleasures *and* places



ISTANBUL

BY ELEANOR PERÉNYI

"It's wonderful, a magic city."

"It's dirty, but if you must go, at least stay at the Hilton."

"The Hilton is terrible, and anyway you must stay at the Palace because the barman can get you black market lire."

"The food is delicious, but there's no coffee."

"The food is terrible, *and* there's no coffee."

These are some of the contradictory admonitions given today's traveler as he prepares to visit Istanbul. None is wholly wrong. Only one is wholly right: Istanbul *is* a magic city. It is also a rather baffling one, mostly because it is lived in by Turks. Outside opinion about Turks is variable. The English usually love them. ("Your Turk is a gentleman.") Greeks loathe them, not without reason. The American's feeling will usually depend on who he is and why he has come to Turkey. If a soldier, businessman, or diplomat, he will like them for their outstanding courage and good, peasant honesty. There is no atmosphere of Middle Eastern trickery here. If on the other hand he is a romantic, an admirer of what Willa Cather calls "European man and his glorious history of desire and dreams," he may resent them for having, at least once, burst the bubble. With Diehl in hand and the year 1453 engraved in his memory, he will glare resentfully at the present, rather dingy, condition of St. Sophia and perhaps even ignore the beautiful mosque of Sultan Ahmet, which so perfectly balances it across the way. The best attitude, of course, lies somewhere between. For the fascination of Istanbul is precisely in this uneasy juxtaposition of two civilizations, not blended but rather wonderfully, uniquely opposed, in a natural location which is one of the most beautiful on earth.

The best way to approach Istanbul is by boat, for like New York it rises as a vision from the sea. Not, to be sure, a vision of spires and peaks, but of airy, blue-gold bubbles, seven or eight of them, each with its attendant minarets like slender darning needles, marching up the Golden Horn. All this is instantly recognizable. It is an *Arabian Nights* illustration by Edmund Dulac. (If you miss the water arrival, by all means take a ferry to the Asiatic shore, or better still, hire a put-put at the Galata Bridge, preferably toward sunset, and keep it facing west. The view has to be seen to be believed.)

Though there are no nonstop flights, most of the major airlines have a through service from New York to Istanbul ($1160.90 first class,

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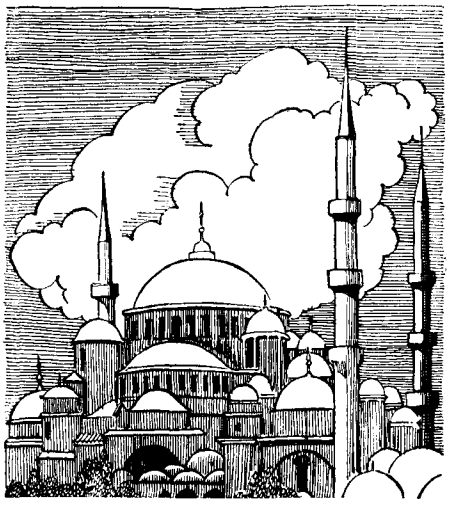
round trip; $865.50 tourist), and there are flights out of all the European capitals. Air France has a daily one from Paris, via Athens — a fine starting point for a visit to Byzantium-Istanbul.

If an airplane deposits you out on the bare, dusty plain of Thrace, where the airport is, you see an entirely different view. Istanbul must be the last of the world's major cities which is not only walled but which still ends, or begins, *at* the walls. Immediately outside them are little market gardens, Turkish cemeteries, and cypress trees. Immediately inside, the city. This, as one approaches it in the airline bus, is almost exactly the walled town of the medieval engravings.

The situation of the historically-minded tourist is underlined by the fact that, like all foreigners in the past, he will not stay in the old town (Stamboul), but in the subcity of Galata or Pera, the dwelling place for outlanders since the Genoese and Venetians first grabbed their concessions there. This is tiresome for sightseeing, as everything one wants to look at is in the old city and the day must therefore begin with a considerable taxi ride. It is worth it, however; as you approach the bridges over the Golden Horn you see what is described by the guidebooks as "a fine panorama." This is putting it mildly. Afloat at all hours of the day in a golden haze (smoke from steamships? cooking fires? I could never decide what, besides sunlight, went into its composition), the ancient city of Byzantium, now crowned with the wondrous domes of the infidel, is an unforgettable spectacle.



All the hotels are in Galata, from the spanking Beverly-Hills-style Hilton ($10 a day, single, and up) to the Pera Palace, with its tarnished chandeliers and atmosphere of nineteenth-century intrigue, at about half the Hilton rates. In between there are two choices: the very new Divan, rather like a well-appointed hotel in Stuttgart, and the Park Palace, shabbier, more fun (its bar is one of the centers of Istanbul social life), and about the same in price. They all have one thing in common. Reservations are essential well in advance. Not because Istanbul is overrun with tourists — it isn't — but because it is invariably and mysteriously chosen as the site of conventions, and without a reservation one is lucky to get a room in the attic of any good hotel.

In Galata (Beyoglü in Turkish) are also all the airline offices, travel agencies, and many of the good restaurants. Istanbul cookery is, most of the hotel versions of it notwithstanding, delicious. The clear, blue-black waters of the Bosporus produce magnificent seafood (ask particularly for *lüfer*, a celestial kind of bluefish, and caviar as good as the Russian), and one has only to stroll through the market outside the great bazaar to see what fruits and vegetables can be when carefully cultivated in a salubrious climate. There are eggplants (for which the Turks have ten dozen recipes, some involving — incredible but good — yoghurt) polished like amethysts; bundles of leeks as big as sugar cane; great golden melons with a fragrance, when opened, which seems a lost attribute in their American cousins.

Abdullah is the most famous restaurant, and deservedly. Kervansaray and Kordon Blö (say these over slowly and observe that where restaurant names are concerned, there is no such thing as the language barrier) are good, too, though "steak — rare" will probably be as disappointing in Istanbul as elsewhere in the Middle East.

Requiring a Turkish friend as escort and guide are all the little eating places along the Bosporus, as far as Bebek, and the obscurer places in town. In some of these you eat to the local music, which varies from a deafening yowl soon unbearable to Western ears to a most fascinating musical oddity: the sound of a tambourine, which besides being rhythmically beaten and jingled in the conventional manner is made to sing with the unearthly whine of a wineglass being rubbed by a wet finger.

There is only one serious flaw in Turkish cuisine. The rumor about the absence of coffee is, alas, true.

Abundant in Greece, Turkish coffee is, through an economic dislocation of complicated provenance, unobtainable on home ground. One drinks Nescafé instead, and ponders the deeper aspects of international trade. The importation of foreign cars is, for example, so complicated as to be prohibitive, and Turkey is — long after World War II — so short of foreign currency that a black market of thriving dimensions exists. The tourist will react to this according to his principles. He can take advantage of the offers he receives on all sides to part with his precious dollars at double the legal rate, and hope not to land in jail. Or he can stoically refuse. (One is allowed to buy Turkish lire outside the country at roughly the black market price inside, but the catch is that one is not allowed to buy many.)

Sightseeing in Istanbul has unique interest and difficulties. There is the mad puzzle of what is open and when. Rumor has it that a single crew of guardians is responsible for all public monuments. Thus, like the Roman Army of road-company opera, which consists of the same four men marching back and forth, they must move perpetually from the Seraglio to the Museum and from the Museum to the Dolmabahçe Palace — with the result that no two places will be open at the same time in the same part of town. The schedules read like those of the Long Island Railroad in a nightmare. This situation is being rectified.

On the credit side is the fact that two monuments (being restored by

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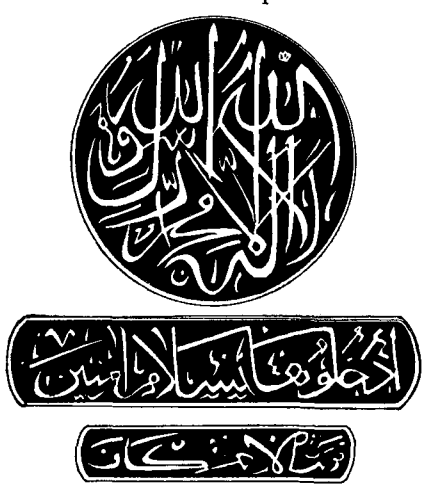
America's Byzantine Institute), once unvisitable except by specialists armed with letters, are now open to the public. I know because I went so armed to the Turkish National Tourist Office, prepared to do battle — only to be told with much charm that these exquisite little churches had been on public view for the last six months. They are the Kariye Çami and the Fethiye. The Kariye, particularly, should not be missed. Its mosaics (unlike those of St. Sophia, which look oddly blighted and are far fewer than one expects) are in a state of pristine freshness and beauty, the loveliest examples of Byzantine art to be found on the far side of Ravenna.

The taxi journey can be prolonged to include a look at the enormous city walls and the only Byzantine palace left, looking like any Romanesque building (what did one expect?) and abandoned to a tribe of fierce children. Still further on, at the top of the Golden Horn, is the famous mosque of Eyüp. It has the beautifully tiled tomb of the Companion of the Prophet (*giaours* can see this only from the outside), a courtyard full of storks and pigeons, rising and settling like clouds of confetti, and further up the hill a tremendous cemetery, a forest of the turbaned spikes which are the tombs of Muslim gentlemen. Walk up the winding road through the tombs, and presently small boys appear, shouting what sounds like "Pierre Loti." This proves not to

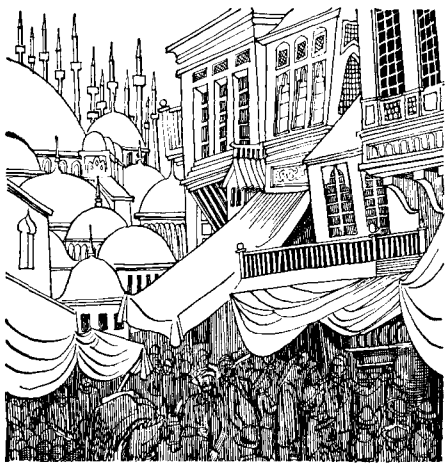


be a delusion. The little café perched at the top of the hill and commanding a shimmering view of the Golden Horn is indeed called the "Pierre Loti," in honor of the French writer who spent many dreamy hours there. The trip to Eyüp should be made, at least one way, by ferryboat. The boat starts at the Galata Bridge and, like the Venetian *vaporetto*, makes alternate stops on either side of the Horn, giving one a constantly shifting image of the city, which — again like Venice — seems always to be looking at its own reflection.

Everyone has heard of the Istanbul bazaar, and most tourists head straight for it. It must be one of the largest shopping centers in the world and is certainly one of the most efficient, its streets being covered — which makes the outside weather of no account — and wares of the same kind being conveniently grouped together. It is like a vast, cozy house, and one can get lost in it in a minute. The most tempting are the antique shops, filled with beautiful old jewelry, embroideries, icons, and wonderfully wrought Ottoman daggers, swords, and firearms. It is always well to watch for fakes, but this writer can recommend the shops of David Musazade and Arnaki Bey for honesty and value. Tucked away among the streets of brasswork, plates, and rugs is a tiny shop (Yuksel Deryaöglu) dealing in exceedingly handsome goats'-hair rugs from Anatolia. These are made for any modern interior and are extremely cheap. Big brass braziers are another distraction, and so are belts of silver or gold, so finely woven that they are as limp as ribbon.

The Seraglio is probably the least refined of Istanbul's pleasures, but it is tremendous fun all the same, if only for the insight it gives into the private lives of the Ottoman sultans. Here are thrones like sofas, upholstered in gold and buttoned with emeralds; agate teapots; and (of a particularly repulsive fascination) eggcups crusted with enormous diamonds. Here are rubies the size of pigeons' eggs, inlaid in the hilts of daggers; costumes of Venetian velvet; and endless pavilions furnished in the decorative hodgepodge which was the late Ottoman taste. The divan of legend is everywhere present in fact, upholstered in fading satins and velvets, and except for low coffee tables and an occasional brazier there is often no other furniture at all. Walls are elaborately mirrored or stuccoed, and carpeting is wall to wall — though it often takes as many as a dozen brilliantly patterned carpets to do the job.

Like Naples, Istanbul has environs almost as interesting as the city itself. One should, for instance, take an afternoon to drive out to Bebek to see Robert College, an American institution, and its beautiful terraced garden over the Bosporus. At the foot of the main square of Bebek, one can hire a boat and be rowed across to the tiny suburb of decaying wooden palaces and flower-hung canals which bears the enchanting name of The Sweet



Waters of Asia. There is the boat trip (taking a whole day) up the Bosporus to the entrance of the Black Sea, and another to the islands in the Sea of Marmara. On Prince's Island, you can drive around in a horse carriage and lunch, deliciously, on shellfish. And in all these arrivals and departures, there is the sense of the water-borne imperial city itself, the watchtower at the end of Europe and the beginning of Asia.

Ten days is by no means too much to spend in Istanbul. The catch is that you will no sooner have seen it than you will want to start exploring the rest of Turkey. One thing leads to another, and you find yourself inquiring about getting to Izmir in order to see the ruins of the beautiful Ionian cities which lie around it. Someone mentions Antalya on the southern coast, where there is a charming hotel and waterfalls plunging into the sea, or those churches in Cappadocia, hollowed in the bowels of rocks twisted like meringue.

Some of these places can be visited by local plane (if you're not nervous about the rather casual Middle Eastern attitude toward the maintenance of machinery). But most of them require a car of rugged build, sleeping bags, Sterno stoves — in short, all the necessities for camping out in a country largely devoid of modern roads or accommodations. The American Express will give intelligent practical suggestions, but what is mostly needed is an adventurous spirit.

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